

# Fifty Years Of Progress?

By DUSTY VINEBERG

Features Editor '48

Almost 150 former *McGill Daily* staffers returned to the scene of their crimes this weekend to observe the progress, on its golden anniversary, of the oldest college daily in the Commonwealth and the best fraternity on the campus.

At least 50 of the old timers, ranging in age from over 70 to under 25, descended Friday night on The Daily offices in the bowels of the Union to put out one more issue of the paper — a mammoth, 48-page commemorative edition — and to discover that though the physical facilities may have undergone a few changes with the passage of 50 years, the esprit de corps remains untarnished.

"It was always a home away from home," mused a former staffer. "It's really remarkable that we should all feel the same so many years later."

### Howe Was Never . . .

The party — oops, reunion — under the chairmanship of David M. Legate, BA '27, began at luncheon Friday, in the Mount Royal Hotel, where a sumptuous buffet in no way recalled the fare provided by the Union cafeteria.

But the white table cloths could not squelch the old *Daily* atmosphere of camaraderie and heroism under the fire of conflicting newspaper and study deadlines.

"The memory of *The Daily* unbends us all," concluded one staffer, who noted that although most reunions tended to be rather dismaying "the spirit of this one is really amazing."

That spirit existed from the beginning, according to Lyttleton Cassels, 73, of Ottawa, who participated, with founder Gladstone Murray, in the production of the first *Daily* in 1911 and then went on to become editor-in-chief the following year.

"It was always," said Mr. Cassels, "quite exclusive, always the best club on campus."

Among Mr. Cassels' memories was the sight of Gladstone Murray "dictating" 1,000-word editorials direct to the linotype operators at the Westmount News — with correct punctuation.

The luncheon was attended by all members of the organizing committee, except for John H. McDonald,

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## Old Grads Totter Back To Campus

By HERB STEINHOUSE

News Editor '42

Up they climbed Friday, the portly, the ancient, the matronly — and the still-in-our-second-bloom rest of us — attacking the gentle elevation of University Street as if it were the Matterhorn. Puffing but still-adventurous eyes glinting and printer's ink already eking its way through bloodstreams, they hobbled imperiously into Martlet House, one by one, fountain pen and registration fee at the ready.

What a poignant sight it was! Two loitering Commerce students caught the scene's wistful undertones at once when Downy-Cheeks Number One exclaimed sadly: "Ya se that, Jock! There, but for the grace of maybe twenty, thirty years-like, go you and me!" And his confrere, another razorblades huckster's despair, said: "I tellya, man, it's like nowhere! It's like the Rue Morgue." "Twenty-three skiddoo to you two," I told them sternly, and went up the stairs — carefully, on my cane.

Inside Marlet House, rejuvenated pater familias were signing away, picking up tickets and name-tags and such, and with their maudlin reminiscing obviously boring the two beauteous, heroic wenches from the Graduates Society, charming Judy Campbell and pert Heather Black. Ashamed at my sentimental coevals' behaviour, I was tempted at once to make amends by inviting the girls out for a drink. I would have, too, if my gout had not started acting up just then.

Vic Goldbloom appeared slowly, his 108 years sitting remarkably well on his frail shoulders, and he, too, sized up the situation as he forced his palsied fingers to write out a check. "Sic transit gloria mundi," he shrugged. Vic was always good at Latin, and years of writing illegible prescriptions have kept him in practice.

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**FIFTY YEARS LATER:** *McGill Daily* founding editor W. E. Gladstone Murray returned to McGill Friday night to attend Golden Anniversary celebrations. He was greeted at Windsor Station, as the Toronto train arrived at 10:30 p.m., by present editors Morris Fish, left, and David Angus. Among others present at the station were D. M. Legate, Al Tunis, and the *Daily's* first managing editor, W. L. Cassels.

## Founding Editor Murray Returns To Alma Mater

A beaming W. E. Gladstone Murray stepped off the Toronto-Montreal train Friday night to get a first-hand look at the newspaper he founded 50 years ago.

Accompanied by his wife, the founder of *The McGill Daily* was greeted by the editor who succeeded him — W. L. Cassels and a group of past and present *Daily* editors.

### On Hand At Windsor

On hand at Windsor Station were David M. Legate, chairman of the reunion committee and a former associate editor; Bob Bowman, a close associate of Mr. Murray and former sports editor; Fred Cleman, former editor-in-chief; Morris Fish, present editor-in-chief and Dave Angus, this year's chairman of the editorial board.

Between picture taking and greetings, Mr. Murray managed to describe the days during which *The Daily* was founded.

"McGill had a weekly newspaper, the *Martlet*," Mr. Murray

By PETER REHAK  
Managing Editor '59

said, "but it lacked close contact with day-to-day activities on campus and was little too literary."

"We decided a daily newspaper was needed to fill the gap," he said.

"Stephen Leacock was great help in founding *The Daily* and Sir William Petersen, then principal of McGill, also gave us enthusiastic support," Mr. Murray said.

"The idea caught on right away and other university authorities also gave us support after some hesitation."

In recent years *The Daily* has become highly developed and organized into departments, Mr. Murray said.

(He has been getting issues for the past several years and often dropped a line to editors commending them on their work.)

Mr. Murray addressed some 150 former *Daily* editors and since the early 40s,

staffers at a banquet at Redpath Hall. They were in town to celebrate *The Daily's* 50th anniversary.

Mr. Murray left *The Daily* for a distinguished career. He served in the Royal Flying Corps during the First World War and later served on the board of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

### A Founder Of CBC

In 1936 he was one of the founding governors of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. He now heads a public relations firm in Toronto.

Last weekend's visit to *The Daily* is Mr. Murray's first in 24 years.

Other *Daily* staffers poured into the Union and marvelled at the timelessness of the place.

"The place is the same as when I left it in 1935," was a typical comment.

Others claimed the typewriter ribbons had not been changed





# NEWSPAPERS MAKE NEWS... but THIS NEWSPAPER IS NEWS...

*"The Oldest College Daily in the Commonwealth"*

IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO when the McGill Daily first appeared on this campus. Since that time, each issue has offered comprehensive coverage of college news and views, written and printed for students, and by students. And as the years have rolled by, the young men and women who at one time wrote the news have themselves made news around the world.

Each year in the McGill Daily's history has seen new names on the masthead, new controversies reflected in editorial comment and discussion, new stands on controversial issues expounded in its columns. The Daily has reflected in print the development of a University and its students, to become a firmly established tradition on this campus.



THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY salutes the McGill Daily and the dedicated young men and women whose perseverance and ingenuity for the past half-century have made the Daily's service indispensable to this campus. The Daily and its staff, past, present and future, can be proud of this newspaper and its established tradition of service to an ever-growing, ever-developing University.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY

Manufacturers of

*Player's*

CIGARETTES



# An Event Fifty Years Ago



Founding Editor Murray

## How It All Came About

By W. E. GLADSTONE MURRAY

As the twentieth century took shape McGill was permeated with enthusiastic ideals. It was an era of tremendous optimism and zeal. Here is how I recall that period.

I came to McGill in 1910 to join the second year of the class of Arts 1912 after doing the first year at the McGill College of British Columbia in Vancouver. Sir William Peterson was Principal of McGill and Stephen Leacock Professor of Economics and Political Science, the post he held from 1903 until 1936. Stephen Leacock is, of course, best known as Canada's greatest humorist but he was also a great

McGill's power for good everywhere. At one of the conference to consider establishing The McGill Daily I was asked by Sir William Peterson and Professor Stephen Leacock to make suggestions about the policies and attitude of the new organ of McGill undergraduate opinion. Fortunately I was able to find a copy of the notes on which my report at this conference was based. The following are some of the ideas which transformed The Martlet into The Daily.

### Daily Vs. Weekly

A daily would have more vitality and interest than a weekly because it always would be closer to the news and its editorial conclusions would be more effectively related to the events and tendencies evaluated. A weekly is apt to sink into a kind of academic daze of vague comment whereas a daily has to deal practically and vividly with what is recorded.

world citizen devoted to the welfare and progress of mankind as a whole. In this idealism Professor Leacock had enthusiastic co-operation from the Principal, Sir William Peterson.

Our first objective was to do all that was possible to aid Canada to become an effective guide for free civilization in the twentieth century. There was never any doubt that McGill was ideally qualified to point the way for Canada. In overcoming racial difficulties and in creating effective co-operation between French-speaking and English-speaking Canada McGill's role was of paramount importance. The fact that I was able to come to McGill through studying at the McGill College of British Columbia was conclusive evidence of McGill's vision of lifting educational standards right across the northern half of this continent. Later the McGill College of British Columbia was to become the University of British Columbia built on the principles and methods inherited from Old McGill.

When the transformation of the weekly "Martlet" into "The McGill Daily" was being considered towards the end of 1910 I recall the reasons advanced for the change. First, it was felt that undergraduate opinion needed more up-to-date information and guidance than could be provided in a weekly. Another important reason for the change was the growing importance of McGill both in Canada and abroad. It was believed that The McGill Daily could strengthen and accelerate

our part in preparing the way!

## \$1 Pants And The War

By ERIC A. LESLIE

Dave Legate's invitation to participate in the Fiftieth Anniversary issue of the McGill Daily was a nostalgic reminder of the useful experience gained as Reporter and Sports Editor of Volume 3 and Editor-in-Chief of Volume 4.

To refresh my memory of the era, I borrowed the first four volumes from the McGill Library. They are interesting reading for a McGill graduate of that day. We must take our hats off to the pioneer of this venture, Gladstone Murray. A. L. Cassels followed him and then Allen Oliver. The fourth editor was to have been C. O. Scott of Vancouver, a born newspaper man; but World War I had broken out and he enlisted a few days before college was to open. I was picked upon as the only one handy to fill the breach. I did not need the old volumes to remind me of the hectic experience of putting the first issue of Volume 4 to bed. It was being printed for the first time on the rotary presses of the Herald, instead of the flatbed presses of the Westmount News. After getting it to the printers under the new procedures required by them, I vividly recall the forty winks taken on the top of a desk while awaiting the first copy off the press!

### Welcome from Principal

Volume 4, No. 1, was dated October 1, 1914. It carried a short note of welcome from the Principal, Sir William Peterson. The masthead carried only four names—H. C. Beatty, President, who was the member of the Students' Council appointed to manage the financial affairs of the Daily; Eric A. Leslie, Editor-in-Chief; and the Misses Marjorie Bennetts and Gladys Story, Editor and Assistant Editor for RVC. The editorial column bravely said, "Three volumes each showing a little improvement over the last have been issued and it is now the turn of the fourth".

The first issue announced the formation of a McGill Regiment and this and following issues were filled with war and military news. While studies were allowed to run their ordinary course, most students in one way or another were fitting themselves for future service. It also announced the start of construction of the stadium to be ready for use in the autumn of 1915.

By the third issue we had acquired a Military Editor, G. S. McLennan, and two Drama Editors, F. G. Hughes and Alton Goldbloom. The fourth issue told of the dedication of the new Wesleyan College.

The ads were interesting—\$12.50 for a suit; \$18.00 for an overcoat; football pants at Henry Morgan's for \$1.00; boots \$3.50; Valet \$6.00 for 6 months; Bank of Montreal \$16,000,000 capital, H. V. Meredith, President; Gayety—"Girls of the Gay White Way"; Ekers—Bohemian Lager; Edinburgh Cafe 50c lunch; text books—Miss Poole, 45 McGill College Avenue.

The early stories of sports were, of course, about Football. Shag Shaughnessy was coach and a big front page spread explained his views on the "importance of good rooting". McGill had won in 1913 and had a good team (average weight 153½ pounds to Toronto's 170 pounds). The 1914 season ended in a tie with Toronto and at the play-off in Toronto, (carried by special wire to McGill Union) three touch downs were scored in the last five minutes of play. Will we ever forget the terrific let down after McGill had again gone ahead with a minute to play as Toronto scored the final touchdown to snatch away a victory that seemed to be firmly in our hands! It was a preview of what some of the N.F.L. teams now do on our T.V. screens.

There were stories of track—Dan

Sutherland as all round champion with Eric Cushing close second; Smelzer making 100 yards in 10 1-5 seconds and Rutherford's mile in 4 mins. 51 4-5 secs. McGill won the Intercollegiate Track Championship in a decisive way. Heron of McGill 100 yards in 10¾ seconds; Clark of Toronto 1 mile in 4 mins. 45 4-5 secs! The favorite sports at RVC seemed to be basketball and hockey. Tennis made the headlines, first to record the use of chemicals to lay dust during hot spells and later the intercollegiate championship—McGill 11, Varsity 9, Queens 1, RMC 1.

Eric A. Leslie, B.Sc. '16, is Vice-President, Accounting, Canadian Pacific Railway. He was editor-in-chief 1914-15.

Water polo, wrestling, boxing, basketball, fencing and hockey followed in due course. The Ski Club was in its infancy. A victory over Harvard hockey team carried two lines of 1" type over 3 columns of front page. The next issue carried our defeat by Yale in the fifth column of the sports page!

With No. 30, H. R. Morgan of Brockville became Sports Editor. He later succeeded me and handled Volume 5. A true newspaperman, many will recall the immense job he used to do for The McGill News in keeping track of McGill graduates around the world until his premature death.

An editorial suggested to parents liberal allowances for extra curricular achievements over and above the McGill costs. As recorded in the Calendar, these came to \$328 for Arts, \$492 for Applied Science and \$487 for medicine. They included tuition fees, universal fees, board, lodging, books and apparatus! There was an editorial on the value of fraternities.

There were lots of Clubs. Two early stories reported visits of the Railway Club to Angus Shops and the new Mount Royal terminal; a later issue, the annual trip to a brewery. There were reports of the Historical, Canadian, American, Rifle, Philosophical, Economics, Townships, Western and Electrical Clubs, the Societe Francaise, and the Debating Society.

Other revealing insights into campus life included "Small battle as Sophs and Frosh parade down St. Catherine St." (not the disastrous affair of the prior year which landed some of our number in jail!)—the Annual Freshman Conversation—Junior dance—Mock Parliament—Union Check Room is now avail-

able—"Billiard Tournament arranged"—"Harrier cross-country run scheduled"—"Battalion march on Mountains"—"Found in armory one grey overcoat and brown hat"—"Rookies to drill tonight under Frank Common"—"Band practice this evening"—"Wireless Class to start next week"—"Library books not returned".

There was to be a series of pen pictures of men prominent in student activities under the caption "Our Little Tin Gods". Only two appeared—Lorne C. Montgomery and John Smythe Hall.

The progress of the Regiment brought a headline in No. 40, "The Night March—McGill's Regiment's first taste of actual warfare" and No. 46 reported an inspection by Maj. Gen. Sam Hughes—(there had been a previous inspection by the Governor General, the Duke of Connaught—the official visitor to the University).

No. 66 quoted from President H. C. Beatty's annual report that The Daily was in satisfactory condition with a creditable surplus of \$218.20! W. C. Nicholson succeeded him as President, but only remained until No. 107 when Dr. C. J. Tidmarsh took his place.

We issued a 64 page, special, liberally illustrated, war edition on glossy paper with profits to go towards equipment for the Regiment.

No. 71 reported the likelihood of a McGill General Hospital for France. Rumours were denied and reaffirmed repeatedly until an official announcement finally appeared. Stories of its organization followed.

As I mentioned, the masthead of Volume 4, No. 1 carried only four names. When I turned over to H. R. Morgan at the end of February, it had grown to 56 names! Since no one was paid, honour came through promotions and whether you rated a bronze, silver or gold pin to wear on your vest. Staff worked their way up from simple reporter through the ranks to Managing Editor! As I look over that list now, the thing that impresses me most is the quality of the group—so many have proved successful in such diversified fields. To mention only a few, among the names that stand out are the Misses Margaret Cameron, Marjorie Spier and Mabel Corner, and W. E. Dunton, Percy E. Corbett, G. F. Dewey, John C. Farthing, A. T. Bone, J. B. Rutherford, D. H. MacFarlane, S. J. W. Liddy, George W. Bourke, R. S. O'Meara, A. N. Jenks, J. J. Harold, T. J. Kelly, T. W. L. MacDermot, Graham Towers, E. Common, L. H. Ballantyne and J. A. de Lalanne. I count it a lasting privilege to have played on such a team.

## Anniversary Contributors

- 4: David Angus
- 6: Harold Hemming
- 7: T. W. L. MacDermot
- J. W. Lieber
- John L. O'Brien
- W. L. Cassels
- 9: David M. Legate
- Rev. Norman Egerton
- 10: Don Edel
- 11: Allison A. M. Walsh
- 12: Doug Amaron
- 14: Alton Goldbloom
- 14: Hy Perelmutter
- 15: May Ebbitt Cutler
- 16: Kenneth N. Cameron
- 17: Ron Fleischman
- 18: Perc Tallman
- R. J. Bowman
- 20: Herb Shayne
- 21: Judy Pollock
- R. M. Sabloff
- John Maffre
- 22: Charles Lazarus
- 23: Charles Dawes
- David M. Legate
- Abe Gruber
- C. J. Tidmarsh
- 27: Irwin Sankoff

- Peter Rehak
- Charles Wasserman
- 28: Ronald Caplan
- Allan Knight
- 29: Gerald Clark
- John H. McDonald
- 31: Roger Phillips
- Douglas Parkinson
- Mary Becker
- Bob Prinsky
- 32: Syd Segal
- A. J. M. Smith
- 33: Althea McCoy Douglas
- Harriet Bloomfield Joseph
- 34: Lenny Flanz
- Albert A. Tunis
- 38: Bob Stall
- Bob Cohen
- Lew Moss
- 39: Bertha Kalifon
- Cecile Kalifon
- 40: Alton Goldbloom
- 41: Jacob Siskind
- 45: Ed Aronoff
- 47: Marna S. Tucker
- Eric Leslie
- Edgar Marrotte



# MCGILL DAILY

Fiftieth Year of Publication  
The Oldest College Daily in the Commonwealth

The McGill Daily is published 5 times a week by the Undergraduate Students of McGill University at 690 Sherbrooke Street West. Telephone AV. 8-2244. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Editorial opinions expressed are those of the Managing Board, and not the official opinions of the Students Executive Council.

## MANAGING BOARD

Morris J. Fish (Editor-in-chief)  
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## IN CHARGE OF THIS ISSUE

Co-City Editors: Gerald Clark and John Maffre.  
I wish I were there Editor: Albert A. Tunis.  
I wish I weren't there Editor: David M. Legate.  
Archivist: Ron Fleischman.  
Drama Critic: A. Goldbloom.  
Galley Slaves: Michael Feiner, Bruce Stovel, Bill Hersh, Tom Tausky and Garth Stevenson.

## Why IS This Daily?

To most of its readers, this *Daily* will not be significant beyond the reminiscences it evokes and the fact that many bylines have achieved renown since last appearing herein. This is quite natural, but it is also quite sad.

It is sad because this *Daily* has a profound significance beyond its historic and journalistic value. It symbolises a half-century of character development, and it embodies much of the spirit which — for better or for worse — has nurtured Gladstone Murray's creation through five trying decades.

The character development symbolised by this edition is not an easy thing to describe. It focuses on at least two levels.

On the one level there is that character development which is more or less physical. This *Daily* epitomises multifarious evolutionary changes in the medium which has since 1911 afforded McGill students a potentially valuable means of communicating with one another and with the outside world. This is, of course, not the proper space within which to attempt to set down the importance and danger of communication. But it is a fitting place indeed wherein to note the significance of this anniversary *Daily* as a record of changing methods of campus newspaper communication during a long and technically progressive period.

The second level of character development symbolised by this anniversary publication is far more important than the one tangentially referred to above. It is a distinctive kind of process which has given *The Daily* its mold for a fifty-first volume. Over the years, successive editors have moved — at varying paces — through a hundred or so issues, conducting the heat and light of their forebears from predecessor to successor staffs.

As conductors — and, indeed, in many other ways — *Daily* editors have been imperfect. Contrary to a general rule of thumb widely used during most of this paper's lifetime, all that went up to the editor's room on the third floor of the Union did not come down a year later. Hence the second level of character development which this paper attempts to epitomise.

For *Daily* staffers, of the past perhaps even more than of the present, this anniversary edition has yet another significance: it in some strange way seems to embody the spirit which has kept alive that now notorious event over which founder Murray presided on October 2, 1911.

To describe this spirit is an impossibility. It's not a ritualistic kind of thing, nor yet a mere sentimentality. And it embraces (infects?) so many radically different personalities — as celebrations this weekend have eloquently shown. This spirit cannot be described, but it can be conveyed — for example through this *Daily* and the reunion with which it coincides.

We hope we have succeeded in conveying some of this spirit. We hope also that we have provided you with happy reminiscences, interesting if not valuable information, and above all we hope this special edition will move you to appreciate *The Daily* — and the great university in which it thrives.

Morris J. Fish,  
Editor-in-Chief,  
1960-61.



## The 50th Year In Review

A loyal core of McGill *Daily* staffers were among the first to return to campus last fall. Their chore: to plan and produce the first edition of the Fiftieth Anniversary *Daily*. Little did we know that warm September day of the monumental events which would unfold in the ensuing months.

The first issue to roll from the Imprimerie Populaire Presses heralded the arrival of the largest freshman class on record. Indeed, when all the smoke of late registration had cleared a total of 8,463 students were on the rolls — a figure all too close to the tentative enrolment limit of 9,500. It was to become increasingly apparent during the Golden Jubilee year that failing immediate physical expansion, Old McGill may already have reached the overflow point.

Other early September returnees included a determined group of grid-ders who holed up at Molson Stadium preparing for the league opener against Queens. It was this football team which later provided the year's greatest thrill by winning the Yates Trophy in a playoff at Kingston. The championship was McGill's first in 22 years. All Red-men fans will long remember this well-rounded team coached by Bruce Coulter and quartered by an All-Ivy star from Cornell, Tom Skyepeck. The *Daily* sports department was able to bring the mythical headline out of moth balls and on the Monday after the big game our front page announced "WE DOOD IT."

### First Big Stand

Our first Fiftieth Year stand came after the first week back at school. In a front page editorial we cried for a minimum academic standard for students participating in major campus activities. The SEC appointed a committee; the committee set a standard; the standard was adopted.

During late October, McGill became exceedingly interested in who would succeed like as President of the United States. The *Daily* conducted a "private" election on the

By DAVE ANGUS

campus and Jack Kennedy was elected by a 2-1 majority . . . this majority was cut slightly when J.F.K. was returned by the United States electorate Nov. 4.

One day during November, the Graduates Society's Al Tunis suggested to us the idea of a large-scale Fiftieth Anniversary Reunion. Editor Fish, Tunis and myself got together a committee under the chairmanship of the Montreal Star's

W. David Angus, a second year Law student, is currently chairman of the *Daily* editorial board. He graduated from Princeton in 1959 and serves as staff reporter with the *Montreal Gazette*.

Dave Legate. Meeting after meeting ensued. This weekend's frolics are the result, as is this historic issue of the *Daily*.

Also during November the University's governing body announced the acquisition of Presbyterian College on McTavish St. The new site was immediately earmarked for a new students' union, plus added facilities for arts, science and the humanities. Reaction to this move was not felt until mid-February when the McGill Association of University Teachers circulated a petition saying the site should be used exclusively for academic facilities. The petition is now before the Governors. Our Fiftieth Anniversary year is the Thirty-fourth Anniversary Year of the New Union Committee, by the way. And the New Union Committee still seems to be a considerable distance from actually laying the corner stone for the long-promised activities building.

### James Travels, Falls Ill

Principal and Vice-Chancellor James, who was elected president of the International Association of Universities last fall, left for a month tour of far-eastern universities shortly after the new year. While in Paris he was the unfortunate vic-

tim of a mild coronary and has since been convalescing in the Montreal General Hospital.

Early in February rumors circulated on campus that some members of the administration were perturbed by an issue of the *Daily* which pointed out certain facts concerning McGill's construction situation. The construction controversy soon developed into the year's hottest issue, with members of the school of architecture marching in protest against the lack of overall physical planning at McGill and the professors circulating a petition. The *Daily* praised these positive manifestations of sentiment, but cautioned that results would come only from well-thought out and organized criticism of the present situation.

Shortly after the new year began, an age-old McGill tradition went by the boards when card games for money in the Union were banned. Several nostalgic alumni registered their disapproval in letters to the editor, but Union officials steadfastly stood by their decision.

The 1961 Red and White Revue, entitled "O Kennedy, we stand on guard for thee," opened Feb. 4 after an earlier controversy about having a number of non-students in the cast. The final version, almost entirely undergraduated staffed, was an immediate success. Some critics deplored the length of Act One, but this flaw was well compensated for by the pleasing choreography and satirical wit. Winter Carnival came and went last week and left us all in shape for the activities of the Great Daily Reunion. Pretty 19-year old Nancy Cavanagh was crowned Queen of the Carnival, succeeding Vivienne Lee.

As February draws to a close, so does Volume 50 of the McGill *Daily*. In terms of work on the paper, 1960-61 has been similar to any other on the oldest college daily in the British Commonwealth. In terms of events at McGill, the story is somewhat different. For when all is considered, it seems evident that this year has provided a combination of events and situations which have led McGill University to a great turning point in her historic development. We speak of the decisions which must come in the face of overcrowding, decay and obsolescence on this campus.



## Front Page Of The First Daily



# McGill Daily

Vol. 1, No. 1

Montreal, Monday, Oct. 2nd, 1911

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We have money for buying books at our second hand book exchange.  
We have a large stock of all McGill books.  
We have money for buying books at our second hand book exchange.

We wish to announce in this first number that we give a Special Discount to McGill men.

We wish to offer all freshmen to the students of McGill a special discount on the quality and style of our clothing.

**MALE ATTIRE**  
LIBERTY CLOTHES

**Place Viger Hotel**  
Where the first issue of the McGill Daily was published.  
CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL SYSTEM  
AMERICAN PLAN  
1100 AVENUE, MONTREAL

## McGill University Begins Her Nintieth Session To-day

THE GREATER MCGILL OF A CENTURY'S GROWTH IS NOW IN SIGHT

During the month of July, 1911, the McGill University began its nineteenth session. The growth of the university since its founding in 1828 has been remarkable. The university has grown from a small college to a large university, and its growth is now in sight.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR

**William Currie**

## PRINCIPAL PETERSON GREETED STUDENT BODY

Principal Peterson greeted the student body at the opening of the nineteenth session of McGill University. He welcomed the students and expressed his confidence in their future success.

STUDENTS COUNCIL ANNOUNCES ITS THIRD YEAR

PRESIDENT RANNEY ISSUES STATEMENT TO DAILY

The student body has elected its representatives to the Students Council. The council will represent the students in all matters relating to the university.

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# Guest Editorials

## Creating Good Citizens

That universities should be concerned mainly with producing graduates intent upon continuing their academic work in an atmosphere of seclusion has not been accepted by McGill since *The Daily* was started. While aware of the importance of widening and deepening the area of purely academic activity, we are more concerned with increasingly intelligent and active citizenship.

And so it is that *The Daily* has become an important factor in the direction of McGill's training primarily to create new standards both in working and in living. There is, indeed, unmistakable evidence that *The McGill Daily* has been an important factor in shaping both Canadian and Commonwealth citizenship. It is profoundly to be hoped that this tradition will be preserved and strengthened. There is no doubt *The McGill Daily* is even more important to Canada than it is to McGill University.

Gladstone Murray,  
Founding Editor.

## A School For Fourth Estate

*The McGill Daily* has always been the product of teamwork and the resultant effort over the years has produced an amazingly consistent product—a fearless presentation of the truths of the day as seen by the people who put out *The Daily*.

Sometimes the issues concerned were very local, i.e., "Beer infuses Students with Carefree Jollity"—a true statement of fact that got a lot of publicity and a lot of people in trouble—or sometimes the issues were of National importance, i.e., "McGill Upholds Freedom of Speech"—a relic of the Spanish Civil War days, but very serious at the time.

Whether the issues have been local campus ones or have verged on the international, *The Daily* has throughout its first half century lived up to the great traditions of a free press.

Let us hope it may continue to do so during its next Fifty years and henceforth. The editor of a college newspaper enjoys many freedoms not enjoyed by his peers in the commercial press. On the other hand he is handicapped by running an amateur show, a fact which may cause premature grey hairs in some. However, the editor himself is in college to get his degree and while editorship is important to him it is not the end all and be all of creation. Therefore he can afford to be frank and fearless.

Looking at the records of the editors of *The McGill Daily* over a half century, it is noted that almost all of them graduated on time—many with honors—and today most of those surviving have made their mark in the world in some sphere of contribution to the public well-being.

But the most important by-product of *The McGill Daily* and of college papers throughout Canada—particularly in the days before orthodox schools of journalism—is the fact that they have trained a host of Editors, Night Editors, Reporters and Contributors to PRODUCE something acceptable, to PRODUCE something true and to get it out ON TIME. These attributes are priceless and have augmented the university curriculae, not only at McGill, but elsewhere in an invaluable way far beyond the original dreams of the founder of our Alma Mater.

John H. McDonald,  
Editor-in-Chief 1936-37.

## The Daily's Jubilee

Montreal Star Editorial, Feb. 24, 1961:

An unusual group of people began assembling in Montreal today. From all walks of life, representing five decades of McGill graduates, each is here under the heading of "ex-Dailyite." Which, being interpreted, simply means that he or she has, at some time or another since 1911, served in a senior position on the managing board of *The McGill Daily*, the oldest college daily newspaper in the Commonwealth.

With its founder, W. E. Gladstone Murray, on hand to lead the week-end deliberations, *The Daily* is observing its golden jubilee. Morning after morning for fifty years it has been making its appearance on the campus, with news and views of student life.

Not infrequently it has got itself into journalistic hot water, either with town or gown or both. But, like its elder brethren of the professional press, it has steadfastly upheld the cause of freedom of expression and, in its particular field, has thus served a very real purpose.

The men and women who are returning to their Alma Mater today are doing so with an enthusiasm reserved for those who enjoyed a rather special experience at their university—a taste of printer's ink, with all the joys and woes which that entails.

Montreal welcomes them back and wishes them well in what surely should prove to be a rare reminiscence occasion.

## Old McGill's Oldest Daily

Montreal Gazette Editorial, Feb. 24, 1961:

One hundred and fifty McGill University alumni will gather together today to mark an event which occurred fifty years ago. This event gave rise to an institution at McGill which is unique in the British Commonwealth, and which has provided lasting satisfaction to McGill undergraduates down through the years. The event was the founding of McGill's campus newspaper, the *McGill Daily*.

The first issue of the *Daily* was published during the 1911-12 university year. W. E. Gladstone Murray was editor-in-chief during that initial year of publication. It was he and one of Old McGill's most popular professors, Stephen Leacock, who conceived the idea of establishing the newspaper on the campus. Today, the *McGill Daily* is the oldest college paper in the Commonwealth. It is also the Commonwealth's only college daily.

Founding editor Murray today returns to the offices of the *McGill Daily* where he and other former staffers of the paper will join in celebrating the *Daily's* Golden Jubilee. The highlight of this significant reunion will be the publication of a special anniversary issue, which will contain the contributions of some fifty alumni *Dailyites*.

Their stories will be replete with reminiscences of the authors' experi-

ences during their days on the *Daily*. The stories should also provide the reader with a unique documentation of events and discoveries at McGill University during the fifty years the *Daily* has been in operation. Although much of the technical preparation for the special issue is being done by the present *Daily* editors, the returning alumni will actually be sent out on assignments and will participate in laying out some of the pages.

The *McGill Daily* Fiftieth Anniversary Reunion is the first event of its kind ever to be held in Canada. In all likelihood, this reunion marks the first time former editors and reporters of a college newspaper have returned in such large numbers to join in the publishing of an issue representing a cross-section of all their varied talents. Such an event is a tribute to the continuity and spirit which have characterized the work on McGill's campus newspaper through the years since Gladstone Murray's founding issue.

Campus journalism plays an important role in our modern educational system. It also serves as a valuable vehicle for the expression of the fresh intellectual ideas of university students. McGill has set an admirable example during fifty successful years of *Daily* experience. May the next fifty years be as rewarding.



# THE DAY THE DAILY DIED...

By HAROLD HEMMING (Arts 14)

Hugh Griffith and I joined the Daily staff in 1912 at the beginning of our Junior year. Hugh was at first made business manager but he soon gave that up and started writing editorials. Although I knew

## Wish I Were There

Sir:

Agley have gone the best laid plans of this mice and man, and it means that it has become impossible for me to get away for the weekend, and imbibe of the conviviality of the renewed fellowship with so many old friends and fellow criminals of auld lang syne.

Will you not convey, by whatever means at your disposal, my very best wishes to all the old war horses... who have gathered to hail The Daily at its 50th, and our beloved Alma Mater to boot.

I have already sent my own few lines for what they are worth, and do wish to add my very best to those assembled, and to The Daily for many, many more creative, meaningful and courageous years.

I shall miss being with you all. God bless you from here.

Rabbi H. Goren Perelmuler.  
Chicago, Illinois.

little about the theatre and nothing about music, I was appointed dramatic critic probably because unlike most of us I owned a Tuxedo. This post enabled me to interview some of the most glamorous stars like Adeline Gene, the ballet dancer. More important it meant two free seats for most shows. As I was keenly interested in the R.V.C. these tickets were a God send.

At that time Bill (Ewart Gladstone) Murray had ceased to be editor and his mantle had fallen on "Silver" Cassels who was also a terrific hockey star. We were a happy but unprofessional team. Nevertheless we produced quite a readable rag. It was printed that year by the Westmount News out on Greene Avenue. We used to boast that it was "the only daily paper in the world appearing exactly four times a week".

As with most student activities at the time, our stumbling block was

finance. I don't mean articles on the gold standard, but the task of paying the printing and paper bills. These were the days before the introduction of what was later called the "Universal Fee". We sold the paper for 5 cents a copy on the campus to such as could be persuaded to buy it, and of course we sold advertising. For that grim task

*Lt. Col. Harold H. Hemming, B.A. '14, is chairman of a publishing company in London, England.*

there were a number of volunteers who worked along St. Catherine Street intermittently between lectures. They took what they felt was an adequate commission, which I regret to state was in some cases as high as 100 per cent.

Well, in May 1913 after most students had left on summer jobs, the

Westmount Press sent in its final bill for the season. All the advertising salesmen had been so busy with exams or getting summer jobs, that few ads. and no money had come in during the last month. There was in fact no money in the till. An emergency meeting of the Students' Council, or such of them as were still in Montreal, was called. That year both the hockey and football seasons had been brilliant successes over our rivals but dismal failures financially. So the Daily was the last straw and the financial back of the Student Council Camel literally broke.

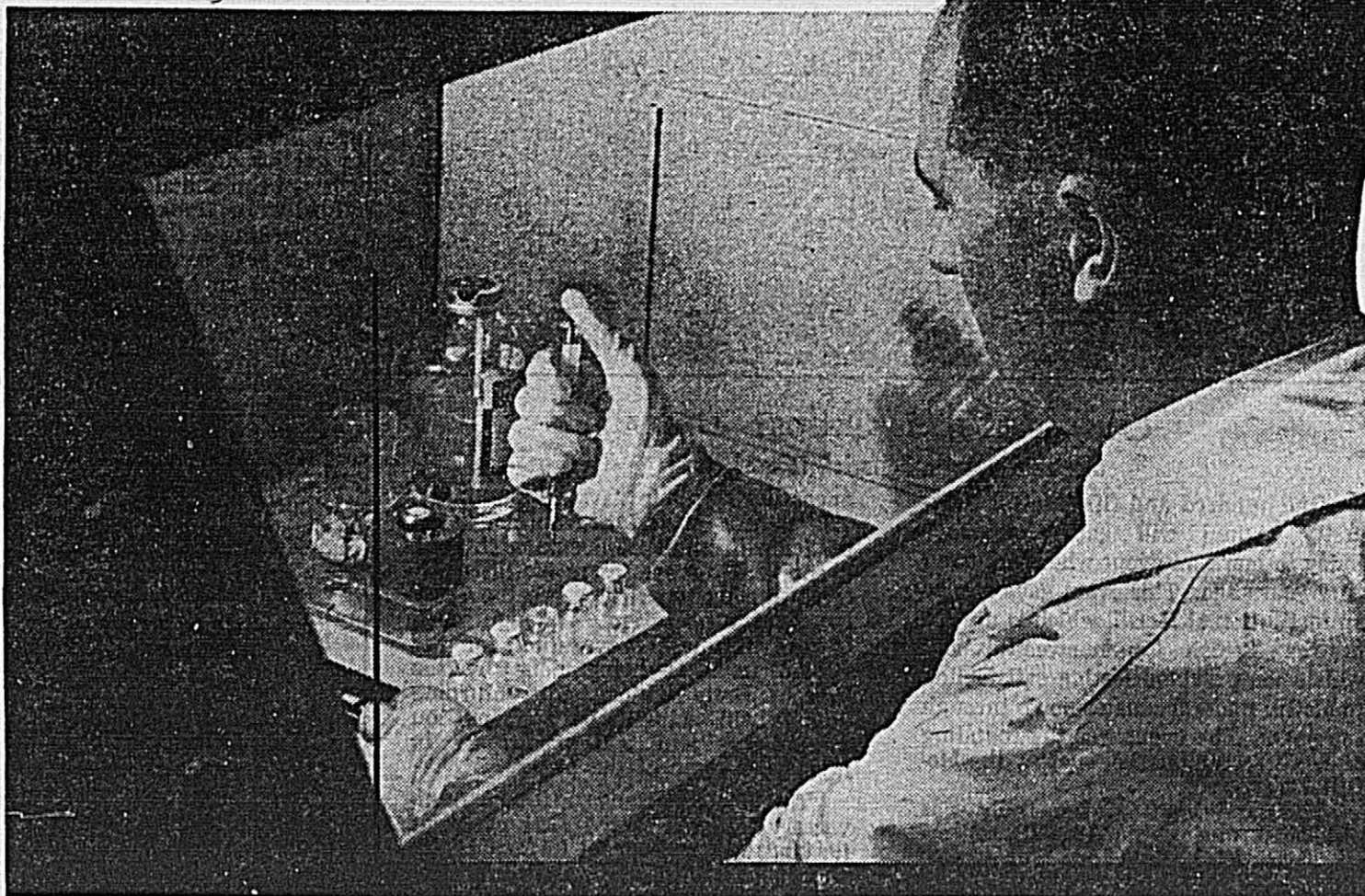
Cassels had gone and there was no one to defend our ailing child but Hugh and myself. As neither of us was on the Students' Council we could not participate in the debate. After it broke up we were informed that the Daily was over, finished, washed-up and dead.

Hugh and I were aghast but after the first shock we decided not to accept this. We both loved the Daily

and we soon concocted a plan to revive the dear departed. There were to be no more student advertising salesmen, no more 100 per cent, no more finance. In fact student participation was to be confined to editorial and make up. So we went together down Beaver Hall Hill and called on the first Advertising Agent we came to, who turned out to be a Mr. Desbarats, a charming and resourceful man. Our suggestion was incredibly simple. He would have so many columns of advertising per issue to sell as he liked for what he liked provided he would make himself responsible for the printing and newsprint costs. He agreed. We then went to the "Herald" who said they would print and we left the two firms to settle the details between themselves.

So the Daily arose from the dead and prospered ever after. The moral is, don't take the first no for an answer and never pay more than 10 per cent commission.

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# LONG, LONG, AGO . . .

It The McGill Daily has kept up with the Times, or rather the times, it is no doubt now lodged in a vast box of glass and aluminum surrounded by futuristic figures of Adam and/or Eve, and produced by the automatic operation of buttons. In any case, it will appear under very different conditions from those of the First War years.

Two giants I remember in those days were Henry Morgan and Algie Noad. The first was a born editor, and later followed that calling as Editor of the Brockville Recorder. He kept a sharp and observant eye on all phases of the work of producing The Daily, including the training of the freshman who had most recently put his name in as a reporter. He was not worried by eccentricity or obstinacy, but he did insist on promptness and exactitude in the stories we brought in and the headlines we concocted.

There was one member of the editorial staff — let us call him X — whose chief responsibility was to collect the copy and carry it down to the printers. This was a late job, of course, and X's day could be a weary one. To catch up on his sleep, he would stretch himself out on the long, high table where we clipped and pasted, and snore his way through the most turbulent scenes until it was time, about 1 a.m., to set off down town. His diet was com-

act, pungent, and nutritious, consisting largely of large raw onions, so that he made his mark awake as well as asleep. But it didn't worry Henry. He was a tolerant editor in matters of secondary importance.

## Erudite Editor

He had another remarkable faculty. This was his nose for McGill men. In the scores of papers and magazines from all parts of Canada or elsewhere that he scanned daily, he could unerringly spot the name of a graduate or a past student, whether from the dim past or from the year before. These he copied out and published with the item of news attached. Thus he kept hundreds of McGill men and women scattered all over the world in touch with their Alma Mater and it with them. I never quite discovered his secret. How or why would he know or suspect that J. Z. Brown, elected a judge in Kansas or Mrs. T. Q. Williams, who figured in a skiing accident in Switzerland had been a law student in 1897 or as Miss H. Something, a graduate of 1912, it was hard to say, except that he had an encyclopaedic knowledge of the university lists (it was a knack, perhaps, inherited from his father, H. J. Morgan) and used it to ferret out these items. Anyway, it added substantially to the value of The Daily.

Algie Noad was very different. He was Editor-in-Chief later, but it did not change him from the puckish, modestly brilliant and ardent Daily man that he was from the very first. Many will still remember him for his profound erudition in comparative literature and his extraordinary gift for languages. As Assistant Editor of The Daily he had other gifts.

## The Duchess Of Ferrara Poses For Fra Pandolf

By J. W. LIEBER

*You are a man of God whose brush divines  
the living crux of men, Fra Pandolf. What would  
he have of me — say what?*

*He looms before me,  
his eyes as rapiers stabbing at my throat,  
his touch is wax, hands cold and bloodless as  
the silver plate he loves to linger over.  
What would he have?*

*He tells me I am his —  
who doubts? — his diamond brand hangs on my breast  
the weight of lead — am his as the hawks he clips,  
the hounds he whips.*

*I have — what shall I say —  
you smile as if you know my mind — I have  
a woman's heart, too soon made full by giving:  
how can my taper melt that ice? . . .*

*You start?  
You shake your head? Yet well I know your inwit nods!  
I speak to you — none other hears — my mouth  
is strange to words — my lips half-curve with what  
I cannot say . . . A smile he calls it! Ha! . . .  
And do you know, but yesterday, he seized  
me by the wrist . . . here . . . see . . . my mantle binds  
the bruise his fether fingers made . . .  
and on this chair he thrust me down.  
His fingers tightened — I gasped . . . the twisting hurt . . .  
"No smile?" he laughed — "Why smile you not?  
Then THIS" — tighter he vised my crippled wrist —  
"may droop the upward curve your lips enround" —  
and flung me loose . . .*

*You drop your brush, Fra Pandolf? . . .  
Heed now, he'll pay a jewelled pulpit cloth  
when you have done this face . . .*

*Now trace the lines,  
good priest, not living, as you see them now —  
paint what HE sees: the fevered cheek, the lips  
fixed in the smile he loathes — and moulded there!*

By T. W. L. MacDERMOT

Quiet and indefatigable, he too helped his juniors and saw to it that the news of the campus was thoroughly covered, while he contributed the bright editorials that flowed so easily from his pen. But it was in the office itself that his strange quixotic humour was most sprightly and kept us alive and laughing. For example, he kept his lecture notes in a peculiar way, reducing the sometimes rather pompous literary periods of the professors to a sort of slangy shorthand, which may not have been very respectful to the professor, to Shakespeare or to Ruskin, but was rather more amusing and memorable than most of the notes his more prosaic fellow students compiled so labouriously. In addition, he was a skilful caricaturist and would illustrate the analysis of a solemn scene from "Macbeth" with marginal sketches, which were far from solemn

and often (in those polite days) unprintable.

## In the Know

This humour spread its light through the dingy quarters in the basement of the Union and made the long nights — after we had finished at the Library which closed at 10 — something to look forward to.

Under such Editors, life on the Daily became one of the most educative parts of the university. There we learned what made some of the professors tick, that is, how to pass their exams: kept up with the politics behind elections to the Students Council: developed a wariness in

T. W. L. MacDermot, B.A. '17, LL.D. '57, is Canadian High Commissioner in Australia.

dealing with the RVC editors: tested the tolerance of those in authority, some of whom had, as they thought, strange ideas about censorship: and practised the art of writing, i.e. putting "proper words in proper places," nightly and with speed.

Until we packed up the books and went overseas, The Daily office seemed to be what it should be, the news centre of the university, bad news, good news, comic news, dubious news, news of battle, news of peace. As such, little that happened, little that was said, passed unremarked or unknown, and among the staff then, as no doubt to-day, there were some corrosive critics of the passing show. In short, with the easy superiority of young men, so oblivious to ALL the facts, we felt we were at the heart of the university and where better could we be?

And now, as Artemus Ward said, I "bid you a welcome adoo."

## First Graduation Issue Published In Revenge

By JOHN L. O'BRIEN

It was just after the end of the First World War. The Daily had just gone through one of its most trying periods. With no inter-collegiate athletics or other activities under way, and a reduced number of intra-mural activities, The Daily staff was hard pressed to get copy to fill up its pages.

Women members of the staff were not allowed on The Daily premises. Their contributions were picked up each night at the Royal Victoria College.

The active Daily staff, as such, was a pretty meagre one. The editor-in-chief had three news editors, each of whom had charge of two issues per week. Very often they would have the assistance of only one or two reporters. Recourse to the scissors and the paste-pot was

very frequent, to supplement the insufficient original material by clippings from other publications.

The small group working on The Daily became close friends and many of these friendships continued for long periods of time. It became quite a game among the news editors for each of them, when in charge of an issue, to make some reference in The Daily to one or more of the others, whether by way of innuendo or otherwise. The efforts of each in this direction were restrained only by the fear of what would happen when one of the others was in charge.

Came the final issue of the year, and the news editor in charge found that he was in the enviable position

of being able to take advantage of his situation without any fear of reprisal for a long time to come. He secured photographs of the editor-in-chief and the two other news editors and had them printed in the last issue of The Daily for the year, together with eulogistic reference to the services they had rendered.

The editor-in-chief and the other two news editors were incensed. They sought some means of revenge, but were frustrated by the realization that anything done in the following year would be much too late to be effective, and indeed they might not themselves be on the

John L. O'Brien, B.A. '20, B.C.L. '23, heads a legal firm in Montreal. He was editor-in-chief 1921-22 and president 1922-23.

## 50th Anniversary Reunion Committee

### HONORARY CHAIRMAN

Charles H. Peters, B.A. '28

### CHAIRMAN

David M. Legate, B.A. '27

### SECRETARY

Albert A. Tunis, B.A. '48

### MEMBERS

Monty Berger, B.A. '39

Gerald Clark, B.Sc. '39

Morris Fish, Editor-in-Chief, 1960-61

T. Miles Gordon, B.A. '27, M.A. '28

John Maffre, B.A. '49

John H. McDonald, B.A. '36, B.C.L. '39

David Angus, Chairman, Editorial Board, 1960-61

J. W. Lieber, B.A. '49, M.A. '47, is now a teacher at Macdonald High School in Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec.

staff. Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to them. For the first time in its history The Daily would publish a Graduation Issue.

By dint of diligent research they found a rejected proof of a photograph taken of the culprit who had been responsible for the last regular issue of The Daily. It was a full faced photograph which had the ears of the offending news editor shown as protruding widely from each side of his head. By diligently eliminating any background from the photograph, they were able to secure a large size cut which was printed in the middle of the first page of the first Graduation Issue of The Daily and gave him the appearance of being blown along in full sail.

Such was the basic and only reason for the publication of the first Graduation Issue of The Daily and the foundation for the tradition which followed on from that time.

### BLIND

By W. L. Cassels, Editor 1912-13

Beneath the rainbows ends there lie  
No treasure chests of gold  
Princesses fair, sit radiant there  
The arcs which you behold  
Their scarves of many colours  
Far flung across the sky  
Elusively, diaphanous  
The source escapes the eye  
But fancies flight is swifter  
Than even refracted light  
Imaginings have magic wings  
We see, who have no sight.

W. L. L. Cassels, B.Sc. '13, is an engineer in Ottawa. He was editor-in-chief 1912-13.





Congratulations to the McGill Daily on Fifty years of service to the student body. As Montreal's first Printers and Canada's first newspaper... we have watched with interest the growth and development of Canada's first University Daily.

You have done an outstanding job of educating students in the value of being well informed. Many of Canada's journalists gained their first experience on The Daily.

Newspapers are the foundation of a well informed citizenry so necessary to the progress of our democratic way of life.

We will look forward to the next fifty years of progress by the McGill Daily. We hope to help you celebrate your Hundredth Anniversary.

**The Gazette**



# Newspaper Survives Second Decade

Of necessity college journalism has been, is and will doubtless continue to be a story of constant trials and tribulations. For not merely are the writers concerned in a formative stage; so, too, are those set above them — student body executives and not infrequently the faculty itself when it becomes a matter of practicalities in respect of matters affecting freedom of expression.

The McGill Daily has survived a half century of a combination of these three factors. It's a tribute to all involved that it has managed to do so.

Elsewhere in this historic issue other graduates (notably Messrs. Eric Leslie and Allison Walsh) have recounted some of the problems met and surmounted in the course of the progress of this oldest college daily newspaper in the Commonwealth. It must have seemed on those occasions that the said Commonwealth (or Empire, as the case may have been) was itself in jeopardy.

Contretemps there have been and pretty much of a cyclical character.

Not long after the founding of this journal a president of the Students' Executive Council was literally kicked out of *The McGill Daily's* holy of holies — the editorial department. At about the same time the then advertising manager bit the dust for some yet to be revealed reason and *The Daily* was actually forced to suspend publication for a week. This, however, did have one excellent result. It brought on to the publication board as advertising supervisor one G. H. Fletcher of very fond memory to generations of students as secretary of the Students' Council.

## Literati of 1925-26

It was in the 1925-26 session that some particularly interesting reactions occurred. This was the occasion when a band of forthright campus literati (F.R. Scott, A. J. M. Smith, Ted Harris, Leon Edel, Alan Latham to mention some of the mainsprings) took a dim view of things. The Council had decided to do away with the literary supplement published the previous year and incorporated with *The Daily*. The burdensome costs provoked this decision.

A small amount of hell broke loose. There were cries of "the di-

sastrous *Daily*," suppression of a cultural outlet, claims that the paper was being supported by stealing the students' money. The revered Stevie Leacock (who had been so much help in getting *The Daily* started) entered the lists by stating flatly that it was "nearly useless as a vehicle of culture."

The outcome of the squabble, which shook the very earth on the southern slopes of Mount Royal, had these effects: some members of the managing board resigned (including T. F.M. Newton, Canada's present Ambassador to Indonesia); The Fortnightly Review, designed to give creative writers an opportunity for literary expression, was launched. (It lasted one session); and a new constitution for *The Daily* was drawn up by the S.E.C. This, of course, leaned heavily in favor of the S.E.C.

At this time, in 1926, it was made abundantly clear that the Students' Executive Council held itself respon-

By DAVID M. LEGATE

sible for all the contents of *The Daily*, including editorial comment. The Fortnightly Review, forgetting its literary aspirations for the nonce, whacked away at the supineness of *The Daily* editors for knuckling

A former associate editor, David M. Legate, B.A. '27, now holds that position with *The Montreal Star*.

under to the elected representatives of the student body.

## Looking Back at Row

It's fun looking back at this row now. It was deadly serious then. And quite rightly so.

Three years later a spot of enlightenment set in. Not before a good deal of pressure had been brought to bear by student opinion, the S.E.C. ratified an amendment to

the constitution of *The Daily*, allowing "the managing board to take a stand in the editorial columns on any controversial matter, and even to disagree with decisions of the Council if they feel justified in doing so."

Darned decent of them, wasn't it? But note: There were to be "no constitutional restrictions—" except concerning the subjects of race, religion, politics, and concerning student elections. A semi-shackled *Daily*, in other words.

By and large this state of affairs obtained (though not without some kicking over the traces as detailed in Mr. Walsh's article) for a considerable period.

I am indebted to Roger W. Phillips for being able to bring readers up to date in this golden jubilee issue. Mr. Phillips was editor-in-chief during the 1959-60 session.

In the course of this particular period there was another first-class

fuss. In December, 1959, the Canadian University Press had the gumption to pass unanimously "The Charter of the Student Press in Canada." Some members of McGill's S.E.C. (with ample precedents to back up such a short-sighted attitude) took issue. Editorial freedom was once again, and even more than before, at stake.

The upshot of all the excitement then (thoroughly worthwhile excitement, it should be emphasized) was another new constitution for *The Daily*, duly approved by the university's Senate and Board of Governors.

They've been a long time fighting for it, but today's masthead now has this significant statement for all to read:

"Editorial opinions expressed are those of the managing board, and not the official opinions of the Students' Executive Council."

All this goes a good deal deeper than the apparently superficial campus scraps affecting a fundamental principle must look in retrospect.

## Students' Society Message

The Students' Society of McGill University this year has handled a budget of approximately \$180,000. Although still housed in a totally inadequate building, built 51 years ago for the use of 700 students, the Students' Executive Council has through the years increased not only its budget but also its efficiency and its autonomy.

It is interesting to reflect on the types of student government now in existence in North America; the majority of these student governments are concerned with weekend dances and variety programmes. Though most universities have modern Student Unions, these buildings and the activities which go on in them are largely under the control of the universities, control applied through a higher director. Although such a situation leads to increased efficiency, it also leads to decreased student initiative and decreased student experience in administrative work.

Here at McGill, all student activities are under the complete control of the students themselves, and what professional help is required is hired by the Students' Society. Although this arrangement leads to many problems, especially in continuity and in staff relationships, it still appears, for McGill at least, to be the best way for students to benefit from executive posts, both in terms of developing initiative and in gaining a sense of responsibility.

With these tremendous responsibilities on the shoulders of McGill student executives, the Students' Society has moved steadily forward, so that it now produces from the ranks of those active in extra-curricular activities outstandingly qualified citizens.

This year in particular has been a very successful one for the Students' Society; new records were set in the Blood Drive and in the Combined Charities Campaign; the McGill Conference on World Affairs was the most successful event of its kind held in Canada; our Players' Club won the Intervarsity

Drama Championship; our Debaters and our Red and White Revue were once again outstanding. Indeed, every Students' Society activity seems to be meeting the challenge of increased enrolment and of increasingly varied student interests.

This year the International Students' Association has been set up to work in a very vital field, that of relations between Canadian and foreign students on campus, and a beginning has been made toward the procurement of better student-professor relationships. A programme has been set up to allow students interested in gaining experience in extra-curricular work to join the activity of their choice, whether or not they happen to know the Chairman of that activity.

The Students' Society of course wishes to congratulate *The McGill Daily* on its 50th anniversary, and is particularly happy to welcome back to McGill those former *Daily* staffers and editors who have come to join in the anniversary celebration.

Stuart L. Smith,  
President,  
Students' Society.

## A Methodist Theolog Dressed In Pink Pyjamas

Forty-one years ago an Arts sophomore was invited to *The Daily* office to help get out a Saturday issue for McGill readers. It so happened to be the evening for one of the first famous Union Informal Dances, which broke up promptly at the stroke of midnight . . . or else Miss Ethel Hurlbatt would decline to allow R.V.C. students to attend. I remember that night quite well. *The Daily* office was in the basement of the McGill Union and proved handy for all sorts of male visitors to drop in to say "hello", and use the telephone. That night *The Daily* staff included some boys who could do other things than write. One of the common tricks was to untie a black bow tie, just as a dance was about to start. I well remember one lad in this predicament who could not tie his own tie. The only *Daily* writer present who could help him insisted that the tieless dancer lie down . . . remarking he had done summer work with Wray's!!

The years since then have been passing with increasing rapidity, but the friendships made during

three years on *The Daily* staff have remained firm and happy. In fact on my study wall in St. John's Rectory in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, for twenty years has hung a group picture of the News Board for 1922-23. Notman's made wonderful prints which do not fade. The group includes: Grace Beckwith from Victoria, British Columbia, who always wanted to see Old Dominion Park and finally made the jaunt on the day following graduation before returning to the West. Dorothea Hay is also in the front row. Her brother, Dr. Cecil Hay was a close friend of mine and I enjoyed visiting their home in Victoria, and seeing all the sights of the West coast capital including the Buchert Gardens. In the center of the group is the suave John O'Brien . . . the dean of the staff; Howard O'Hagan; also Laurence G. Tombs; Stan Read; Phil Gross; L. de H. Levinson; Art. J. Smith; Chas. H. Goren; G. Craik; E. M. Woolcombe and R. F. Ogilvy.

## Travel Hi-jinks

Of the trips we occasionally made

By REV. NORMAN EGERTON

to report games or conventions, there will always be lasting memories. One in particular stands out in my memory when I went to Indianapolis in 1924 to the Student Christian Volunteer convention. Two Pullman cars carried the McGill delegation to Toronto and the next morning we joined a much bigger contingent from other Canadian universities. What a time we had!

Rev. Norman Egerton, B.A. '23, is Rector, Church of St. John the Divine, Hasbrouck Hts., N.J.

Proceedings really started when a Methodist theolog clad in pink striped silk pajamas fell out of his upper berth into full view of a mixed party.

On another wall of the Rectory is a picture of the McGill Track team of 1923, who were intercollegiate champions. We were a won-

derful gang. Included in this picture were some of the *Daily* Staff, but athletes too: Galen Craik, Phil Gross, Errol Amaron, Marcel Gabor, Frank Consiglio, Don Foss, W. R. Kennedy, Ronnie Legg, Dave Johnson, Rex Wiggins, Ronnie Hamilton, Reg. Henry, Cec Hay, and members of the staff including Dr. F. J. Tees, F. M. Van Wagner and Ernie Cook who rubbed the kinks out of tired muscles in a wonderful way, and sent many a runner on his way to a new record in a race.

"Looking back" is supposed to be the theme of this article of modest length. One cannot pass over the May graduation held in 1923 in the new Capital Theatre on St. Catherine Street just west of McGill College Avenue. It was a wonderful and sunny day. It seemed that way to me too even though I had not reached home after the Prom until five a.m.

## Leacock Ahoy!

The procession was ready to start when Dr. Stephen Leacock appeared in a taxi and told Bill Gentleman

(of Arts Building fame) to get his gown for he was about to set a precedent and attend graduation. Sir Arthur Currie was there, and the sight of him reminded a *Daily* reporter of all the visits to his office to receive a story for the *Daily*. He was always pleasant to us and understanding . . . except once when he violently disapproved of an editorial on the slow progress in the building of the badly needed dormitories. In that procession were the genial Dr. J. A. Nicholson, the registrar, whom I had known since I wrote the matriculation examinations in the old Molson Hall in 1918; Principal Rexford of the Diocesan College, one of the finest leaders I have ever known.

Time affords the opportunity of making endless friends: but definitely the associations of college years stand out for life. Men who slip through college without experience on a college paper, athletics, or other campus activity miss the mark. McGill graduates can hold their heads as high as graduates of any university anywhere.



# Paper Is Not Really Fifty

By LEON EDEL

The McGill Daily fifty? Of course not. The McGill Daily is never more than a year old. There was a time when our rhymester of the 1920's, the now justly famous poet and teacher, A. J. M. Smith, indited the following lines for the McGill Fortnightly Review, written I suspect as much out of cussedness as out of affection:

Why is the McGill Daily?

Asks the pessimist sourly.

Thank God, says the optimist,

It isn't hourly.

It certainly isn't fifty in the usual

Dr. Leon Edel, B.A. '27, M.A. '28, is now Professor of English at New York University. He is a noted authority on modern literature and, in particular, novelist Henry James. He was associate editor in 1927.

sense. It has been, as I say, a year old for fifty years. Every year it starts afresh. And every year the new-born generation — brash, impudent, properly cheeky and arrogant, often temperamental (we hope), certainly eager, properly

dampened behind the ears—gives the paper the fast pulse of its youth and the full-lunged audacity of juvenescence. It belongs to the eternal mornings of life.

The Daily may have been a "school" of journalism; it was much more a way of student life, a place for criticism, argument, night-long vigil and talk, bawdy limericks, learning to say in words what we could not bring ourselves to feel, or mastering the very best clichés for the very best headlines. Where are those countless hours, the true dedication and discipline, the deadline-haunted make-up period at dawn in the old Herald plant with the perenial prima-donna make-up man with the fine old king-like name of Harold Arthur? It was all along ago: it was last year!

What we celebrate is not The Daily's half-century, but its capacity for perpetual re-birth. So long as there will be students who want to use words and give them the shape of print it will be a school of trial, error, judgment, and even taste, a haven for the literary aspirant as well as the collegian newshawk. I am back in the old Union office as I write: and I still use the same two fingers on my typewriter.

## Behind The Ghingko Tree



To Our Younger Sister  
On Her 50th Birthday

**Many Happy Returns!**

OLD MCGILL '61



# The Daily Gets Its Magna Charta

"Beer Infuses Students With Care-Free Jollity" read the headline of a human interest story at the bottom of Page 1 of *The McGill Daily* on Wednesday, November 30th, 1932 — a story whose repercussions created one of the major crises in the *Daily's* history. My recollections of the series of events which followed are especially vivid, since it was I as Editor in charge of the Tuesday night staff who approved the article and headline in question, though time dims my memory of which reporter wrote it.

It might be explained that in those days the *Daily* had a four-page, seven-column, standard size layout and was not a tabloid as at present. It was customary to have one, or sometimes two, brief two-column human interest stories at the lower corner or corners of Page 1. I considered the offending article innocent enough at the time, and frankly still do, since the conception that some students did and still do enjoy drinking beer, and that beer did and still does on occasion cause excessive jollity, hardly appears to be a startling or earth-shattering revelation, and accordingly the article was written lightly and with humorous intent, and not treated as news.

It dealt with a visit of the Chemical Industry Club to the plant and especially to the reception room of Dawes Brewery, and started out "The even tenor of the business section of McGill Street, deeply concerned with the pressing problems of the day, was disrupted yesterday afternoon by a small group of young men, presumably college students, who were seen emerging from a well-known brewery with jovial disposition, but none too steady gait." After reporting what took place during the brewery visit in the same vein, it concluded, "The majority of the Chemical Industry Club who conducted the tour were agreed that the machinery and brewing apparatus in Dawes Brewery were of the best; the minority were of the opinion that Dawes ale was good ale, but would still like to see the Black Horse."

## Notable Names

The Managing Board at the time consisted of Alan D. Talbot (now Principal of the new Malcolm Campbell High School), Editor-in-Chief, John P. Rowat (now a Notary, Member of the Legislative Council of the Province and Chairman of the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal), Managing Editor, and Ernest Crown, News Editor. Howard Doig was Sports Editor, and Donald Black, Robert A. C. Douglas, Henry Finkel, Mark E. Goldenberg, Frank Gorman, H. Brodie Hicks, Seymour L. Janikun, H. Lindsay Place, Louise J. Quinn and Allison Walsh were Associate Editors. The mast-head shows among the Reporters on the Tuesday night staff Martin Bloomfield, Mac Ran-

som, Austin Dettmers, John A. Nolan, Lilyan Gold, Marv. J. Goldfine, Arthur D. Styles, Robert J. Nixon, Lillian Tarlow, J. Poland, Lorraine Tasker, Ritchie Jones, Dorothy Walker and Philip Vineberg. I mention the names as many will now be recognized as leaders in business and professional fields.

A week went by with no further reference to the article in the *Daily's* pages, but on Wednesday, December 7, a banner headline across the page greeted readers, "Daily Editors Resign in Protest"

## "High Handed Action of Students Council Results in Resignation of Managing Board and Associates."

The story recounted that at a meeting of the Students' Council Monday night disciplinary action had been demanded against the parties responsible for the article the preceding week. Ernest Crown as News Editor had assumed responsibility and had promptly been suspended by the Council. Alan Talbot as Editor-in-Chief was an ex officio member of the Council and defended the article, but neglected to tell the Council that he had immediately after publication called a *Daily* staff meeting to admonish all editors and reporters against publication of similar articles in future, at the suggestion of the University authorities who had indicated they considered the article injudicious. When Crown was suspended by the Council a meeting of the Managing Board and Associate Editors had been called the next day and they had resigned as a group, in protest.

## Mass Meeting

On Wednesday, as reported in Thursday morning's *Daily*, the Council met again, and while conceding

By ALLISON A. M. WALSH

that they would not have suspended Crown at the Monday meeting had it been disclosed to them that the *Daily* itself had already taken action, they now suspended the whole Managing Board for abuse of trust by resigning without warning and leaving the Council with no trained staff to continue publication, and faced with commitments to advertisers, the need of publicity for Campus organizations and so forth. In suspending the Managing Board the Council urged the Associate Editors to maintain publication, and after an emergency staff meeting they agreed to do so until the Monday following when a Students' Society meeting had been called to air the whole question.

The Students' Society meeting Monday afternoon in the Union Ballroom was conducted in a fever of excitement with the largest attendance of students ever seen at such a meeting to that date. The case for *The McGill Daily* was presented by Melbourne Doig, a law student and fiery orator with much Debating Union experience. He stressed the injustice of the suspension in view of the *Daily* having already taken action itself, and dealt with the unconstitutionality of it since each *Daily* board was appointed by its predecessors and not by the Students' Council. The motion that the Council be directed to rescind the suspension was ably

Allison A. M. Walsh, Q.C., B.A. '33, B.C.L., '36, is partner in a firm of Montreal Advocates and Solicitors. He was associate editor, 1932-33, 33-34, and managing editor, 1934-35.

seconded by Donald Black.

The Council's side of the question was presented by Alistair Watt, also a law student, and now a prominent lawyer in Montreal, who spoke somewhat more ponderously as was his style, arguing that in the event of a conflict between the *Daily* and the Council, the Council must prevail.

After much confused general discussion during which the Chairman of the meeting, Deane Nesbitt, President of the Students' Society, who subsequently became one of Canada's war heroes and a leader in the financial world, had great difficulty in maintaining order, and one cooed faintly and was carried out by her fiancé, the motion was carried by a vote of 258-193. Fearing that the Council might now interpret this as a vote of non-confidence and feel obliged to resign, Charles Sturdee now moved a vote of confidence in the Students' Council, which I was pleased to second on behalf of the *Daily*, which motion was passed unanimously.

A further Students' Council meeting was held on Tuesday evening which lasted for five hours, the outcome being that the Managing Board, Alan Talbot, John Rowat and Ernest Crown tendered their resignations. The Council then reinstated them, terminating their suspension, as directed by the Student's Society resolution, and then immediately accepted the resignations already tendered, but only after the Board had appointed its successors, Howard Doig as Editor-in-Chief, Mark Goldenberg as News Editor and Donald Black as Managing Editor.

One final development took place in the day after and was reported in the *Daily* of Thursday, December 15. Deane Nesbitt resigned as Pre-

sident of the Students' Society now that the matter was settled, apparently as a result of the general criticism of the Council over the whole affair. Gerald Halpenny, now a well-known Montreal doctor was eventually elected to replace Nesbitt. The vacancies on the Editorial Board of the *Daily* created by the elevation of three of them to the Managing Board were filled by John Nolan, now a prominent Montreal attorney, Morton Bloomfield, now a Professor of English at an American university, and Seymour Janikun, who became Sports Editor. At the same time Henry Finkel, now an architect and outstanding authority on industrial design, was made Feature Editor.

In retrospect the whole controversy indicates how easily in the heat of the moment an issue can be blown up out of all proportion, with unfortunate consequence for everyone concerned. Perhaps we can consider ourselves fortunate—only this year one reads of a situation arising at Laval, where student editors were not merely suspended from their duties, but expelled from college over the publication of some material considered offensive by the University authorities!

## Wish I Were There

Sir:

Unexpected developments have made it impossible for me and my wife to attend the McGill Daily 50th Anniversary next weekend as planned.

Our sincere regrets and best wishes to you and your committee for a successful gathering.

PETER REGENSTREIF.  
Cornell University,  
Ithaca, N.Y.

## Freedom Of The Press Fought Over Beer



## Wish I Were There

Sir:

Greatly regret that unless there is a last-minute switch I'm not going to get to Montreal for the reunion.

There have been some unexpected local commitments that are going to keep me here.

My sincere regrets and please pass along my regards to any of the people of my era who may be along.

And have a good weekend. I'll probably feel healthier Sunday for having stayed in Toronto, but that is an advantage I would gladly do without if I could make it.

Point of interest, possibly initiated at your end: CBC's international service has asked that I interview Gladstone Murray Thursday on the early days of *The Daily*. Apparently it is to be based on the founder's planned remarks for Saturday night, so at least I'll get a preview.

Again my regrets, and all the best.

DOUG AMARON.

Canadian Press,  
Toronto, Ont.



# The Nineteen-Thirties: Heyday In Sports

Edwards, Watt, Young, Westman, Shaughnessy, Crutchfield, McGill, Powers, Meiklejohn, Murray, Bourne, Farmer, Farquharson, Worrall, Hornig, Letourneau, Wigle, Anton . . .

These, and a host of others, are the names you remember from the mid '30s, that period a quarter-century ago when McGill was a power in athletics, winning more championships than it was losing.

Only in football was there disappointment as Toronto and Queen's shared the honors but, as the '30s passed their mid-way mark, the nucleus of the team that was to win the title in 1938 was forming and there were signs of greatness to come.

Those were good days to be reporting sport at *The Daily*. And the best of all years surely must have been 1933-34, the season when a mighty Red hockey team came within an ace of winning the Allan Cup. Senior hockey then was Canada's major winter sport. Six- and eight-team leagues operated in Montreal and drew big crowds to the Forum. The pros of the future came then from senior, not junior, ranks.

It had been a good autumn for sport at McGill.

Peerless Phil Edwards and big Gordie Meiklejohn led the Redmen to a walk-away victory in track, Phil winning the 880 and the mile, Gordie setting records in the shot put and discus.

Laird Watt, Bobby Murray, Rock Robertson and Ken Farmer swept the courts for McGill in tennis, Bob Costello was golf champion and the McGill harriers accounted for another title.

Long John Sinclair's punting won the football crown for Varsity but McGill was not disgraced, winning three games and in their worst defeat losing only 8-0 (all singles by Sinclair) to Toronto.

## Season By Season

As winter came sport successes continued. The swimmers went to Hart House and won the college crown, the water polo team beat

Toronto 12-9 in a two-game series and coach F. M. Van Wagner's basketball players, with Don Young of equal football fame in a starring role, had an unbeaten season.

But the drama and excitement were reserved for hockey.

McGill won the intercollegiate title although held to a shocking (in those days) 4-4 tie in Toronto, but that was almost incidental to its victory in the strong Senior Group, then one of the most powerful amateur leagues in Canada.

Dapper Bobby Bell's Redmen were the toast of the town as they swept through an undefeated regular

**Doug Amaron, B.A. '36, is Executive Assistant, The Canadian Press, Toronto. He was sports editor 1935-36.**

season. Then, with 10,000 fans on hand at both games, they beat Verdun 3-2 and 4-3 in the first playoff round, qualifying to meet Canadiens in a best-of-three final.

After 24 unbeaten games, McGill finally lost 4-2 in the opening game of the final. Maurice Power's sparkling goal-tending and a goal by Frank Shaughnessy won the second 1-0 and set the stage for what must go down on record as the most exciting hockey game ever played by a McGill team.

More than 13,000 people were on hand when the Redmen and Canadiens came out for the final game and the fans were limp as the half-way mark of the third period was reached with the score tied 1-1.

Then disaster struck McGill. Powers, as belligerent as he was good, took a swipe at a Canadiens player near the net and was given a two-minute penalty. Under the rules of that day goalers had to serve their own penalties.

Ten minutes to play, the series

By DOUG AMARON

without a goaler. Shaughnessy, a winger, went into the nets and McGill put a defenceman and a line of Farmer, Hugh Farquharson and Jack McGill in front of him.

The face-off. The Reds got the puck, ragged it, controlled it, then broke for Canadien's net. A pass, another pass, a shot and Farquharson scored. McGill 2, Canadiens 1 at 10:32 and the roar of "Old McGill" could be heard from Halifax to Vancouver.

## Last-Ditch Victory

With their lead, McGill's defenders held on for dear life until Powers returned, then, with inspired drive, fired home two more goals for a 4-1 victory, the Senior Group title and the right to advance into the Allan Cup playoffs.

The rest was anti-climatic. McGill won the provincial title by blasting Quebec Aces 11-1 in Montreal then playing a 0-0 tie in Quebec.

Moncton Hawks, Canadian champions the year before, were next on the list and hopeful McGill fans lined up at the Forum at 4:30 a.m. for tickets. But good as they were, the Redmen couldn't match the Hawks and dropped both games by 3-1 scores. Moncton went on from there to easy victories over Hamilton and Fort William for their second Allan Cup in a row.

A detailed recital of McGill's next two years in athletics would take up more space than editor Dave Legate will allow, but take it from one who rose to the heights of sports editor in 1935-36 after tutorship under Frank Gorman and Brodie Hicks that they were good ones.

No senior football championships but good years just the same, the worst loss in 1934 a 10-4 defeat by Toronto and the memory of Andy Anton's mighty plunges to brighten two losses to Varsity in 1935.

That latter year was the season Toronto was undefeated then lost the championship 6-4 to Queen's in a playoff. Queen's previously had lost to and tied with Varsity and had been beaten by McGill.

With righteous wrath and in rare support of Toronto, a *Daily* editorial said after the playoff:

"We make no bones about saying that this intercollegiate football playoff system is an out-and-out money-making project."

There were thrills in track when Edwards, after winning the mile and placing second in the 440 and 880, ran a blazing anchor leg to win the mile relay for McGill and nip Varsity 49-45 for the championship.

Nels Crutchfield and McGill turned professional with Canadiens and McGill did not repeat its Senior Group hockey success but new stars were coming up and the college title was retained with ease. Editor Dil Cornell's headlines in *The Daily* told the story:

**BOBBY BELL'S BRIGADE BATTLES BAILEY'S BLUE BOYS**  
(A 5-0 win over Toronto.)

## Memory Lane

Of the McGill man racing for the potential winning touchdown in an intermediate football game in Sherbrooke, only to be tripped 10 yards from the goal-line by a dog that ran onto the field . . . of javelins being

hurled down the long corridors of the Royal York Hotel after another track victory . . .

Of Munro Bourne winning two individual events then swimming on two winning relay teams in a swimming meet . . . of George Hornig's battles with anyone in a Queen's sweater . . . of the 1936 Olympic hockey team with three McGill men—Farmer, Farquharson and Ralph St. Germain—wearing Canada's colors . . . of Jim Worrall soaring over the hurdles . . .

Of Stuart Forbes turning sheep loose at the Stadium to keep the grass green . . . of the same Major Forbes beaming at crowds of 10,000 at football games and 13,000 at hockey games . . . of the hours Frank Shaughnessy spent practising

placements under the watchful eye and bellowing voice of his father Shag . . . of Van and Hay Finlay and Bert Light and Urbain Molmans, Emanuel Blais and Frank Saxon and all those other fine coaches . . .

Of Bob Johannsen and Pat Christie on the ski trails . . . of Doug Kerr and the freshmen he melded into the team that later was to give McGill its long-delayed senior football title . . . of Doug and Pat again and the other sportsmen from McGill who went to war and didn't come back.

Good years, exciting years, fulfilled years, sometimes sad years . . . all part of the memory that is sport and of the history that is McGill.

From The Daily Files:— (1911)

## Warden Likes Us

Interviewed by a special staff representative last evening, Miss Hurlbatt, warden of the Royal Victoria College, issued the following statement:—

"May I add my name to those of the many well-wishers of the *McGill Daily*. Everyone will hope that the paper may meet with success. Many will expect great things of it—that it will draw McGill together and give ample opportunity for the discussion of McGill's problems and needs. Others may hail its appearance as offering a practice ground in journalism. May it be used in this as in other respects to the best of

good ends. Among the conspicuous needs of this continent are a purer Press and a better journalism. As to the former the *McGill Daily*, with its disinterested proprietorship will be above temptation or excuse; as to the latter may it be famous for its good paper, good print, good style both of its short reports and announcements and of its more ambitious articles. If it can make for itself a high standard and reputation in these things it will be of service in a wider sense than can at present be appreciated."

## Wish I Were There

Sir:

I have your notice of *The McGill Daily*. I would like to be there. I am not sure that I can make it.

I was editor, 1923-24, a long time ago.

These days I am a free-lance writer. My stories and articles have come out in *Queen's Quarterly*, *MacLean's*, *John O'London's*, *Esquire*, *New Mexico Quarterly*, *Argosy*, *True* and other magazines. My books, *Wilderness Men* and *Tay John*, a novel, were published in New York in 1958 and 1960. This in partial answer to your questions.

And, by all means, let me know how things go.

HOWARD O'HAGAN.

Victoria, B.C.

Best of Luck  
in your FIFTIETH year  
**McGILL DAILY**  
compliments of

The Arts and Science  
Undergraduate Society

Congratulations

to the

**McGILL DAILY**

on its

**50th BIRTHDAY**

from the

Engineering Undergraduate  
Society

BEST WISHES

to the

**McGILL DAILY**

on its

**50th ANNIVERSARY**

compliments of

Commerce Undergraduate  
Society



# The Daily Offices Revisited

By DAVID M. LEGATE

It's twenty-five or thirty-five years — I've forgotten — later. And it all seems so quiet and orderly and efficient.

Down in the Union basement, I mean. That's where the toilets and The Daily premises used to be and still are. A chummy arrangement.

Almost every night those many moons ago this scribbler haunted these nether regions in the cause of the freedom of the press, the even freer flow of Black Horse ale, not to mention trial marriages.

But then it was hectic. The single typewriter in those days played havoc with the alleged celebration of the editorial writers. While one wrote his imperishable prose, the balance slipped down to the Pig and Whistle and seldom returned. It was, of course, always I who had to fill the editorial columns, shunning with a stern sense of self-discipline all the temptations of the then McGill College Avenue.

But to get back to the Pig and — I mean the then-and-now nature of this narrative.

It just isn't the same (that cute brunette who just slapped herself down at the desk opposite me, for example). Everybody seems sober and dedicated and seized with a grave sense of purpose. Moreover they display some evidence of being able to think. What a drawback for budding journalists!

In those ancient times — they were days of journalistic miracles, for The Daily always managed to appear — the crusaders were two-fisted — meaning a tankard in each hand. This worked hardships with the professional printers down at the old Herald or The Gazette or whoever chose to lose money on producing The Daily.

On our return at this historic moment of reunion, what do we find. Well, for instance, people who know where Cambodia is and who disdain Marilyn Monroe, people who have no compunction to tell off the Board of Governors (in our day the latter told US off); people who move with silk-like rustle armed only with coffee and ideas. We had a better substitute for both.

Not that we weren't serious. Not that we didn't mount chargers and damn the barons of St. James Street. But it was the era of the Mad Twenties and we were inclined to stomp first to the intoxicating rhythm of New Orleans and let the footballs scatter where they may.

As I write The Daily's present co-editors, Morris Fish and Dave Angus, glide silently through the still delightfully disgraceful old quarters, directing the youthful Hemingways and T. S. Eliots to their assignments.

But as Heraclitus once quipped, everything is in a state of flux and this could conceivably be all to the good. Shaking my head sadly, I must confess to the belief that it really seems to be.



MR. DAVID LEGATE, Copy boy

## CBC Coverage Of 50th Anniversary

CBC mikes and tape recorders violated the decorum of last night's activities of The Daily's offices and they'll be on hand again today, at the cocktail and banquet, mercilessly primed to capture all the oratorical evidence. The excuse? A special issue of CBM's "Accent on Quebec" ON the Special Issue.

Wedge in among the bankers, industrialists, doctors, newspapermen and all the other decrepit ancients who returned to labour this weekend were CBC broadcaster Marion McCormick (Arts '44) and CBC Public Affairs Producer Herbert Steinhouse (Arts '42)—ex-Dailyites, both, who first worked together in these same beer-stained surroundings some twenty years ago.

Between their Golden Jubilee Issue assignments, the broadcasters went to work on their fellow-labourers—recording probing interviews, stray comments, banquet speeches and the miscellaneous background effects of typewriter-clacking, paste-smearing, blue-pencilling and beer-bottle-opening.

The edited results will be a montage about the Daily's significance—its past, present and future—next week's topic on "Accent on Quebec", CBM's regular Public Affairs documentary feature that's heard Thursdays at 7 p.m. Listen to it on March 2nd.

## Political Revolution This Year At McGill

By BOB PRINSKY

Politics will never be the same at McGill.

With the coming of two new parties, GNU and CTCM, the 1960 Mock Parliament was destined to be different. The former group, typifying both, worked on the theory that if anyone was to make a mockery of Parliament, it should be the students and not the politicians.

The gnus, originally formed as an even newer new party, decided to entitle themselves the Greater National Uplift Party, and invented such slogans as "Up the party", "Up the Chief", and "Up the Nation". Fortified with many interesting planks in their platform, they

captured 12 of the 49 available seats. CTCM, a smaller group, managed to obtain 4 seats with promises of unemployment relief and world peace. All this would be brought about with the spreading of their main precept: that all clocks should run counterclockwise (Change The Clock Movement).

### GNU News

The gnus, in their 24 point programme, had a solution for everything. Quemoy-Matsu: "We will do our best to see that order is maintained and that no one goes home hungry."

The Senate: "We will appoint the entire opposition (no matter how inexperienced) to the Senate, and as soon as Parliament convenes, abolish said Senate."

Farm Programme: "We believe the CBC should increase its farm broadcasts to poverty-stricken areas."

Education: "Every Canadian child, except those of persecuted majority or minority groups, should be smart or get out."

Health and Welfare: We believe that an apple a day keeps the doctor away, especially in the Annapolis Valley.

Under a banner of a gnu superimposed on another gnu the gnus entered the fray and created much news in the following day's Daily.

### Change for a Time

CTCM came out fighting against everybody. Originally a highly subversive organization, they came out into the open especially for the elections, when they hoped to be able to have some of their principles accepted.

They said that counterclockwise time reckoning would have many far-reaching and desirable effects.

For instance, thousands of new clocks would have to be made, thus creating a large amount of employment, and ending that problem.

Nations of the world would be so busy changing their clocks over that they would forget their differences and world peace would result. South Africa would forget apartheid, the Congo would forget Lumumba, and Britain, who would spend at least 10 years converting Big Ben, would forget everything.

The Americans and the Russians would compete to see who finished the conversion job first. The Swiss economy would soar. The possibilities were endless.

There were no independent candidates because of a new rule permitting only parties (consisting of at least two people) to submit names. As Denis Coupland, the only independent elected in 1959, put it, "How can I run a party if I am the party?"

### Incompetent Speaker?

The Parliament itself lived up to the wildest expectations. At the start, the GNU's questioned the competency of the Speaker of the House, Political Science Professor K. C. Callard.

It seems that Standing Order 15 of the House states that a Christian prayer be read at the start of every sitting, on alternate days in English and French. The speaker failed to pray in either language.

Quips flew through the air like quills; when someone reported his watch missing, CTCM was accused. A favourite expression of the Liberals was "on the second hand", intended exactly for CTCM.

As a sidenote to all this, the Liberal Party formed a minority government of 20 seats, Conservatives had 10, and CCF, 3.

## Business As Usual

Editorial: October 2, 1939

Once again McGill students are beginning a session in time of war; once again the Daily goes to press as the down-town papers are reporting action on the Western Front.

At this time, when the War is but a month old, it is extremely difficult to foresee what kind of a session we have to face. We have, of course, a precedent, the 1914-15 term. During those first two years of the Great War, registration at McGill did not decrease, although the campus did assume a military guise as recruiting went on apace for the McGill Regiment. In the following years of the War, however, the number of students attending college decreased rapidly owing to the departure of the McGill Contingent and to the adoption of the conscription measure.

The question to be answered is: to what extent can we rely on that precedent in forming an estimate of the present session?

One or two factors must be con-

sidered before we can attempt to answer it. At the outset, it appears that there will be no indiscriminate recruiting for a McGill Contingent this time. That plan, it is now acknowledged, was a waste of the country's skilled man-power.

Instead, the local War Advisory Board will make every effort to see that McGill's students are used to the very best of their individual abilities: "All those associated with McGill University, staff, students, and graduates, who wish to play a part in Canada's war effort, will have an opportunity of getting advice as to the particular activity to which each one can bring the greatest knowledge, experience and competence and thus make the greatest contribution towards winning the war, whether it be in the capacity of commissioned officers or enlisted man or interpreter, whether in aviation, artillery, cavalry, infantry, machine gun unit, whether in science or in medicine and surgery, whether in the production and distribution of essential materials, or in the activities of civil administration." McGill, and other Canadian universities will be a powerhouse of

skill, energy, and leadership for the nation.

Another point to be examined is the fact that campus activities were much fewer than they are at present, while those that were established were, for the most part, still in their infancy. The Students' Council, for example, had just been founded in the first decade of the century, while we ourselves had only been to the printer for three years. In spite of the War, however, and in spite of a smaller university, most activities were kept going, so it is fairly safe to say that our present clubs and societies will be little affected this year.

Finally, the University has asserted that "during the war period, the essential academic activities of the University will, in so far as possible, be fully maintained." This statement, together with our former considerations, leads us to believe that the 1939-40 session will be similar to those of the immediate past. We will, of course, have to get used to various innovations on the campus, but we venture to predict that McGill's motto for the next seven months at least will be "Business As Usual."



# Fritzi Scheff Arrives With Havoc

By ALTON GOLDBLOOM

It was October 1912, and Fritzi Scheff had come to Montreal!

The coming of Fritzi Scheff to Montreal was an event, one which stirred the ardent heart of every red blooded — or is it red and white blooded—McGill student. Fritzi was the toast of the town wherever she

went; this petite Austrian soprano, whose voice was too thin and too tremulous for the Metropolitan Opera for which she had been brought to America, just suited the soubrette roles which she filled and sang admirably in Victor Herbert's operettas. This time it was Mlle. Modiste, and it was the Princess Theater newly opened to rival His Majesty's on Guy Street. The touching tribute which the McGill students spontaneously paid Fritzi after her first performance here in Mlle. Modiste was long remembered, if not by the participants, at least by delighted onlookers on St. Catherine Street and on Windsor Street as far as the door of the Windsor Hotel. The McGill students overcome by her charms, her beauty and her honey sweet voice waited for her,

about one hundred strong at the stage door where her carriage was also waiting. No sooner did she appear after her triumphant performance, but the students would not have it otherwise than to unhitch the horse from the caleche

Alton Goldbloom, B.A. '13, M.D. '16, is a famous Canadian pediatrician and Emeritus Professor at McGill. He was first drama editor, 1912.

and themselves draw the startled but delighted Fritzi along St. Catherine Street and down Windsor Street where at the door of the Windsor Hotel she quickly alighted, waved and threw kisses to the somewhat

disappointed boys who had expected to be invited in for a beer — at least a beer — before she quickly vanished. The event was played up in the newspapers particularly its charming unexpected spontaneity.

## Contrived Spontaneity

Spontaneous? Unexpected? Well! I was the dramatic editor of *The Daily* and the manager of the Princess asked me to come to see him. In his office with him was Fritzi Scheff's company manager. What they told me was that free seats were available in the Gallery for fifty or one hundred students, whatever number I could muster, if they would be willing after the Monday night show to stage this "Spontaneous" demonstration. A horse and carriage would be engaged, the coachman coached in what to expect,

told to put on a feeble show of surprise and resistance but to yield without too much struggle. I ran to the Union to find Bill Murray. He agreed, particularly because his share and mine, for our troubles were seats in the orchestra. There was no trouble at all rounding up a hundred students with an offer of free seats to see Fritzi Scheff, so they filled the gallery. The spontaneous demonstration required little coaching and everything went off without a hitch, Fritzi beaming, taken "completely by surprise," the coachman leading his unhitched horse, the students shouting, the St. Catherine Street crowds applauding and the newspaper reporters on hand to record the epic making event. O, Tempora, O, Mores.

## McParlfootin On Lake Michigan

By HY PERELMUTER

I always thought nostalgia was for the birds and that you really couldn't turn the clock back. That is, until a few weeks ago when the first man in space turned out to be a chimpanzee called Ham.

Which of course is what all the nostalgia-oozing former collection of chain smokers, juvenile delinquents, maladjusted pillars of society clutching a can of Metrecal to hold down the bags under the eyes, the expanding jowls and protruding and misplaced chest-lines, really are as they stay up all Friday night putting out the Golden Anniversary issue of the *McGill Daily*.

And there is precisely what and where I should enjoy being myself, except for the fact that I am a *Daily* staffer and former columnist who went wrong because I turned out to be a — Rabbi!

So after a few years of filling out a weekly Wednesday stint up to '35, and a few years of calumniating

Hyman Goren Perelmutter, B.A. '35 is Rabbi at Isaiah Israel, Chicago, Illinois.

from Broadway, and after a look in on the Arts '35 reunion — so tempered and sedate, how I would love to be back at the joust with erst-while colleagues and knights of the blue pencil and the beer bottle.

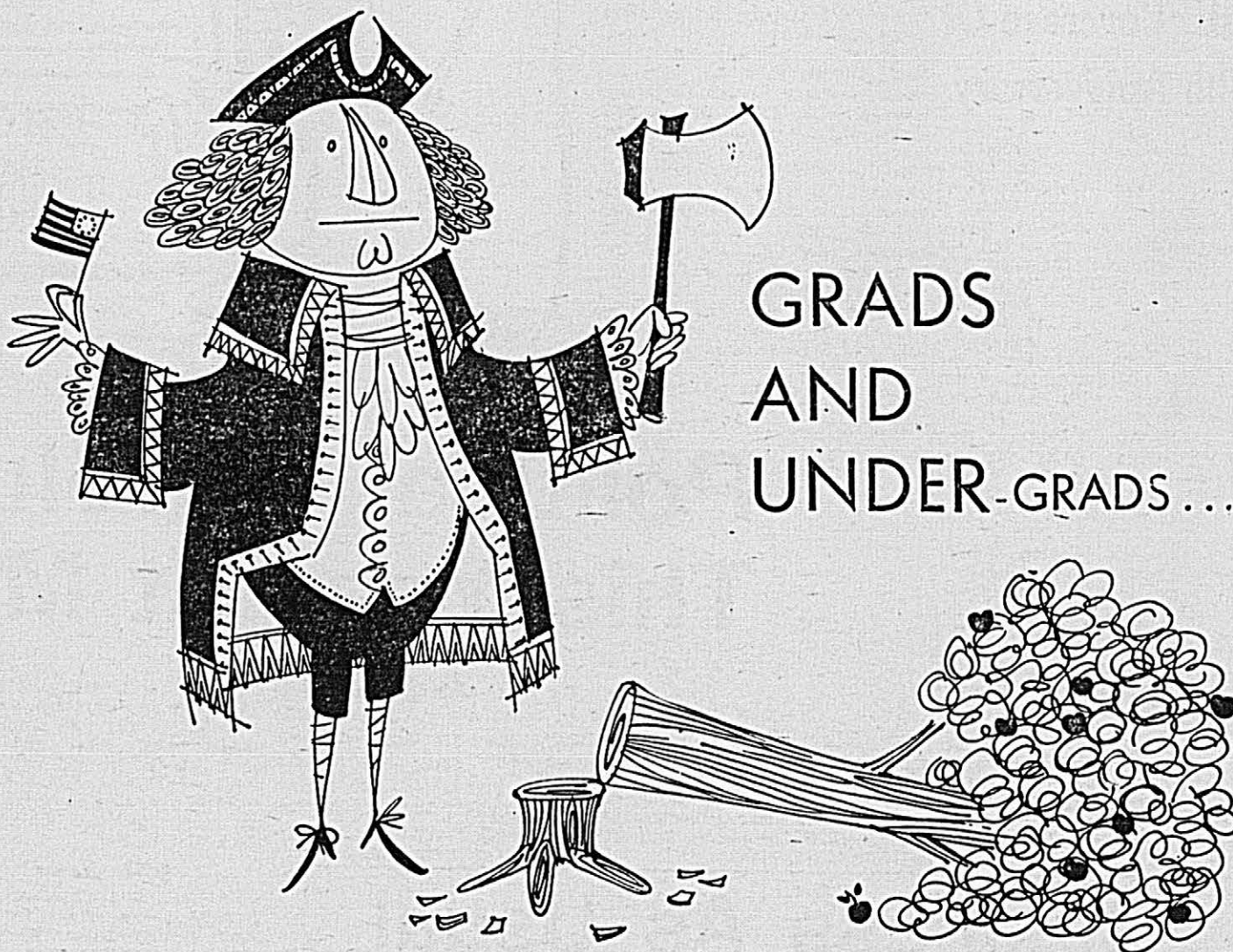
And this is Chicago, and not many blocks from where I sit hammering these words, they bounced off the first nuclear chain reaction in Stagg Field, which really shook the world up and finally brought a football championship to McGill.

Here I am in Chicago, where they finally made amends for Bill Thompson's threat to punch King George in the nose, and rolled out the red carpet for Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip like nowhere else in the world; and where now all the little kiddies play "cops and cops" while Orlando Wilson is really cleaning up the force, and I think Fearless Fosdick will really come into his own.

Yes, here I am in Chicago where the new Seaway moved the Montreal Harbor down the river a few thousand miles to within sight of the Loop, just to make me feel at home.

And how I wish I could be up in Montreal that week-end to see what time has done to our latter day "hams."

Shalom, and when you get through with him, send ME mr. toynbee.



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# World War Two On McGill Campus

By MAY EBBITT CUTLER

I was "on" *The Daily* during most of World War-II when we achieved our own form of greatness. Never before or since was so much written by so few about so little. Sometimes three staffers wrote and edited the whole paper. It was a BIG newspaper, too; it had four full-size pages of eight columns each; it appeared five days a week; and, dear Lord, how small and scarce were the ads! Though we did consider the obvious solution of reducing it to a tabloid, we didn't dare. It wasn't until the post-war years tripled the university enrolment and doubled the amount of student activities that courage was found to do that.

Not only were we the biggest college paper in Canada. We were also unique in that none of the staff was paid. But then, who would work so hard for money?

We were a truculent lot, proud and clannish. In 1944 we finally deigned to give classes for freshmen reporters and even wrote a Handbook to settle some style principles for everyone. But in the early forties there was no such molly-coddling of dubs. We were sarcastic and withering in the grand city editor manner. If the novice survived the initiation, he had the stuff of a *Daily-ite*. And to be a *Daily-ite* then was not merely to be a member of "the best g . . . d . . . fraternity on the campus"; it was to be allowed into an exclusive band of adventurers devoted relentlessly to the conquest of space.

The Gazette Publishing Company printed *The Daily* in those years, and its composing room showed a good-natured tolerance without which we could not have survived. First copy was due in at 9.30 p.m.; final copy at midnight; and each evening a certain much-beloved Mr.

Pike made regular half-hour phone calls from 10 p.m. on asking where the copy was. Often the time was after one a.m. when some weary editor (who had spent the previous six hours writing as well as editing the paper) trudged the dark alleys that were the shortest route between St. Antoine streets, carrying his precious load.

Not filling page one then held a special terror. If a blank space were left, the composing room generously filled it in for us. There was only one hitch to this. They always used the same story, a report on the rice production of China. Keeping China off page one thus became the goal of every night editor.

## "Mandolin Club"

The '42-'43 session was particularly rough. In the fall of '42, all our able-bodied college boys went west for two months to help harvest Canada's wheat. The few staffers left were not only skeletal in number; they became so in looks, as well. The art of padding reached a high degree of perfection; an experience that proved invaluable later during exam time. Two editors went so far as to invent a club to write about, The Mandolin Club. When news of student activities was particularly scarce and padding had been carried to its ingenious limits, the non-existent Mandolin Club held a convenient meeting. Thus the "harvest" crisis passed, but it left its scars.

It was perhaps, therefore, no accident that a few months later appeared the infamous—dare one mention its name, even now?—Commerce Daily, an ambitious effort in student pornography that brought about a two-week suspension of *The Daily* and of several editors. Actually only two regular staff members, who also happened to

be commerce students, participated. All the others, including the managing board, delighted to have a rare night to themselves, did not even see the copy before it went to press. Yet, the Commerce students themselves were not entirely to blame, either. The previous year, the engineers had put out a Plumbers' Daily which had established a new high, or low, in innuendo, and the Commerce boys felt they had to beat the record. They succeeded. How the presses printed the stuff without melting from the heat of the copy was a miracle.

## Free Wheeling

We had our individualists, too—we tended to develop them. Once during a "black-out", our news editor celebrated the early completion of his night's work by playing his

trombone, all stops out, at midnight from the roof of the Union. He was arrested; and the speed with which bail for him was raised from the pocket money of other *Daily-ites* was dramatic evidence of our loyalty to each other. Another staffer caused considerable embarrassment to both his editors and the university authorities by writing anonymous letters supposedly from a distressed parent complaining of the declining morality of his daughter under college influence. The local press—ever on the lookout for scandal in high places—picked up the story, thereby creating a minor sensation. Our two main humorists, however, were gentle fellows in word and demeanor, whose only claim to oddity was their study of Sanskrit. The rest of us, of course, found that hilarious in itself.

Indeed, we all tended to get a bit experimental. I admit personal responsibility for once doing the whole of page one using exclusively one column heads of 14 and 18 point type. I thought the result rather dignified, like *The Times* of London; others called it frankly "obituary".

Even the Feature Page got out of hand, occasionally. Our reviews of local movies became so derogatory, as each reviewer vied to see who could be the most cleverly deprecating that the major theatres actually cut off our free passes for awhile. Otherwise, the features were almost unbearably high-falutin. Poets never had a more generous reception. Literary essays were printed in French and German; the latter disturbed the composing room sufficiently to bring about an inquiry as to whether we were not printing Nazi propaganda.

How the sports page got filled, others will have to recount. Sports news was minimal, there being no inter-collegiate sports during the war. I do recall that music criticism once got mixed in with the wrestling and fencing reports.

Our Christmas parties were joyous affairs. We sang a song to the tune of "The Old Time Religion", one verse of which went belligerently: "It was good for Gladstone Murray, and it's good enough for me." Our Women staffers, who increased in number and power during those years, took it as a supreme compliment that they were called by their surnames only. It made them feel like real newspaper men.

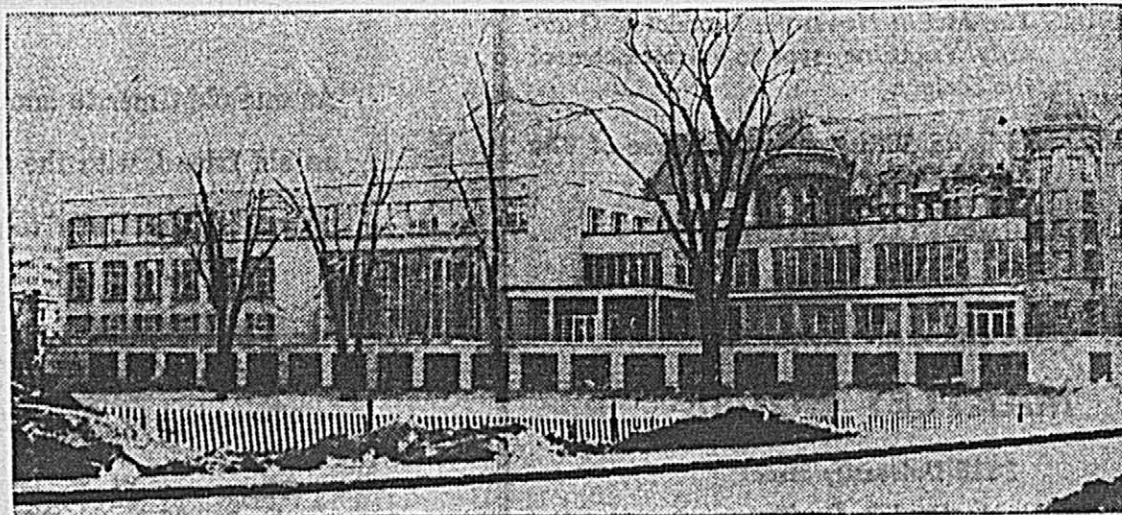
Our bright camaraderie never, however, quite succeeded in keeping a sad note from *The Daily* banquets. We were all too aware that those leaving us were heading for distant and unknown parts from which return was uncertain.

It was great, but was it journalism? Did we fulfill the maxim of a readable newspaper: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em care?" Well, we made the readers laugh often enough; sometimes we made them cry, with frustration—what is there about dates that the oftener they are repeated, the more nebulous they become? Whether they "cared" or not, didn't matter. We cared, and that was all that did matter, then.

As for the effect of those desperate years of intensive work on the staff in their later careers, each must give his own account. For my part, I never got over the tendency to reverse Parkinson's law and to condense all labor into the shortest time span possible. I had four babies in three and a half years.



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## The First Decade:—

## How To Become An Editor

In those days — and maybe still — you were just thrown into it.

After being told what a lead was I was assigned to cover a chemistry lecture by a visiting celebrity. I immediately got lost somewhere in the bowels of the physics building and arrived late. Why a chemistry lecture was given in the physics building I cannot say — perhaps, in fact, it was a physics lecture. In any case it made no difference because I had not the vaguest idea what the lecturer was talking about.

And when it was all over—feeling hollowly that my journalistic career had begun and ended on the same day—I went up and told him so. Fortunately he was a kindly and patient man and seemed anxious for some reason to have his words reported in full in the *Daily*; so when

all had gone he sat with me at a desk in the front row of the empty classroom and explained it all over again very slowly; and I began to take notes. But as the notes got scrawlier and sparser and my expression more doomed he began to

Kenneth Neil Cameron, B.A. '31, is Editor of the Shelley papers at the Carl H. Pforzheimer Library, New York. He was Features Editor, 1929-31.

realize that he was getting nowhere and gently took pad and pencil away from me and wrote it all down. All I had to do was the lead.

When I scrambled happily back to the cellars of the *Daily*, my career saved, the editor used the lead and one sentence and put the whole thing

By KENNETH N. CAMERON

into a small paragraph with a minuscule headline on the back page.

## Late Again

I was late for my second assignment also. This was to report a lecture on modern ballet — of which I also knew nothing. The room was dark and slides were being projected on a screen. As I walked down the center aisle I wondered at the simultaneous appearance of a gigantic shadow on the screen — and then it dawned, "My God that's me" — and I moved back hastily — and the shadow grew even vaster — until I passed the machine and sat, shaken, in the back row.

After this, I decided to be an editor. My interest in editing was more literary than reportorial and had, moreover, an ulterior motive. McGill had no literary magazine at

that time (1928 — it had one just before and just after but not then — and the *Daily* seemed a good outlet, for how better to get one's own stuff in print than to both contribute it and judge it? (I have a good friend now who is editor of a learned journal and I note that he seldom turns down his own articles, so the idea apparently crops up independently in different epochs.) The only problem was that there were also other literary aspirants and one's offspring tended to get jostled in the crush. In fact how many incipient columnists there were on the campus was not realized until the first column or so got going. And not only columnists but poets, short-story writers and playwrights.

## 'We Were Bright Bunch'

We were, it seems to me as I look back on it, a very bright bunch,

although I would not like to confront the files in order to support this judgment. How many columns we turned out I leave to the statisticians. But they were in content uniformly perky and arrogant (and I am glad that I cannot meet us now — as we were then, I mean). I think our main technique, which we learned from H. L. Mencken — a deity in those days — was to insult our readers. One column, if memory fails not, was actually called *Ante Porcos*.

What has happened to most of us I know not, but the few with whom I have fallen sadly from grace. One of them now heads a medical school (still writes, though — a textbook on carbohydrate metabolism), a second is a psychiatrist, a third is a semanticist, and a fourth is a professor of English. Sic transit . . .

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BY ATTENDING their class reunions, held every five years. Over 50 are held each year.

BY READING *The McGill News*, the Graduates' Quarterly Magazine, sent to all members of the Society.

AND THROUGH THIS 50th Anniversary Issue of *The McGill Daily*.

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As one old-timer to another, the Bank of Montreal salutes an old friend, with the sincere hope that students will still be putting the 'Daily' to press another fifty years from now.

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# A Sentimental Journey Back To Our 25th Year

C.U.P.

Continued from Page 31

As our beloved "Golden Girl" celebrates her elevation to the Mid-Century Club, it is with some nostalgia that we take our sentimental journey back in time to the *Daily's* Silver Jubilee, which seems so near in time and yet so far removed from us.

The *McGill Daily* entered her 25th anniversary with the 1935-36 school year. They were not the best of times, and then, as now were the most trying of times. The world was in a tense state. Going through the anniversary issues we found editorials giving dire warnings that the arms race between nations could only lead to war, that nations were talking peace while preparing for war, and one editorial shrewdly observed that "fundamentally many of the difficulties of the modern world can be traced to the arrested . . . (psychological) . . . development of its self-appointed dictators."

## Similar Era

In a sense the *Daily's* Silver Jubilee year had much in common with our own contemporary era, as if history were about to repeat, as if fate had decided to teach us all a lesson, perhaps a history lesson. With World War II only about three years away, a peace movement called the McGill League Against War sprang up on campus, culminating with the formation of an all-university Student Peace Movement with headquarters at McGill. This was not very much unlike the present CUCND.

While the Redmen footballers under coach Joe O'Brien failed to click, McGill ended the 1935-36 intercollegiate season on top in golf,

By RON FLEISCHMAN

hockey, swimming, water polo, tennis, track, boxing and fencing. The McGill Grads basketballers captained by Don Smaill took the Dodds Cup, while the swimming team, led by Munroe Bourne, captured the intercollegiate crown and the Gazette Trophy.

The *Daily's* 25th year saw British author Arthur Eustace Morgan installed as Principal of McGill after the death of Sir Arthur Currie, and Sir Edward Beattie was Chancellor. It was the session during which the Empire mourned the death of King George V and the *Daily* carried the story on the front page, with the terse reminder in her "ears" that "THERE WILL BE LECTURES TODAY AS USUAL". Another front page story was on the succession to the Throne of Edward VIII, (whose reign was to be short-lived).

There was a parking problem on campus then, as now, and an editorial expressed fear that the Arts Faculty was a "dwindling light" in dire need of rejuvenation. It was the year that Professor Stephen Leacock said his farewell to the campus, that Bernice Ashkanase starred in the Red and White Revue's "Laura Secord", which was a hit.

## Jubilee Staff

It was the year in which Lord Tweedsmuir was bestowed with an LL.D. by McGill, in which the Canadian government offered 800 jobs to students, especially for mining surveys. Dr. A. G. Fleming had been appointed as Dean of the Medical faculty, and Professor C. S. LeMesurier headed the Faculty of Law.

The *Daily*, then a four-page broadsheet, (occasionally six) with few photographs, ended her 25th year of publication by giving a banquet for all staffers at a reunion called the "largest in history". This was preceded by a published notice under the headline "Newspapermen Meet In Union To Celibate" . . . "John A. Charon Inaugurates New Ferry System as First Reform." The Silver Anniversary issue of the *Daily* was published March 19, 1936, and carried reprints from earlier issues since inception. One of the reprints was a story datelined December 7, 1932 under the heading "Daily Editors Resign In Protest." The protest was over expulsion by the SEC of a *Daily* news editor who allowed publication of a "human interest" article entitled "Beer Infuses Students With Carefree Jollity."

## Banquet

So it was that, on the 24th of April, 1936, the final *Daily* of the Silver Jubilee year was put to bed. This was an eight-page Convocation Issue which included as an insert a two-pager called the *MonGrel Daily*. In this mongrelization of the original article there appeared such grotesque scareheads as "Two Men Entombed In R.V.C. Basement" and "World Has Already Ended, Sage States."

And so our journey back into time has ended and we are again ushered into the present, into a world without (apparently) any end, all the wiser perhaps for what we have been shown, that the world has somehow changed little from that world of a quarter-century ago, a world between decaying pages in the dusty archives of time.

pendent and vigorous they expanded the projects of previous years.

Conflict with an independent national college newspaper, the Canadian University Post, again raised the question of a national student newspaper under CUP sponsorship.

However, hampered by a lack of full-time personnel or a national office the project was abandoned.

By 1958, the administrative budget of the CUP had increased to \$700 annually. That year at the Na-

tional Conference in Winnipeg CUP took a major step in establishing a National Office and a position of full-time National President. Doug Parkinson was elected to the position, his term to begin September 1, 1959, as the first full-time president of the CUP.

The conference, the following year (1960) pledged "confidence in and co-operation with each other and with the National Office." The delegates directed that the National Presidency of the CUP, originally established on a trial basis, be permanently established as a full-time salaried position. The renewed interest of member papers in CUP prompted a Charter of the Student Press in Canada, a revised Code of Ethics and expanded services as well as national and international representation for the Canadian University Press.

Bolstered by the admission of four newspapers since 1954 the present membership stands at 26.

## Wish I Were There

Sir:

I look back with nostalgia to the time I put in on *The Daily* staff, although I was a very small cog in the organization and only became managing editor when the former staff was fired following the fracas with the Students' Union. You may remember the famous special Students' Council meeting which two or three of us arranged, in which we demanded that the former editors be given a proper hearing. We twisted the arm of the silver-tongued orator Mel Doig, to present the case for the Editorial Board and, as I recall, those speaking on behalf of *The Daily* won a resounding triumph. However, the Council saw fit to stand its decision . . .

I had hoped until the last minute to be able to find some adequate excuse to travel the 1800 miles, but must reluctantly admit to a lack of sufficient ingenuity.

Many thanks for the invite and hope you get the special edition out without too much loss of fun.

Best regards.

D. H. F. Black.

Deputy Minister's Office,  
Department of Industry and  
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# The Daily Weekly

In the summer of 1946, the first post Second World War year, McGill's elm shaded campus, usually quiet at that time of the year, was noisy with about fifteen hundred undergrads. The bulk of them were veterans trying frantically to catch up their education interrupted by years of war. It might also be said with a good deal of truth that they were better off at McGill during the summer months with their sixty dollar allowances than trying vainly to land summer employment.

Never a body given to shirking responsibilities, the Students' Council agreed that it would continue functioning throughout the summer. So also was born the first and only McGill Daily Weekly, published every Thursday in June and July of that summer session with more than usual of the frantic rush every Wednesday night to throw something together in time for printing between the Ottawa and Final Editions of The Gazette.

As I recall it now (but will gracefully concede that my memory was never very sharp) the idea of the summer Daily Weekly was hatched over a number of long ales in the late Louis Ouellet's Shrine (still officially known as Cafe André) by Al Tunis and myself with assists from Charles Wasserman and Timmy Buck. Chas. Wasserman, who by this time was reporting for CBC's International Service, agreed with great magnanimity to be responsible for editorials as indeed he was. I believe that he was also reluctant to give up his editor-in-chief's quarters in the Union that summer, but at any rate in twin and characteristic bursts of loyal and economical energy he convinced the Council that the Daily Weekly was an absolute necessity.

..There was never such an informal editorial staff as was collected that summer, as a random check of the files has revealed. After a few issues it was finally settled that Al Tunis became News Editor, with myself as associate. I remember well that more of our time was spent in recruiting staff than went into reporting and editing. A few of the regulars were John Madden, responsible for many, many columns of features, Keith Tisshaw and Betty Brewer Pryne on news,

By PERC TALLMAN

and Norm Cohen and Dick Joseph on sports.

## Daily Time

A few new columnists were born, but the most durable and informative was "For Vets Only" by Tulip, otherwise Al Tunis and Leon Lipson. And the most popular and continuing story that summer was the progress of the "Vet's Do's" which got up to Mk V before summer's end and which were without doubt among the most liquid diversissements ever devised at Old McGill. A good many columns of type were devoted to enticing the bright young American rosebuds from the French summer school to attend the "Do's."

The final weekly summer edition of Thursday, July 25, 1946, for a

Percival A. Tallman, B.A. '48, is head of the English Language Section, International Service, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Montreal. He was city editor 1946-47.

reason that is now completely obscure to me, went vaguely "Time-Style." A few typical leads will recall the spirit of the times:

"Despite August exams looming threateningly on the educational horizon, book-weary, furrow-browed students must have respite. Friday night at five in the Officers Mess of the Currie Gym, fact-filled minds, pencil-stiffened fingers, will relax from their academic drive for four bright hours at the Mk V 'Vet's Do'."

or this one:

"Among the passengers on the liner Georgic, as it slipped from grimy, fog-bound Halifax last week bound for England was Dr. F. Cyril James, principal and vice-chancellor of McGill University. His tall, spare and immaculate figure, so familiar to those frequenting the campus, bore striking contrast to that of another traveller aboard, W. L. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada. Both were intent on a mission—Mr. King to represent Canada at the forthcoming Peace Conference at Paris—Dr. James to search for new members to supplement the sadly depleted teaching staff of the University."

Combining business with pleasure (a well-deserved vacation and the opportunity of relaxing with old friends and perhaps some new acquaintances) Dr. James was heard to remark ominously a few minutes before sailing time, "I shall be back . . . about the middle of August."

## Nostalgia

In a lighter vein was a Daily weekly inspired controversy surrounding a then new regulation to charge a deposit on milk or coke bottle consumed in the Union. I found a specimen of what I am sure will be recognized as vintage Wasserman going under the pseudonym of "Dante Cantabile":

"Twenty from July,  
One Tausand with nine hundred  
wit fully seex

Hadoter from tchiff,  
McGill Every Day Once a Week

Dir Tzir:

Is coming by mine ear a hinflation what is chodging by de grilrum a deposit from meelkbottles mit tsufttrinks.

Yiyiyiyi! Is des a system?

Fur dees is fizz eyem payink?

Plizz Meester Hadoter, you should tallink dat schlemiel wat he's stoted does monkeh beezniss he shoot gradually cissing by de bast from halt,

Yours mutual,  
Simon McTavash

P.S. Looking back on that summer of '46 and the Daily Weekly I have wondered more than once whether it was worth it. But again I recall that they were "brave new world" days. Many of us I am sure would give much to recapture a bit of the brash, confident spirit of that long, hot summer.

# I Still Recall...

By R. J. BOWMAN

It was fortunate that I got newspaper training at the Daily sports desk because when I graduated in Accountancy there was nothing to count, but my father was editor of the Ottawa Citizen, and I got a job . . . \$15 a week

But I sure remember Darcy Doherty trying to match punts with such kicking greats as Howie Carter of Queen's and Bob Isbister of Varsity. Darcy didn't have the boot but he used his head.

And Carvell Hammond running like a deer under a forward pass from Krukowsky and looking up at the ball as he flew. He caught it and won the game in a real squeaker at Toronto.

Going with Bert Light to a backroom of some dive in Montreal while intercollegiate heavyweight champ Roger Wilson had a private fight with some professional pug, just for fun. Roger knocked him cold. That one didn't get into the Daily, strictly a private do.

The great red hockey teams of '31 and '32, Powers, McTeer, McGillivray, Crutchfield, McGill, Farmer, Farquharson, Robertson, Doherty, Ward, and sub Goalie Holly McHugh.

The great series against St. Francois Xavier in 1931 which took 300 minutes of hockey to decide. The first game was scoreless after three overtime periods. The second game ended in a 1-1 draw. The third game also ended in a draw after three overtime periods. Finally McGill won it in regulation time in the fourth game. St. Francois Xavier nearly broke our hearts with a goal after two minutes of the first period. But Nels Crutchfield tied it up a few minutes later on a pass from Farmer. In the second period Hughie Farquharson shifted down the ice in his inimitable style, passed to Russ Ward, who drilled it in. Terrific defensive work saved McGill in the third, Powers, McTeer, McGillivray being superb on defence, and Farmer's poke check working like Frank Nighbor in centre. It was one of the greatest hockey series ever played.

I remember George McTeer smoking cigars while he took his shower after the games, and never got one wet. George is selling them now. So is Jack McGill.

And, ah me, I remember Bill Barclay's two word editorial in the Mongrel Daily '32. Bill wrote it as a joke in the afternoon, and then forgot to cancel it! Sir Arthur Currie was broadminded, thank heavens.

Robert T. Bowman, B. Com. '32, is manager of radio station CHSJ in Saint John, N.B.



## Hats off!

... to The McGill Daily on its 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary

Even from its lofty position as one of the world's great seats of learning, McGill's pride in The Daily is amply justified—especially so on this 50th Anniversary of the paper. Over the years The Daily's pages have carried the first ventures into print of scores of Canadians whose names have since become famous.

The Bank of Nova Scotia has had the pleasure of serving some of these men, as students and as graduates of McGill, and is proud of its long association with both the newspaper and the University. Today everyone at the BNS looks forward to continuing this association for many years to come.

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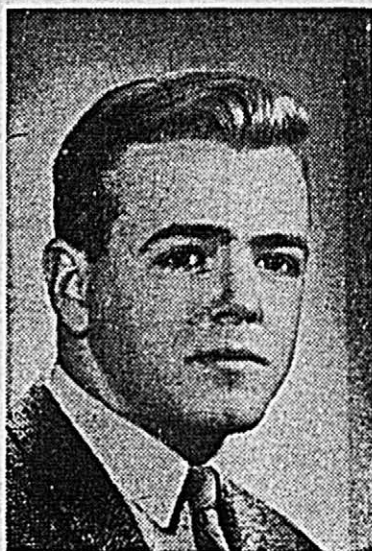
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# Two Staffs: Fifty Years Apart



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Chairman of the Editorial Board



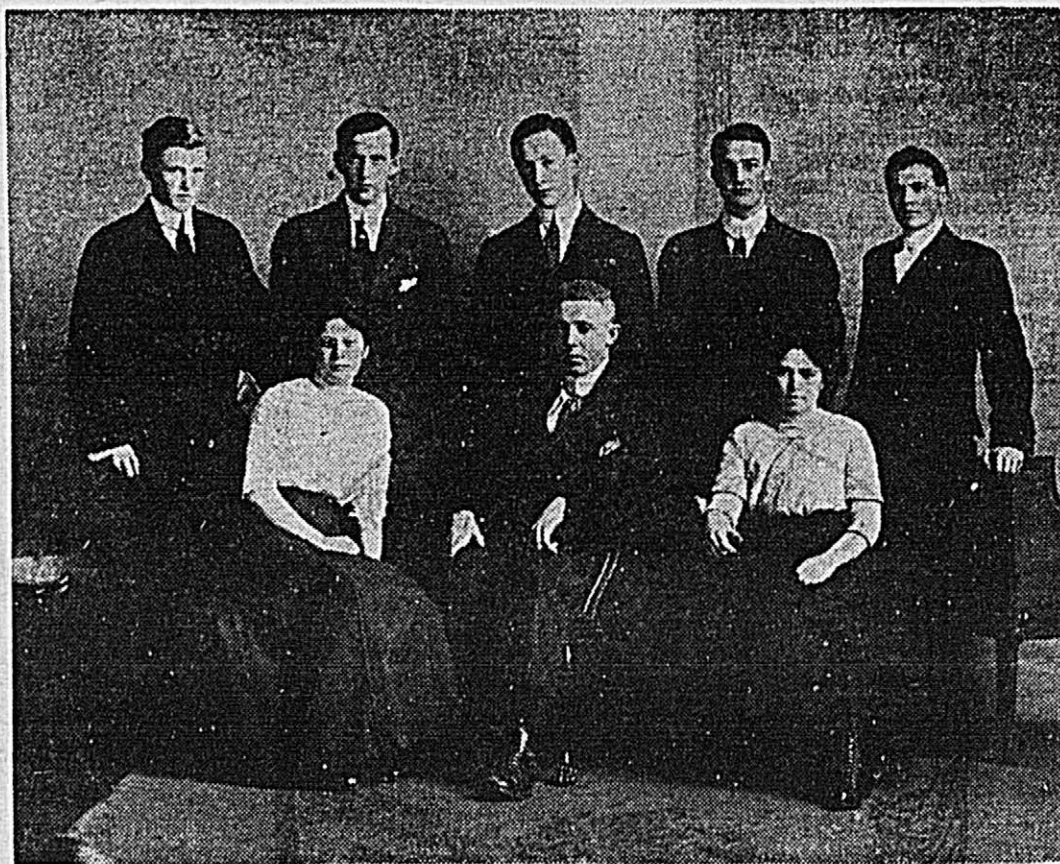
**DENIS COUPLAND**  
Managing Editor



**MORRIS FISH**  
Editor-in-Chief  
1960-61



**JUDI ZEISLER**  
News Editor



THE DAILY'S FIRST STAFF: 1911-12



**EDDIE ARONOFF**  
Campus Editor



**ANN WILSON**  
Features Editor



**TIM PALMER**  
Photo Editor



**LENNY FLANZ**  
Sports Editor



# New Staff Old Stories

By HERB SHAYNE

By force of circumstance, any 50th Anniversary Issue is bound to be filled with a spate of "McGill Daily Re-visited" reminiscences. They'll prove that the good old days were, well, the good old days, and infer that it somehow has never been the same.

I'm ready to advance a less conservative concept. As far as *The Daily* is concerned, I've come to believe "plus ça change, rien change"—i.e. tempus, even in a jet age, does not really fugit. Toynbee

Herbert M. Shayne, B. Com. '47, is Branch Manager, Lever Brothers, New York. He was managing editor 1946-47.

notwithstanding, I contend that there is a historic inevitability to the annual occurrence of the following incidents:

A local movie house will call the Feature Editor and say that one more review of a movie which claims Lassie really can't act will result in press pass suspensions so thick that over. Putting principle above expediency, the review will then say Lassie can act, but was not given a very good script. And, besides, Elizabeth Taylor proved she could develop from a mere jockey in "National Velvet" to a top-notch call girl in "Butterfield 8". So give the dog a chance—Lassie, that is.

## Late with the Story

A young reporter will be late with his story on a panel discussion held by the Economics Club. He will explain that he stopped for a coke date with his girl from Montreal High. Even after telling her at great length that he loved her, he still had to reassure her that her complexion really was improving.

The slightly artsy-craftsy daughter of a suburban doctor will decide that the neo-Bohemian baroque atmosphere of *The Daily* is exactly what she wants out of college. Under the existing table of organization, she will immediately be appointed Women's Sports Editor. In deference to her obvious youth, a special meeting of the Managing Board agrees that she will not be asked to do locker room interviews.

The Daily Editor-in-Chief will enter into an uneasy alliance with the Administration to suppress rumors about a break-out of nepotism on the janitorial staff. However, a snooping reporter from one of the "downtown" papers—a French one at that—will break the news. The Editor-in-Chief will swallow criticisms about lack of editorial integrity and accept the letter of recommendation to Yale for post-graduate work in Mineralogy.

## Scoop of the Month

A gangling, dark-haired cub reporter on the Sports page—complete with turned-up hat

brim—will come dashing in twenty minutes before press time with the scoop of the month: Arts beat Phys. Ed. in the ping-pong finals, witnessed by a screaming crowd of three people—the two contestants and the cub reporter.

The Editorial page will erupt in a rash of Letters to the Editor. They will criticize the disproportionate space given to the Arts Prom compared with the coverage of a talk by the eminent philosopher, Reinhold Kant. The Editor will answer—in the best vein of Dewey pragmatism—that 450 people will attend the dance, while only three people—the same two ping-pong players and the cub reporter—will be at the talk. It will not be accepted as an excuse . . . Vox Populi and all that jazz.

The Daily will print the same two-liner that was picked up from the Varsity of 1936 by the Queen's Journal of 1941, printed in the Manitoban in 1947, run by the Ubysey in 1953 and credited to the 1958 Dalhousie Gazette. It will say:

He: I only take out experienced girls.

She: I'm not experienced.

He: You're not home yet.

(Ed. Note: Inflation has also affected two-liners.)

The vein can be mined at greater length. But nothing is deadlier than a garrulous Old Grad—unless it's a garrulous Old editorial-type Grad. And even if they don't publish it this time, I'll ask for equal space in the 75th Anniversary Issue.

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## The Forties:—

# The Dark Age Of McGill

To the members of *The Daily* staff of fifteen years ago, 1946 seemed destined to be one of the great vintage years. Fame and fortune seemed certain for at least a dozen of the talented editors and reporters. What happened to these stalwarts from the Dark Age at McGill, for a Dark Age it was with respect to campus news? Those who laboured at that time were obliged to dig deeper and work longer to produce news and features which merited publication. God knows, they had little enough to write about then.

Take "Sports." What envy do those who toiled for *Daily "Sports"* in 1946 hold for those whose good fortune it was to report in 1961. From what depths of discouragement did they return from those disastrous Saturday afternoon football losses to create such memorable Monday morning headlines as:

"MUSTANGS NOSE OUT RED-MEN 45-6"

"BIG RED TEAM GALLANT IN VARSITY VICTORY"

and the ever-popular:

"COACH KERR CONFIDENT OF PLAYOFF SLOT"

which was soon followed by:

"GAELS END PLAYOFF HOPES."

## The Fallow Years

You get the picture. These were the fallow years in every area from Archery to Water Polo. The only McGill victories they could report were in Intramural sports. The same applied in non-sports activities like Debating and Red & White Revues, for this was the era before the national tours of the Red and Whites, with professional choreographers and record albums.

How then have the valiants of '46 fared in ensuing years? Has Fate rewarded these courageous staffers with the taste of victory?

The answer lies in the following progress report on some of the most distinguished Dailyites of the time; names disguised to protect the weak.

HARVEY Y. One recalls the fiery orations of the most passionate campus liberal, actually Labour-Progressive. With fierce argumentation for the other system (quickly

edited out of his copy by disbelieving Editors), Harvey seemed certain to dedicate his life to the common man and, at the time, was a powerful possible successor to Laski. A dedicated supporter of the underdog, Harvey was at his vrey best when covering McGill Sports where he never tasted the good fortune of the upperdog. The past fifteen have gentled his flames. Since graduation, Harvey has been comfortably wrapped up in Men's Overcoats in his father's business. Though still a true believer in the trade Union movement, Harvey despises the I.L.G.W.U. and its members who occupy his dad's premises.

## The Belle of the Union

SHEILA K. Now who would have doubted that Shimmering Sheila, the belle of the Union, would not someday make Simone de Beauvoir look like Kate Aiken? But bold, brilliant and beautiful Sheila just never stopped talking long enough to live up to her promise. She is today a moderately well-known fashion commentator in Manitoba. Married to a printing salesman, she is the mother of one child and very big in the local Parent-Teachers.

On the other hand, there is ELEANOR R., who one from '46 probably doesn't even remember. Plain old Eleanor, who contributed the occasional sonnet, was rarely published in the *Daily* because it was not sufficiently avant garde, went to New York and became an honest-to-goodness Powers model. She appeared in at least two Broadway plays as second lead, several distinguished T.V. dramas and had an offer from Hollywood. Now she is married to a prominent New York architect, one of the most popular Westchester young-marrieds, and also very big in Parent-Teachers. All roads lead to P.T.A.

CYRUS R. Who did not predict that his dazzling Player's Club performances would lead to begging offers from the Old Vic? Everyone felt that here was Gielgud's and Olivier's logical successor. What a face, what a voice, what insight! What a disappointment to find out

By R. M. SABLOFF

that he is today located on a small coffee plantation in Central America where he is assistant manager. But how fortunate for the natives!

## Most Gifted Poet

IRVING J. Our most gifted poet whose formless and endless rambles were the delight of all Editors. For what editor was not grateful for five full columns of campus written copy on a dreary winter's

Robert M. Sabloff, B.Sc. '46, is Advertising Manager, House of Seagram, Montreal. He was staff photographer 1945-46.

night when nothing but Gazette filler would solve the problem of making up four full pages. Report has it that Irving's epic which was about to be published in 1946, remains unpublished today. Yet, for an entertaining evening of gifted rhetoric on everything from Kirkegaard and Kafka to Kerouac, Irving remains to this day at a corner table at the Shrine delighting undergraduates with his entertainments. By day, he sells records in a department store.

Lest the reader be confused, this

hasty survey should in no way indicate that Daily Staffers of '46 have not, by and large, moved from success to success.

For instance, we have HARRY F., the aimless cub reporter who drank too much but was always available to cover a bridge tourney or a debating match. Surely you saw Harry's picture in a recent issue of *The McGill News* announcing his appointment as chief pathologist at a prominent U.S. Hospital?

And STEPHEN N., who somehow broke away from Union bridge games and in recent years has headed up a real estate and construction syndicate that has emerged as one of the largest in the country. 1946 also produced Canada's best and worst young novelists.

## Reliable Patrick

PATRICK T. Practically unknown to other staffers, Patrick was the chubby little fellow who covered only news events but could be relied upon to get the story straight and to spell most of the names correctly. After a four year stint covering City Hall for the *Gazette*, he wrote a few bad paperbacks and then landed several great blockbuster novels at the feet of the critics. These received great acclaim and Patrick is today firmly established in a

writing career with a substantial reputation.

Also a successful writer, BERNARD D. continues to snipe away at Canada and things Canadian from his refuge in London. Now on his fourth novel and umpteenth T.V. play, Bernard seems unwilling to forgive Canada for something which may involve the street he was born on in Montreal. The current wave of chauvinism in Canada has somehow welcomed Bernard's violent criticisms and he has become a "personality". His appearances on C.B.C. panels obliges one to classify him as successful.

Rounding out the survey, one discovers a host of ex-Dailyites from '46 in the solid ranks of successful, well-established engineers, sales managers, businessmen, doctors, lawyers, educators, politicians, housewives, career girls, fund raisers, organization men and entrepreneurs. Most have married, own homes, cars, play golf, read "Time" and have the expected two and one half children.

Back in 1946 it seemed apparent that at least a dozen would achieve special success and recognition. While the developmental process is still going on, it seems evident that the predictions were correct. The trouble is, it was the wrong twelve.

# Editor Still Blushing Over Long Dead Error

By JOHN MAFFRE

being *The Gazette*. This had been done. Well before the midnight deadline, a group of us wandered down to *The Gazette* with the remaining copy—late sports, some drama criticism and other deathless prose.

As I recall it, one or two points required last-minute phone checking

John Maffre, B.A. '49, is an associate editor with the *Montreal Star*. He was a news desk editor 1948-49.

from *The Gazette* office. So when we arrived there I deposited a brown envelope with this late copy on a reporter's desk while I borrowed a phone. A phone call or two, the odd correction lined up, and then to correct that copy in the—Oh my God, where had that copy gone?

What followed is as vivid in memory as the time I got caught filching one of Dad's cigarettes. We *Daily* staffers scrambled around asking Gazette-men if they had seen it. Busy as they were, these pros helped this tyro and his pals to hunt for it. Every desk was ransacked, the composing room files were checked—no dice. And naturally, no *Daily* writer—then as now—had a duplicate of his story.

Then the light dawned. The reporter on whose desk that blasted envelope had been placed—we'll call him John Doe—had scooped it up into his brief case when he knocked off duty. But, unfortunately, he hadn't gone home. Being a creature

of lively nighttime habits, with a taste for the finer things in life (bottled or girdled) he'd gone out on the town.

The next two hours were a nightmare. At least half a dozen times, desperate phone calls were made to the reporter's home, but still he hadn't turned up. We kept bugging the newly formed Montreal Men's Press Club, but he hadn't reappeared after his initial visit. Nor had anyone seen him in the precincts of the late, lamented Slotkin's and Slotkin's, or in any of a number of boites that he was known to have patronized.

The composing room deadline loomed. It arrived. It passed. Still no copy. The composing room foreman of the day, that wonderfully patient and gentlemanly Bill Skanes, suggested that we borrow some "time" copy from *The Gazette* and fill up *The Daily*. Never, we said, quaking in our shoes. He pointed out with tremendous restraint that he would have to hold onto some compositors due to go off shift which, of course, meant overtime pay.

An hour past deadline. An hour and fifteen minutes. Finally, the phone rang on that reporter's desk, and at least four of us nearly broke our arms reaching for it. Came the sizzled voice of that gentleman asking why he was being paged so urgently at his home. He was told in no uncertain terms. A quick check of his brief case turned up the missing copy, and he was asked in my by then quavering voice to get the damned stuff into a taxi and down to *The Gazette* pronto.

Well, that was that. The copy appeared about an hour and a half late, and the long-suffering Mr. Skanes wearily set his little task force to work. *The Daily* appeared as usual that morning. But frankly, I don't think I've ever fully recovered from that experience.

## Cut Stories, Free Passes; Training For Womanhood

By JUDY

It has been 19 years since, as *Woman's Editor*, your reporter batted out her last weekly column of R.V.C. news, feminine wisdom and pure corn. It was not good journalism, but the fellowship was wonderful among the writing troglodytes, and the training invaluable for future years of steady employment as an unpaid newspaper woman.

Any freshman reporter in that subterranean office who has watched a night editor blue-pencil her masterpieces week after week finally learns the foibles of that critical breed. Her instinctive adherence to accuracy in spelling names and those five "w's" make her a natural for a steady job—as publicity chairman for a woman's organization!

In those lean years of the late 30's and early 40's the movie passes were a great boon to budding romance around *The Daily* office. You had a Saturday night date for the price of two nickel cups of cof-

fee and a review. Some of those reviews should have received Pulitzer prizes for diplomacy for, no matter how smelly the epic, paning was impossible—an unhappy manager might cut off the supply of passes. There is no substitute for this type of training when you are

Judy (Jaffe) Pollock, B.A. '42, lives in Altoona, Pa. She has edited various medical bulletins in the USA. Judy was *Women's Editor* in 1942.

faced with a publicity job for a charity benefit. The first nighters may have walked out groaning but those seats have to be filled tomorrow to make expenses. So you pretend you are back on *The Daily* again and write an enthusiastic review that is a masterpiece of doubletalk. Hypocrisy, you say—no, just insurance. If that blasted benefit is not successful you'll have to

figure out another way to make some money.

When your reporter left McGill's hallowed halls with a diploma in one hot little hand and a marriage license in the other, her first job was editing a Red Cross news sheet at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Then followed innumerable post and hospital newspapers until permanent residence in Altoona, Pennsylvania, found her with a 13-year stint of editing the "Blair County Medical Bulletin". Three years as *Woman's Auxiliary Editor* of the "Pennsylvania Medical Journal" left her with nightmares about tripe-spacing and deadlines. For the past three years she has been happily bombarding the editors in the state with releases from the publicity chairman of the Pennsylvania Division, American Association of University Women. For years her husband has been saying "Why don't you get a paying job and let me retire?", to which she replies "With the kind of tripe I write I couldn't support us in the manner to which you've accustomed me."



# From Dailyist To Expert — Not Easy

The question is very properly, and often, asked how one becomes a "specialist" or an "expert" in any field of human endeavor, particularly if one is assigned by the city editor to a certain speciality.

Since I am neither a "specialist" nor an "expert," I cannot properly answer that question; but inasmuch as I am often referred to as the "traffic reporter" of The Montreal Star, it is possible for me to trace the origin of my interest in matters traffic, whether that term of reference pertains to cars, trucks, buses, and in fact almost anything and everything except dope.

As I recall the situation of the Early Nineteen Forties, traffic in and around the McGill campus was nothing like it is today; if anything, it has improved inside the campus and worsened outside of it, for the simple reason that the campus roadways are no longer used as "through arteries," as they were in the glorious days of the past now dedicated to memory.

Even at that time, it was common practise for anyone with a car and with enough gas rationing coupons to make it mobile, to enter the campus by way of Milton, head westward, pass that famous statue of the three shy gentlemen just below the Arts Building, and make their way out of the campus past the Redpath Library and on to McTavish.

## Open Campus

There were other ingress and egress points on the campus in those days, which were, but are no

longer available to the travelling public: The Roddick Gates, by the reservoir, and on University Street just below the Medical Faculty Building; of all these, only the latter still stands unguarded and available to intruders and interlopers, who foolishly think they can avoid the traffic lights on University and Mil-

*Charles Lazarus, Arts '43, is a reporter for The Montreal Star and is correspondent for the New York Times.*

ton, and at Sherbrooke Street, by entering the campus, only to find themselves in a maze of roadways which, if they are patient and lucky, will bring them back to their original starting point.

I remember dear, old Bill Gentlemen telling me one day, that, "It won't always be like this; there'll come a day when they'll have to close the campus to cars that don't belong here."

Bill Gentleman was right, of course, and there is no question that he inspired me to pursue the matter of traffic, in an attempt to gain an insight as to the modi operandi et vivendi of motor vehicles and those who drive them.

There is also no question that the campus had to become a tight little island, isolated from the sea of cars, trucks and buses flowing around it.

One of the main reasons for this development, is not only that the increase in cars would have made the campus roadways similar, every

By CHARLES LAZARUS

morning, to the Camillien Houde Parkway on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, but that the number of cars owned by faculty and undergraduates, has increased many times over in recent years.

It would be rather difficult to determine to what extent the increase in faculty income has contributed to the increase in campus traffic, but who would argue that many a faculty member is now able to afford a motor car, because of the higher salary scales?

As I see it, the trend toward higher salary scales will continue, as will the trend toward more members of the faculty jamming the campus with more vehicles, large and small. There is really no way of resolving this difficult situation, except to apply the Neanderthal economic philosophies of the Conservatives before they became Progressive, and put a stop once for all to increased wages. This is one way of solving the traffic problem on the campus!

Another way might be to obtain the assistance of someone like Sen. Barry Goldwater, U.S. Republican of the far gone right.

Sen. Goldwater may be able to achieve a sensible balance between people's wants and people's needs, since he is one of the few persons left in government today, who can still rationalize the importance of doing without such inflationary gimmicks as a car.

It is for this reason that this hand-

some gentleman has recently been described as ready to be signed up by 18th Century-Fox.

Be that as it may, the traffic problems in and around the McGill campus will continue to grow, and

the only solution, I'm afraid, is to go along with any annexation scheme that Montreal's Mayor Jean Drapeau may evolve, rather than continue to remain a tight little island on to itself.

## Editorial Predicts Second World War

From Daily files Silver Anniversary Year. Volume 25.  
EDITORIAL Monday Feb. 17, 1936 (extract).

It has been frequently alleged that the European scene today is in many respects similar to that which prevailed in 1914. We have the same war complex, the same jockeying for position, the same "balance of power" idea, the same alliances and the same tension.

It seems that the only desideratum is another Sarajevo to plunge the world into another maelstrom of blood and horror. On all sides of us we see nations increasing their appropriations for armaments, Germany, Britain, France, the United States, Russia, Japan being the leaders in the race for arms supremacy. We see again being reenacted in all its pristine grimness that age-old fallacy — "Si pacem vis, para bellum."

The lessons of the last war seem conspicuously to have been forgotten in the latest drive for increased armaments. The economic disasters following from the War, and the remarkable proof of Sir Norman Angell's prophecy in 1912 that war did not and could not pay, are all pushed aside as nations the world over build more and more instruments of human destruction.

Already the conflict is raging on the African front, with very real prospects of a Far Eastern clash. The European scene also remains fraught with serious possibilities. While talk as usual goes on in Geneva and in European capitals on the need for peace, action goes on in antithetical directions. Never was the need for international action in disarming more pressing; never was it more conspicuously lacking.



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## Duncan MacDonald

It was a dismal day in October, 1925, when a *Daily* sports columnist put the gates of Molson Stadium behind him, disconsolate after witnessing a practice session of the senior football squad. He was known to *Daily* readers as Gridiron Gus. He was, in fact, Duncan A. L. MacDonald.

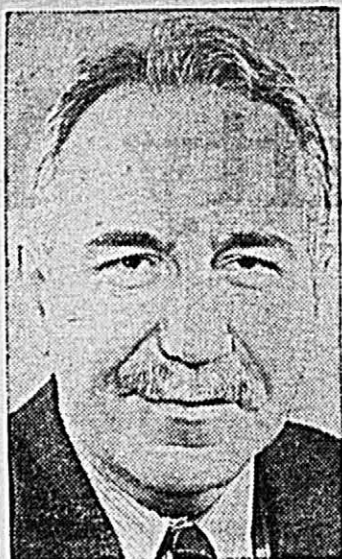
Gus — or Dunc — was an impish being. Even in his formative years he betrayed a bent for journalism. His was an enquiring mind.

Fed up with what he had seen at the stadium yet committed to report to his readers, his nose for news didn't fail him. Coming down University Street, almost instinctively he wandered into the Pathological Institute.

This person of many parts, with the dedication of a true reporter, entered the doleful domain of the dead. He reasoned that there must be something going on here and that his student readers, after all, held wide interests not confined to the gladiators of the pigskin pastime.

Gridiron Gus hadn't known that a few weeks earlier the museum authorities in Cairo had shipped over to McGill a couple of exceedingly well-preserved mummies in the cause of science. Having stumbled on the fact, his nose for news went to work.

There before his eyes was a pair of two-thousand-year-old Egyptian corpses — a male and a female. With his R.V.C. followers in mind, he was noting the type of fingernail polish the old gal had used when the attending medical re-



searchers suddenly discovered that there were worms in the male mummy. This was a matter of moment to the medical probers. Likewise it was supremely intriguing to Dunc.

Normally, dried-up human bodies are not of much interest to sports writers. It was different with Gridiron Gus. He knew in his pixilated way that usually only live infants have worms. The next day in his column he discussed the whole question, his central point being that "this mummy was no infant."

However one remembers him — D.A.L., Dunc or Gridiron Gus — here was a real *Daily* character. He viewed the passing scene with a slightly cynical tolerance, but bitterness was never a part of him.

Just before the outbreak of World War II he was lured to England by Brig. Critchley to act as public relations advisor for the then highly profitable business of greyhound racing. When hostilities began he entered the service of the Royal Air Force. He perhaps was the first to be astonished at his appointment as an Intelligence Officer! Yet he not only endeared himself to his immediate colleagues, but so persuaded were his senior officers of

his ability that he, a Canadian, was the first to be chosen to go to the United States as an instructor to the U.S. Army Air Force. As such he was one of the rare ones to carry an identity card bearing two photos of himself—one in RAF uniform, the other in U.S.A.A.F. apparel.

On his return to civilian life in Canada Dunc never lost touch with his beloved McGill. His extra-curricular activities embraced the editing, for a refreshingly long time, of "The McGill News." During this period the *Graduates'* publication bore the unmistakable mark of Dunc's sense of proportion.

The *Daily* has perhaps had more than its fair share of colorful figures. Undeniably D. A. L. MacDonald was near if not at the top of the list. His death a few years ago in his 'fifties was a tragic loss to a wide circle of friends, McGillians and otherwise.

## In Memoriam

One of the most delightful 'Daily' denizens of the late 20's was D. A. L. MacDonald, sports editor, who subsequently joined *The Gazette*. He died a couple of years ago.

Dunc didn't take himself, or anyone, or anything else seriously. He would drape his huge lanky frame over three or four chairs and a desk, and swap jokes and general humour with anyone in sight. It was wonderful, just having him around.

He wrote a sketch for the "Red and White Revue," I remember. It had a Russian setting, and although English was the language used, every second word ended in 'sti.' The climax came when the hero struck an appropriate pose and loudly-declared to the heroine.

"Goodbye! I am going—skiing!" I think he would have chosen this remark as his epitaph.

On his return to civilian life in Canada Dunc never lost touch with his beloved McGill. His extra-curricular activities embraced the editing, for a refreshingly long time, of "The McGill News." During this period the *Graduates'* publication bore the unmistakable mark of Dunc's sense of proportion.

The *Daily* has perhaps had more than its fair share of colorful figures. Undeniably D. A. L. MacDonald was near if not at the top of the list. His death a few years ago in his 'fifties was a tragic loss to a wide circle of friends, McGillians and otherwise.

The *Daily* has perhaps had more than its fair share of colorful figures. Undeniably D. A. L. MacDonald was near if not at the top of the list. His death a few years ago in his 'fifties was a tragic loss to a wide circle of friends, McGillians and otherwise.



## Lionel Shapiro

ture death in 1958 at the age of 50, his bequest was revealed.

The scholarship bearing his name provides for an annual award of \$600 by the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, on recommendation of the department of English, to a student in the fourth year of the degree course who has demonstrated outstanding literary talent and is proceeding to graduate work at McGill or elsewhere.

Such a bequest was in keeping with Shapiro's faith in things Canadian, his belief in Canadian writers whom he vigorously defended against all critics.

"His Canadianism was a deep and burning thing," a colleague from the battlefields of the Mediterranean and Western fronts once said. If but one Canadian writer of his merit is developed because of his bequest he will have all the reward he would have wished.

### Apologia

BY STUART KAYE

Erratum. Erratum.

A steady beat.

The daily paper

Garbles

Mixes, Messes

News of the day.

Editorial trivia

Fills a page.

Letters written

To the editor

That rage.

More Trivia.

Values petty,

Its only quality.

Is consistency.

Erratum. Erratum.

A consistent beat.

# McGill Daily, Mon Amour

(Ed. Note: Readers who have seen that murky film masterpiece, "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" will find the aftergoing parody faithful to the original in its mystifying symbolism, erotic phantasy and general confusion. Those who have not seen the movie will be even more confused. Those who saw the truncated, or Province of Quebec version, should ask for their money back, a thought that may very well occur to readers who paid for this Anniversary *Daily*.)

Scratch, scratch me back,  
Scratch, scratch me back,  
It really is a fac'  
The more you scratch, the  
more I yak.

What am I doing here, alone in a hotel room in Japan with Ming Toy Nokomura, the beautiful, wealthy publisher of the *Shinbun Shopping News*? Alluring, mysterious, Oriental, she is singing a siren song, trying to lure me into a job on her paper.

Poor Ming Toy, so self-deceived. She thinks I am a writer, because of a sprinkling of literary allusions which larded an address I had the honour of delivering several hours earlier before a convention of Canadian importers. The applause she thinks was intended equally for

Shakespeare and myself was actually a response to certain concrete ideas which I had thrown out for consideration by the group, ideas which will in due course translate into shopping opportunities for the Canadian consumer: made-in-Japan busts of the Bard, for Stratford; toy tomahawks for Caughnawaga; judo lounging pyjamas.

Yet, mad as her blandishments first seemed, Ming Toy was getting to me. Did her Eastern mind divine somehow that I was sick, sick of an old passion?

Scratch, scratch me back,  
Scratch, scratch me back,  
If this is therapy  
Baby . . . this therapy's for  
me!

I am eighteen, and in love.

### The Treasures

There, across the campus, stands my lover. What do I see in her? Prim, stodgy, built like a mid-Victorian brick monument, she lures me to my ultimate shame. I cannot help myself; her's is the name I cry out at night, sleepless, turning, burning. I can still feel Mother's cool hand on my shoulder, shaking me awake, asking with a controlled calm, an ancient dignity: "Son, tell me only one thing. This Daly girl you keep hollering about in your sleep: is she or isn't she a schicksa?"

By ABE GRUBER

I am blindly running to meet my lover, across the campus. They tell me I made a touchdown for Arts in an intramural rugby game—but I couldn't care less. The *Daily* draws me, draws me. Panting through the doors of the Students Union, I grasp, with trembling hands, the treasures of my lover—the out-of-town newspaper files carrying daily articles by Heywood Brown, Stanley Woodward, John Kleran, Franklin P. Adams, and other towering giants of the New York press.

I fall upon this strong meat. I am ravished.

What I mean is, keep trying, Ming Toy. Go ahead, by all means—really, I can't think of a single objection—but you can't possibly make me believe it never happened. You ARE jogging my memory, I'll say that for this type of treatment.

They shaved my hair. Nowadays we call it a crew cut, a style of tonsure not too unusual even in certain advanced adult circles. But you can't imagine the cruel laughter of friends, classmates, my loved ones at home. Still, there was no other way to get on the *Daily* as a cub reporter in those days.

Abe Gruber, B.A. '36, is General Manager of the Montreal Israel Bond Organization. He was sports features editor 1935-36.

And the slops they threw me for assignments! Intramural field hockey at R.V.C.; meetings of the Stamp Club; once I even had to review a Players' Club performance of Aristophanes' "The Birds".

Worst of all was the cave. This was where the *Daily* was written and edited. Tables littered with cigarette butts afloat in containers of cold coffee; desks awash with crumpled carbon paper, and scratched with old obscenities; air foul and fetid; the whole mise-en-scene obscured in semi-darkness. There I worked and had my real being, in an atmosphere at once nirvana and, increasingly, euphoria. For so resilient is the human spirit that I soon began to love the very torture which love had brought me to.

And how did YOU get into the newspaper game, my poor, deluded Ming Toy?

Now I am running around Beaver Lake in long underwear, puffing after a receding pack of McGill Harriers, in search of colour for a sports feature. My feet crunch out a muffled rhythm on the hard-packed snow, and I feel wild and free, a wolf closing in on a droshky somewhere in Siberia, an untamed horse thundering beneath a frosty moon in Saskatchewan.

Or I am in the ring with Bert Light, in pursuit of Realism in Reporting, absorbing with equal enthusiasm the colour of the manly art and Professor Light's straight-faced jabs in the ribs.

What hit me? Where am I? Oh, it's you, Ming Toy. While you're at it, would you mind using a little arnica. I can still feel Bert's right to the jaw, after all these years.

### The Decision

Oh Ming Toy, Ming Toy . . . where will this madness lead us? Oriental devil, your perfume is an intoxicating blend of old, familiar odours. Printer's Ink No. 5? No, I cannot any longer endure this tortured indecision. Will I stay with you, or will I go home? I must decide. Which will it be—Sports Feature Editor of the *Shinbun Shopping News*, Ming Toy, McGill *Daily*, mon amour? Or back to Canada, to my dear wife and children, my home, my job?

Tearfully, torn by conflicting emotions, I take out my wallet with the pictures of my loved ones, my driver's licence, the credit cards, all the status symbols accumulated over the years. In a frenzy of indecision, I throw them out of the window. Fantastic—they reach all the way to ground, from the fourth floor of the hotel. This astounding fact finally brings me to my senses. Stealthily—Ming Toy has locked the door and thrown away the key—I climb out of the window and, hand over hand, slowly descend the ladder of my past down to the street and sanity. Not without sadness, I make my way back to the railroad station, toward a charted future.

Goodbye, Ming Toy. Goodbye, *Shinbun Shopping News*. Farewell, McGill *Daily*, mon amour.



## The Status Symbols



Members of the *Daily* Fiftieth Anniversary Reunion Committee caught in a rare moment of leisure. Seated: left to right: Morris Fish, Charles Peters, Dave Legate. Standing: Dave Angus, John Maffre, Gerald Clark, Monty Berger, and Al Tunis.

# Fifty Years O And The

## Daily Photo Feature

by

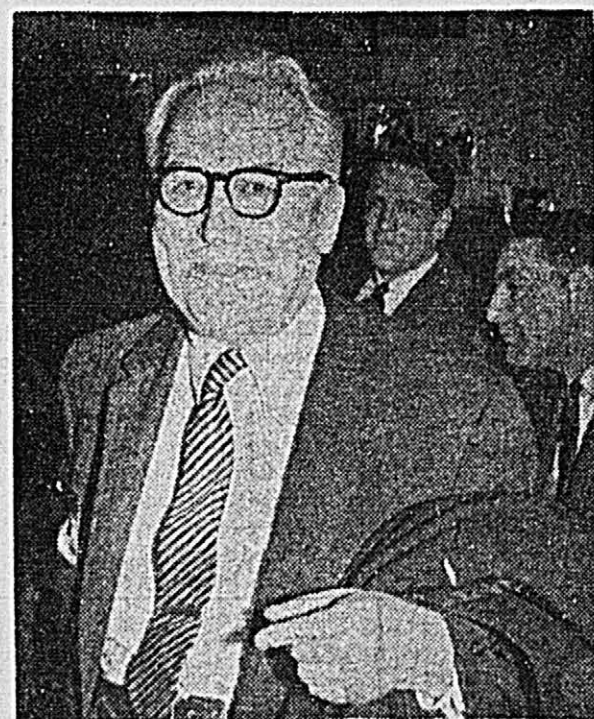
Tim Palmer (Photo Editor)  
Bill Hersh (Ass't News Editor)  
Ann Wilson (Features Editor)

## And Then There Was Leacock...



Thomas M. Morrow, (right) of the 1911-12 *Daily* staff is seen here chatting with another former staffer at the opening reception yesterday.

## Doctor at Large



Dr. Alton Goldbloom enters the weekend with full steam ahead.

## "Fuzzy Wuzzy..."



Raccoon coat comes out of mothballs as former staffer is caught in pensive mood at reunion festivities. The man behind the fur is George Powell.

## "No One Is Completely Useless..."



These five former staffers (left to right: Al Tunis, George Powell, Sam Schecter, Clyde Kennedy and John Scott) are seen pounding out their assignments as the deadline approached on Friday night. Actually only two are pounding; the others are engaging in a familiar *Daily* pastime.



# f The Daily Shrine



THE MIRROR OF MEMORIES

## Get Out!!!



Morris Fish this year's editor-in-chief is being evicted from *The Daily* office by Al Tunis '48, present editor of *The McGill News*. Fish acted as copy boy for this issue.

## They Work Well Refreshed



John Maffre (left) and Gerald Clark, associate editors of *The Montreal Star* complete with green eye shades took over the *Daily* news desk and assigned stories to many former *Daily*ites.

## Artist At Work?



George W. Kearns, Arts '49, puts the finishing touches on his cartoon (in centre of this page) as he works in the cramped *Daily* office. Kearns who was the last full time cartoonist has had his work rerun many times.

## Wanna Buy A Coat?



Ex-staffers reminisce—leaving Maffre, Clark et al to put out anniversary *Daily*.



# The Amazing Pre-War Era

It has been an interesting and rewarding experience to review the early files of *The McGill Daily* in order to refresh my memory of my first years at McGill.

I came to Montreal in late September 1912 with my brother (Med. '14). We roomed at 61A Victoria Street just behind the Union. My allowance was fifty dollars a month and this had to cover all expenses except tuition fees. It was not a princely sum but had considerable purchasing power. A meal ticket at the Union cost five dollars per month and room rent four. Car fare was ten tickets for a quarter. Ice cream sodas at Milrae's were ten cents and admission to the best movies a nickel (at the Nickel Theatre corner Bleury & St. Catherine).

I registered in Arts. Dean Moyses welcomed our Freshman class saying that the Arts Faculty was the heart of the organism; without it McGill would not be a University but a training school. I think this is still true.

Hazing of freshmen was no longer tolerated but this did not prevent a number of minor clashes with the Sophomores, the most important of which occurred at the M.A.A.A. grounds before the annual Inter-Class Sports. The grounds were guarded by the Sophs from early morning and we were expected to gain admission as best we could. It was a losing battle for us. As we were caught we were bound, our faces decorated with shoe-blackening and our shoes removed and thrown in a pile on the cinder track. We were all freed just before the sports commenced.

When the parade formed to return to the city we were told the Westmount Police were a decent gang and there were to be no pranks. As we approached the intersection of Atwater Avenue and St. Catherine Street the first thing I saw was a policeman's hat sailing over the fence. The fight was on. As the trolleys were pulled traffic came to a standstill, fruit stands were upset and tomatoes filled the air. The police arrived in force and about a dozen students were arrested only to be set free by us a little later. At the Guy Street Station, Dean Moyses "happened" to be there and he told us to break up and go home. However, just at that moment for some unknown reason the cry started "Up to the Hall fellows" and there was a stampede to McGill College Avenue.

It soon became evident that the police were not using good judgment. A captain was heard to yell "Stick together men and strike out". On the way up to Strathcona Hall a patrol wagon drove into the crowd without a bell ringing or other warning. Five students were run down, two of them rushed to the Royal Victoria Hospital; without stopping, this wagon drove on up to the Hall attempting to disperse the crowd. By this time the Campus gates were closed and the fight continued. Some of us managed to get into the Hall and turn on the fire hose.

## Battle Raged On

The battle raged on until an elderly bystander was struck on the head and carried into the Hall awaiting an ambulance. I remember seeing

By C. J. TIDMARSH  
this man, a Mr. Marsh. He was almost bald and his scalp showed an almost perfect replica of a policeman's baton! He suffered a fractured skull and was in hospital for months. A relief fund was started immediately and a year later contributions continued to pour in. The police stoutly claimed he was struck by a missile thrown from within the campus gates — some missile!

This was my initiation. The matter was aired in the courts, the arrested students being ably defended by Mr. Gregor Barclay. One was fined \$25.00, another \$10.00 and the rest let off on probation. *The Daily* raged editorially at the Montreal Police and even included some scathing remarks about the Police Court which were later withdrawn with apology.

The following Friday toward noon we were surprised to see about two hundred Laval students parading around the Campus complete with banners, berets and canes. Their leader made a speech declaring that the undergraduates of Laval would only be too glad to help us resist the assaults of the Montreal Police.

## "Rooters Club"

The next big event was the play-

Dr. C. J. Tidmarsh, B.A. '16, M.A. '22, M.D. '24, is a Montreal physician. He was President of the Graduates' Society and was president of the *Daily* 1915-16.

off football game in Ottawa October 16th. The Rooters Club, which was directed by Bill Hughes, met in Strathcona Hall nearly every afternoon. I accompanied the singing on the piano and we worked hard on some new parodies for "I Want To Be In Dixie", "Oh You Beautiful Doll", "You Made Me Love You" and others. The words were printed in *The Daily*. There was also a hot editorial criticising the Grand Trunk for charging the outrageous price of \$3.35 return trip to Ottawa. McGill won the Championship defeating Toronto 14-3. The celebrations after the game at the Russell Hotel and Dominion Theatre (vaudeville) were enthusiastic but orderly.

The issue of *The Daily* for February 21st, 1913, in addition to recording that Gladstone Murray had been chosen Rhodes Scholar, stated that by resolution of the Committee all "fantastic" dances such as the Tango, Grizzly Bear and Tarantula Walke were barred from the Alma Mater Dance.

In the Fall of 1913 Principal Peterson announced in *The Daily* the Corporation's decision to spend two million dollars on an Armoury, a Gymnasium and several dormitories.

In November it was rumoured that Theatre Night, banned since 1912, might be revived. The idea received enthusiastic support and was finally approved by the University (with an offer to bear the expense of a dance in the Union for the Senior years and a supper in Moyses Hall for the others) and by the Students Council which voted to supply fireworks for the parade.

The date was November 24th at the Princess Theatre to see "The Glad Eye"—a French farce.

## Fireworks

There was a light rain that evening as the freshmen and sophomores gathered in front of the Union dressed in red and white pierrot costumes. The fireworks, mostly Roman candles, were distributed and the parade moved off. As one of the marshals, I was kept busy trying to prevent accidents with the fireworks. Several bystanders were slightly burned but we arrived at the theatre without accident.

We occupied the "gods". The stage boxes were reserved for the Principal and party, the Council and some other groups, fraternities I think. The latter had strung wires across the theatre and pulled signs across in front of the audience, such as "Does your girl use Pear's Soap Foxy Ross". The rest of the theatre was filled with members of Faculty, upper classmen and their girl friends.

From the moment we entered the Princess until the curtain was rung down early in the Second Act, the noise was deafening. Not a word from the actors reached our ears. Streamers of toilet tissue, tomatoes and bags of flour were thrown all over the place. I have been told that a live frog landed on Miss Hurlbutt, warden of R.V.C., causing a hurried call for smelling salts. Cabbages, rabbits and pigeons landed on the stage and a hen with a string tied to one leg was allowed to wander among the actors and then hauled back to the stage box with noisy squawks. Hydrogen Sulphide fumes filled the air and sneezing powder was thrown around.

## Curtain Rung Down

At the end of the First Act suddenly all the noise stopped. Shirley Dixon, President of the Council had appeared on stage to appeal for quiet in order that the show might continue. As soon as he stopped speaking the noise started again and finally, early in the Second Act, the curtain was rung down.

The parade to the Arts Building was orderly. Unfortunately we were well over an hour too early and the caterers were just unpacking the sandwiches and ice cream. The crowd was in no mood to wait for formalities. Packages of sandwiches and bricks of ice cream were passed around by hand and in a few minutes the floor was like a skating rink. Tables were overturned and dishes broken. It wasn't long before Dean Moyses arrived and ordered us out of the building. The gang dispersed quietly.

Headline in *The Daily* next morning—"Disappointing Theatre Night", and later "Theatre Night Banned". Needless to say we did not get back much of our caution money that year.

I suppose the present-day students are much too "civilized" to indulge in such rowdy demonstrations. However, we had a lot of fun and the Campus spirit at McGill was never better.

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*The Last Decade:—*

# Students Brief Duplessis

Six frozen students, their arms weighed down with briefcases and papers, huddled on the Quebec Parliament Buildings steps. They looked a little nervous as they posed for photographers and entered the ice-caked building.

The day was December 2, 1958, and the students were presidents of Quebec universities. They were going to meet the late Premier Maurice Duplessis to present a brief on university problems.

Roy Heenan represented McGill, Marvin Jay Sir George Williams College, Jean Cournoyer the University of Montreal, Pierre Lamontagne Laval, Ray Jensen Bishop's and Claude Pinard the University of Sherbrooke.

For more than a year they had been trying to see Duplessis and present the brief which recommended the Quebec universities accept grants from the federal government and be given statutory grants by the province.

But at 10 a.m. as the six entered the door marked "Prime Minister," veteran legislature reporters were taking bets on how many minutes it would take Le Chef to throw the students out.

They came out a few minutes before noon.

Duplessis called a reporter into his office and told him the meeting had been "cordial."

That was all the information to come out of the two-hour meeting that day. A statement, which the six students took several hours to prepare, and a subsequent question and answer session revealed little more.

## Secret File

Only months later, when law student Heenan got over the shock and began to talk about it, did the incredible details come to light.

It seems the students hadn't even settled into their chairs when Duplessis started to tongue-lash them. They, he said, were not qualified to discuss problems of universities. Such things were up to administrators and principals.

In a monologue, which took most of the two hours, Duplessis listed his government's education improvements such as loans to students and grants to universities.

He warned the six not to make unfavorable comments to the press after the meeting. Waving a \$300,

By PETER REHAK

000 cheque which Sir George Williams College was to receive, he threatened to tear it up if anything

Peter Rehak, B.A. '59, is a reporter with *The Canadian Press*, Toronto. He was managing editor 1958-59.

was said to the press.

"It was unbelievable," said

Heenan afterwards. "The man was incredibly blunt about his powers and I didn't doubt for a minute he would really tear up the cheque."

While glancing around the room, Heenan said, he saw a dossier with each student's name on it. Incredible as it seemed at the time, Heenan's observation is partially supported by Pierre Laporte, legislature correspondent for Montreal's *Le Devoir*.

In his book, "The True Face of Duplessis," Mr. Laporte writes: "He (Duplessis) had a well-organized

police. It is said he had secret files on every leading political, civic or church authority in the province."

It can therefore be reasonably assumed that Duplessis asked his police to investigate each student he invited to the conference.

With Duplessis' death and the Liberal victory that followed, the universities got their money, but it may be years before Quebec gets another premier who will supply as much copy for *Daily* editorials as he had.

## "Tell Them All"

By CHARLES WASSERMAN

Four years, three months and twenty days ago I sat on a rickety crate in the basement of a shell-pocked house in Budapest, Hungary. I had my typewriter on my knees and for the sixth time that night I was rewriting the lead of a report on the latest developments in the Hungarian Revolution. Moments earlier the basement headquarters of a Freedom Fighters' Committee, had

been a hive of activity. Freedom Fighters, most of them young men and women, but some well past their middle age, had listened to the last-minute instructions of their chairman, Janos, had picked up hand grenades and Molotov Cocktails, had talked excitedly and confidently before returning into the streets of the city. Now we were alone. Janos and I.

He was twenty-five, dark haired, tall, gaunt. His black turtle-neck sweater was torn, his grey pants reeked of gasoline from the Molotov Cocktails he had been preparing for hours. He peered over my shoulder. "Who can understand you journalists?" he muttered in a mixture of English, German and Hungarian. "You write while the world is breaking into pieces. It is like — how you say? — fiddling while Rome burns."

We shared a cigarette, the last I

Charles Wasserman, B.A. '45, is foreign correspondent for *Eastern Europe* for the C.B.C., Swiss and West-German television. Charles was editor-in-chief, 1945-46, and now lives in Allaussee, Austria.

had. It was difficult to answer. "Facts have got to be reported," I managed to say.

## Words Or Shells?

He shrugged his shoulders. "Will these facts help us? How many cases of shells will these words bring us?"

This time I had no answer. Outside, still far away, there was the rumble of gun fire, the dull thud of explosions. Janos cursed.

"The betrayal has begun," he muttered. "Tear up your paper. What was true ten minutes ago is true no longer."

He was right. The reports which had reached the basement earlier, had been correct. The Soviets were returning to Budapest. The revolution, begun as a spontaneous explosion on October 23rd 1956, was coming to an end at dawn on November 4th.

To this moment Janos had been confidence itself, had harangued the doubting, assured the faint-hearted, agreed with the cock-sure. Now, as the endless minutes ticked away, and he waited for the members of his Committee to begin their last,

desperate battle, his confidence ebbed. He cursed and argued with the reporter from the West.

"What difference, if your people know about us, since nothing is done to help us? Words! Words! Always there are words! Can we stop them with words? One hand grenade is better than ten thousand words!"

"I'm doing a job, Janos," I said, "just as you're doing a job."

He laughed bitterly and handed me the butt of the cigarette. "No, my job is not here. It was up there somewhere, in the sunlight, before the fighting began. Here I am doing a sacred duty. That is the difference between you and me."

We did not speak for some time. The sounds of battle became louder. Then, suddenly, his desire for polemics, inspired by the frustration of inactivity, was gone.

## A Reporter's Duty

"You are right," he said and looked at me without hostility in his tired eyes. "You are doing a job which must be done. And this too is a form of sacred duty. Tell them how Janos and his friends fought. Tell them how they died. Tell them about — this," he waved his arms, as if to encompass the gloomy basement, or perhaps the rubble-filled streets of Budapest, "tell them all, and your job also becomes a sacred duty."

Soon other Freedom Fighters came back to the basement, some wounded, some with reports which left no doubt about the way the battle was going. An hour later, I was shown a way out of the basement, a way through narrow side streets and alleys, where there was no fighting, to a car, to safety in the West.

The story with the many leads was never completed. For that night and in the days that followed, the Freedom Fighters' revolution was crushed. Many of the people like Janos, with the sacred duties to perform, died in the battle; others fled; others still went back to a life under the iron fist from which they had sought liberty.

I go on reporting, reporting as I have done since the happy days with *The McGill Daily*. Frequently, nowadays, my thoughts return to Janos, and it's then that I wonder: how often do we think of the difference between our job and sacred duty, how often do we even bother to wonder where the shadowy borderline between these concepts might be found? "Tell them all" . . . three words worthy of repetition.

## 'From Where I Sit' Breathes More Fire

By IRWIN SANKOFF

I once wrote a column entitled 'From Where I Sit', although the other members of *The Daily*, and in particular the sports staff, didn't exactly call it that. I never used the word 'I' in my column, it was always 'we', either the editorial or royal version, it didn't matter.

We (all of us) had a lot of fun in our years at *The Daily*; breaking windows above the barrier separating the sports department from the rest of the hangers-on who always wanted to be in the sports department; supporting losing football, hockey and basketball teams; bunny-hopping through the CNR pool trains and Royal York lobby; wading ankle deep through the remnants of a *Daily* party; and bashing out pages of copy and horsesh. Horsesh was a conglomeration of meaningless stories used to fill up space, do a 'take-off' on something, or just an outlet for the emotions. They don't have that stuff nowadays, in fact they don't even have the barrier.

People, associated with *The Daily* and various athletic teams, played a large part in our years with *The Daily*. They are the ones we remember most when thinking back over those bygone days, when our hearts were young and gay — and they still are! There was Norm 'the Bomb' Zavalkoff, only *Daily* sports editor to ever win the McGill heavyweight boxing championship, (In fact Rocky Marciano even refused a published challenge in *The Daily* to battle our Zav.) There was Don Bell. Don and I invaded Europe once. We blitzed our way across the southern extremities to Austria leaving in our wake many conquered lands. He stormed the Scandinavian countries. I swept the low countries before we again joined forces on the Bonnie, Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond, at the tiny hut hamlet

of Rowardennan, where we rejoiced in the neighbouring pub, and sent the natives fleeing by sauntering up to the bar maid and ordering two beer and tomato juices. On returning victoriously to Montreal, we had a fling with the ill-fated Sun (remember?), before Don was called back across the pond to maintain the occupation forces from his headquarters at Trafalgar Square.

## Oldtimers All

Other *Daily*ites included Cy (the Oldtimer) Lewis (who spent more time on *The Daily* than any one

Irwin Sankoff, B.Sc. '57, is with the Sports Department, Montreal Gazette, and is working toward a higher degree in Biochemistry. He was sports editor 1956-57.

else); Bob Bornstein (Rocket Richard's greatest fan); Marty Goodman (now a newspaperman in Toronto); Les Daly (now a newspaperman in Los Angeles. Les is a top Dodger fan and it is rumored the Dodgers moved west to be near him); Earl (Post Mortems) Sandy (where are you now Earl); and others whose names space won't permit us to mention, or whose names and bylines have been temporarily forgotten. And there were friends at the gym. Most popular was Rocky (the Rock) Robillard, genial, good-natured coach of many a losing hockey team, but with never a sour word for a reporter or one of his players. My first bylined story in *The Daily* came after an interview with Rocky. He was the top McGill coach in my book. McGill made a big mistake when they allowed him to pull up his roots and move to

Ottawa. And there were others, Howie Ryan, Larry Sullivan (who nearly won a football championship), Johnny Meagher, Harry Griffiths, Jimmy Adams, etc.

We never had much of a chance to shout for winning teams, but last year we made up for it. Top thrill came at Kingston where the Redmen tarnished the Queen's Golden Gaels 21-0 to get us the Yates Cup. A pilgrimage to the Gym will find the Cup, a wonderful Golden Anniversary gift, reposing in the lobby, shiny, proud, and dignified with a brand new crest that says, "McGill, 1960". I even have a piece of the goal post, suitably inscribed with a red grease pencil. Then who will forget the fall day when we finally got even with John Metras. The story, McGill 57-Western 6. And after the game an alibiing Metras, almost at loss for words — what a wonderful sight. After all the year's of chanting 'Here's to Metras, Here's to Metras, Here's to Metras, He's a horse' . . . it seemed that he really was one. Tunes (such as 'we want cheerleaderettes, etc.) and chants of those early days seem to have passed. But new ones have taken their place (I'm a raindrop, I'm a raindrop, I'm a raindrop what the hell, And I'd rather be a raindrop than a goddamn Golden Gael.)

Yes, the sports department was *The Daily*. News and features were subsidiary. To demonstrate our prowess we, from time to time, dumped features reporters (always female) in the garbage cans, set small bonfires in the news office, always won the sports against the rest of the *Daily* football games (on the field and in the paper), and once even held the Reford Cup for oratorical supremacy (even if we stole it).



# You Can Work With Us But You Won't Learn Nothing

When I came to *The Daily* in 1954, I presented the following qualifications:

1. A complete lack of first-hand contact with current events of import, either domestic or foreign.
2. A record of one year's association with a high school annual of questionable value; circulation six hundred copies.
3. A burning desire to see my picture in a newspaper.
4. An inability to type.

When I completed a four year association with *The Daily* in 1958, I was able to boast of the following achievements and journalistic abilities:

1. A complete lack of first-hand contact with current events of import, either domestic or foreign.
2. A record of four year's association with a university newspaper of unquestionable value; circulation six thousand copies.
3. A feeling of satisfaction attributable to the fact that my picture had been published in a newspaper.
4. An inability to type.

I believe that now, three years later, I can reveal with reasonable safety that I, possessed of the enviable qualities outlined above, was put in a position on *The Daily* in

By RONALD CAPLAN

which, for one full year, I was able to display my profound ignorance in three (unsigned) editorials each week. Only one thing has ever amazed me more than my attainment of that exalted position: that was the fact that only three people saw fit to challenge my authority by sending "Letters to the Editor."

*Ronald Caplan, B.Sc. '58, is a medical student at McGill. He was executive editor, 1957-58.*

The fact that two of those people threatened to sue me for libel is immaterial. In a community of several thousand university students, it seems inconceivable that so few were able to recognize my incompetence, and were unable to tolerate it to the extent that they felt compelled to write letters.

## Omnipotent "We"

The power of suggestion possibly might have been an important factor in this case. I can almost sympathize with the somewhat bewildered undergraduate who, on reading an editorial on the internal affairs of Outer Mongolia, and realizing that the logic employed seems illogical, and the ideas far-fetched, decides to write a letter to the Men in Charge. As soon as this hypothetical individual seats himself at

his typewriter, he realizes four things:

1. Anyone who is well enough informed to consider himself able to write on such a remote (in more ways than one) subject is by definition almost above criticism.
2. Anyone who is appointed to the Editorial Board of a university publication, and refers to himself as "We", is above criticism.
3. Anyone who writes editorials and does not even deign to sign his name is most definitely above criticism.
4. Stamps cost four cents each.

It is equally conceivable that the power of suggestion was not an important factor at all. Perhaps the reason for my receiving so few letters was that very few people did then read, and do now read, *The Daily*. To some, this might appear to be a very real possibility. I refuse to believe it. A newspaper that has survived fifty years of publication, and the journalistic styles of fifty editors, was not able to do this without the support of its readers.

Therefore I am forced, reluctantly, to the only conclusion still left open to me: that it actually is possible to fool all of the people some of the time. I proved this by fooling six thousand students for one entire publishing year. That is, six thousand less one who complained and two who threatened court action . . . .

# Paper Was Always Target For Abuse

By ALLAN KNIGHT

Over the years, *The Daily* has been an inviting target for abuse and misrepresentation on and off the campus. And so it was in early 1947, the beginning of the McCarthy era, when post-war political confusion reigned and the influx of veterans helped create an atmosphere in the universities of more widely divergent opinions than had ever been present before. This was the time, too, when the then Premier Maurice Duplessis revoked the liquor license of Frank Roncarelli for standing bail for the Jehovah's

more fun, and with that, one of the most exciting twelve hour periods in *Daily* history found nearly every staff member down in the office hard at work with witty ideas, articles or cartoons. The result was a special six page issue, the insert being called *The Daily Worker*, and with its two pages filled with some of the most amusing takeoffs the campus had ever seen. Copies of the paper disappeared quickly the next day and since then, the issue has become a collector's item, of sorts.

To supplement the articles featuring the underground activities of the P.C. club and the fraternities, old cuts of the C.O.T.C., harvesting on the steppes of Saskatchewan and similar records of student activities were resurrected and printed with appropriate cut lines. The masthead was filled with Russionized names but no one dared tamper with John Fethershonhaugh! Several ads with plays on words were set up — one of the funnier being "All *Daily* phones are on a Party line" — and with a suitably tongue in cheek editorial, it all added up to a potent answer to a silly but threatening charge in those days of near hysteria. Its success can be measured by the degree of national prominence "The *Daily Worker*" achieved and by the fact that nothing further arose on the purported campus fight to clean out the commies, who were no more there than were Senator McCarthy's phantom 203.

*Allan Knight, B.Sc. '46, M.D. '50, is a Montreal physician. He was Editor-in-Chief, 1946-47.*

Witnesses who had been arrested for distributing their disputed tracts.

*The Daily* took issue with the Premier's act, and suggested that civil liberties were in jeopardy. The publication of this series of articles led to a British United Press wire report that communism was rampant on the McGill campus, and that *The Daily* suffered from "disproportionate communist influence."

Well, while we were in good company at the time, the first reaction of *Daily* staffers was one of outrage, and libel suits were to be the order of the day. However, cooler heads pointed out that a satirical reply would be much more effective and

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# I Was Not There

In my graduating year, when I was fighting off one job offer after another (it was the height of The Depression), my eye was struck by a classified ad in a local paper. It said there was an opening for a qualified reporter, "but McGill Daily experience not considered."

From that moment on, I decided that truth had no place in the modern world. I denied my Daily heritage and went on to bigger and

Gerald Clark, B.Sc. '39, is a well-known Montreal newspaperman. He was editor-in-chief 1938-39.

greater things. But now, after 20 years, my conscience compels this confession: I really was on *The Daily*; this is the truth, and I am proud of it.

I bare myself in public only to warn the present generation that you cannot keep secret your *Daily* past without horrible inner conflict and toll. It is not worth it, because once you commit one lie it leads to bigger and greater lies.

## Those Wartime Leads

For instance, all those wartime stories that began: "As I write this, I can hear around me the steady rat-tat-tat of machine guns." If the truth must be known, the lead should have been: "As I write this, I can hear around me the steady drip-drip-drip of a hotel's leaky faucet."

And that boast of being the first man into Paris for its liberation! The first man into Paris was a wild

Australian named Sam White, who, surrounded by empty champagne bottles, sent to his paper the most glorious dispatch which I now repeat in its entirety: "Begin story. The story of Paris' liberation cannot be told in words. End story. Sam White."

If I had had the guts then that I now have, I should have reported I was the last man in Paris, and I entered the city, not in a jeep, but in a houseboat paddled by six African slaves. Or was that in Sharpeville only a year ago? In this moment of truth I cannot remember even dates and places. The tragedy

By GERALD CLARK

is that once you commence on a journalistic path of fabrication the whole messy business becomes confused even in your own mind. I had a friend who swore that he got the first exclusive interview with Mao Tse-tung. Only he and I know that it was I who got the interview—if not with Mao it was with someone who looked like him.

## Breaks Are What Count

On reflection, does it really matter? I once gave a talk to some McGill co-eds on the lofty subject

of journalism; the point I made was that despite yourself the breaks are what count.

For example, I said, toward the end of the war I became fed up with writing fiction at the front, and so I returned to Paris to write it in comfort. One Sunday afternoon I had a date to meet a blonde in the bar of the Scribe Hotel. As usual she was late, and while I was meditating about human weakness an officer from Supreme Headquarters rushed into the bar. "It is indeed fortunate to find you," he said. "I have been in quest of a Canadian correspondent and it occurs to me

that all the others must be at the front." The next thing I knew I was in a plane, along with 14 other allied reporters representing the world's press at the signing of peace.

After recounting this episode to the co-eds I continued with such vital subject matter as the state of the world, the threat of communism and the necessity for journalistic integrity. Then there was a question period. A dozen hands shot up and a dozen voices said in chorus: "What happened to the date?"

So far as I know she might still be waiting for me. But that is another story. One day I will write it to the rat-tat-tat of machine-guns.

## The Thirties II:—

# Little Money For Fun Censorship Flourishing

By JOHN H. McDONALD

We came to College in the thirties with little money in our pockets — the Great Depression was upon us.

We had to look to ourselves for fun — for something to absorb our spare time. As a result perhaps the students of the mid thirties were more self-contained and more conscious of national and international trends than their predecessors or their successors who were swallowed up in the nationalism of War II and the post war rush to catch up.

One of the significant epochs in the life of *The Daily* was produced

by this background. In 1936 the Social Problems Club had arranged a series of Political Forums. The Right Honourable R. B. Bennett, then Prime Minister of Canada was

John H. McDonald, B.A. '36, B.C.L. '39, is an Ottawa lawyer and was editor-in-chief during *The Daily's* 25th year.

asked to visit The Union to explain the tenets of Conservatism. This he did very ably. He was followed by the Leader of the Opposition the late

Right Honourable William Lyon MacKenzie King and in due course followed by the late (and great) Rev. Dr. Wm. Woodsworth of the C.C.F. Having had record turnouts at the McGill Union, it was decided to continue the series and Adrien Arcand, Fuhrer of Quebec's then National Socialist Party was invited.

On the appointed night he packed the Union. *The Daily* gave him full coverage with photographs on page one at the same time disclaiming in the Editorial Columns any sympathy for his views.

## Tim Buck Invited

The series had been so successful that the Social Problems Club decided to invite Tim Buck, long time leader of the Communist Party, and resident in Toronto to address the final meeting of the season.

M. Duplessis was then Premier of Quebec. Mr. Duplessis had passed the Padlock Law which gave the Government power to close any property suspected of aiding and abetting communism (i.e. anything anti-Duplessis).

Mr. Duplessis learned of the impending visit of Tim Buck and called the Principal and told him that if Tim Buck appeared in the McGill Union, the Union would be padlocked.

The then President of the Students Council (now Dr.) E. F. Crutchlow, the President of the Union and the Editor-in-Chief of *The Daily* were summoned to the Principal's office and advised by him that it would not be in the interests of the University to insist on the visitation of the leader of the Communist Party, Mr. Tim Buck. The Students' Council, hastily summoned, could only but agree.

*The Daily*, however, (with implied concurrence of The Executive Committee of the Students Council) decided that if the other parties in Canada, and particularly Mr. Arcand's Fascist Group, could present their cases then Tim Buck should be given his chance. Accordingly he was contacted by telephone in Toronto, the situation explained to him and his speech taken down by a stenographer.

## "Our Saviour"

The next day *The Daily* carried a headline "FREEDOM OF SPEECH

AT MCGILL STIFFLED" and ran a picture of Premier Maurice Duplessis over the caption "OUR SAVIOUR" under which a front page editorial was run explaining how lucky McGill students were to have a wise man running Quebec and dictating who should or could speak at McGill. *The Daily* then went on to say in fairness to all and in spite of Mr. Duplessis's views, it believed that Tim Buck's message should be appraised by the readers of *The Daily* themselves and, that further, had Tim Buck been allowed to speak in the Union, he would have given the message appearing in the right hand column of page 1 of *The Daily*.

This was a highlight in College Journalism and this story which did not appear in the Montreal Press (for obvious reasons) was picked up by "The Varsity" and eventually the national press of Canada.

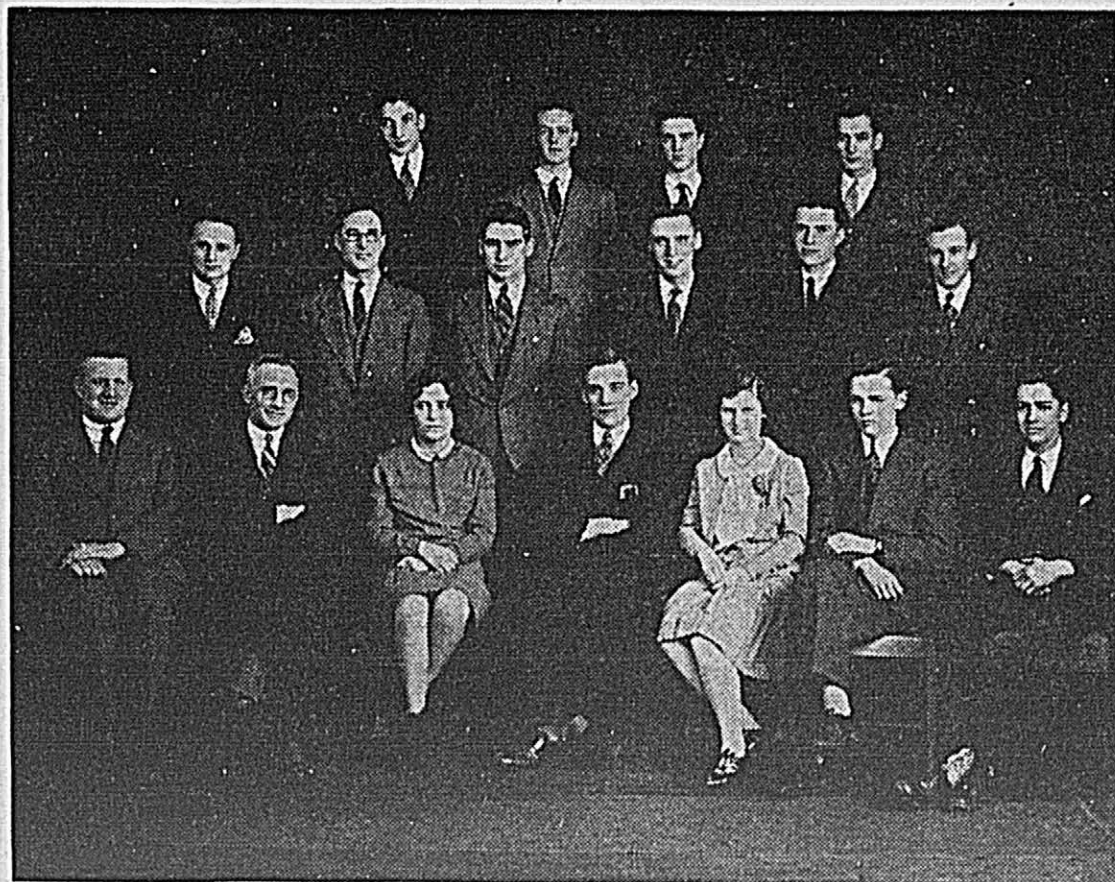
This precarious situation in Quebec in the mid thirties caused much de-liberation amongst the Daily Editors of the day. It caused the then Editor to seek help outside and eventually led to the Founding of the Canadian University Press in Winnipeg in December — January of 1935-36. McGill was the Founder of the C.U.P. and was its first President and was also successful in getting it financed by the National Federation of Canadian University Students and arranged for that great journalist, John Dufoe, to become its first Honorary President.

*The McGill Daily* therefore is not only the oldest college daily in the Commonwealth but is the founding member of the C.U.P. and by virtue of this new activity gave vitality to the then lagging N.F.C.U.S.

McGill and *The Daily* have always stood for freedom of expression — but seldom have the individuals involved — and there were many, including the then staff of *The Daily*, the executive of the Social Problems Club of which Jos. C. Hemmeon was Hon. Chairman, the executive of the Union, the Student's Council and in a hesitant but very loyal way Principle Douglas, been so loyal to a tradition — that of Freedom of the Press — Freedom of Speech and Freedom of expression.

This was *The McGill Daily* at its half way mark.

## Plus Ca Change, Plus C'est La Meme Chose



Styles may change, but the copyboys and wood-counters are always with us. The staffers of the 1928 *Daily* (as they looked in 1928) are shown above. Note that in line with the Styles may change, but the copyboys and woro females.



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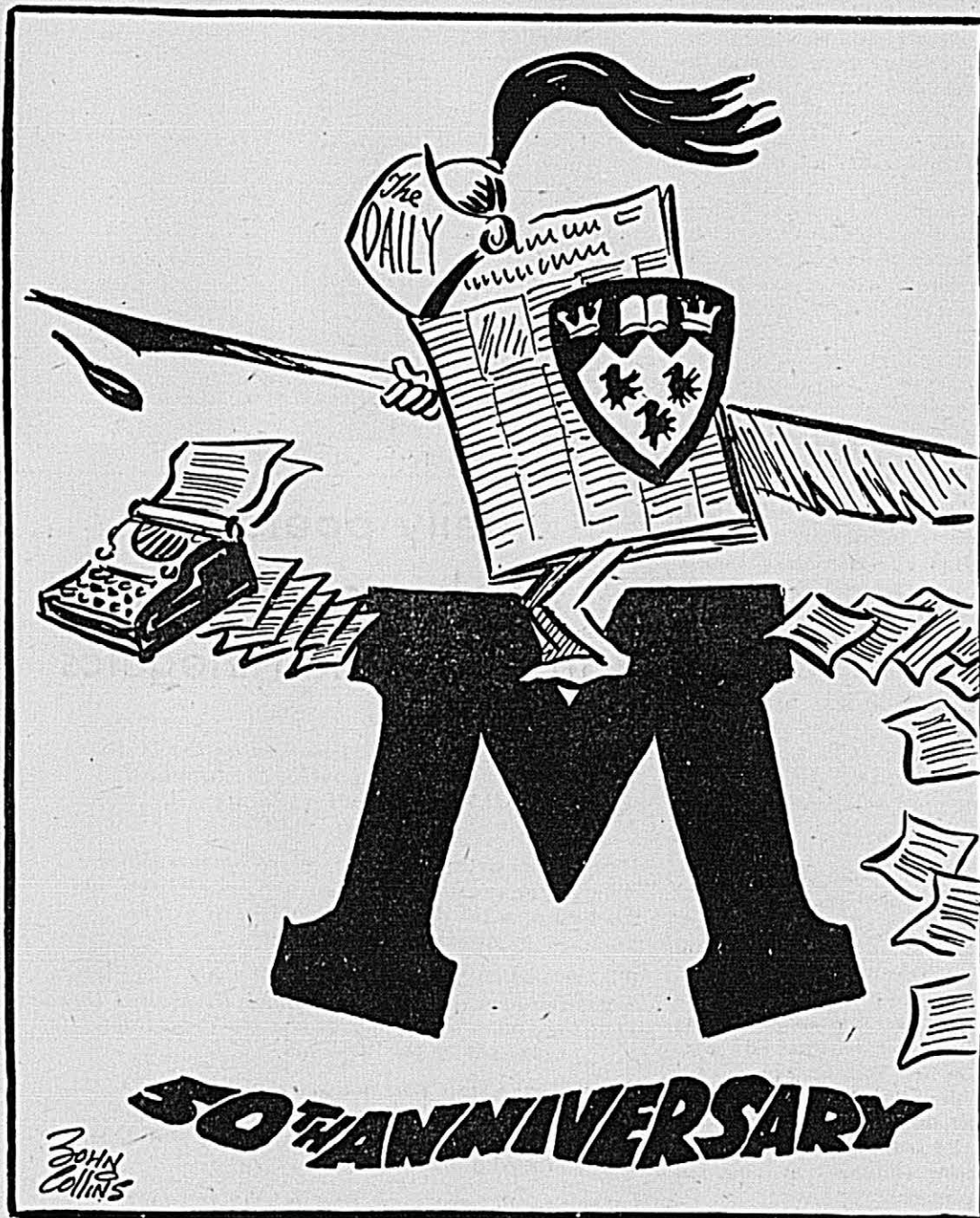
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# Sauve Gives Us Money



Thursday evening December 11, 1959, promised to be a slower than usual night for *The McGill Daily*. Regular publication had ceased at the end of November to permit the staffers a few days of preparation for pre-Christmas exams. Notwithstanding, some half dozen hangers-on congregated in the *Daily* office to perform some finishing touches on the Christmas and Literary issue, scheduled for publication the following Monday.

At 9:34 several members of the staff went through the motions of calling it a night.

Then the phone rang.

"*McGill Daily*."

"Margles here. I suppose you have the story about university grants..."

Within half an hour the wheels had been set in motion to produce an extra edition of *The Daily*. A rush call to the Secretary - Treasurer of the Students' Society gave the financial go-ahead. Local advertisers with "once-a-week" contracts had their copy slapped onto the dummies of a four-page paper in jig time. News staffer Judi Zeisler pulled several minor articles from the files and hurriedly marked them up. Women's Editor Cecile Kalifon bashed out a review of the women's basketball league to date.

Meanwhile Editor-in-Chief Roger Phillips was on the phone. A stubborn printer was cajoled into holding his men for a late edition of *The Daily*. Syd Margles, ex-*Daily* staffer turned radio newsman, arrived with a fist full of Reuters, Canadian Press and United Press wire stories. Frantic rewrites were assigned — first, to disguise the source (*The Daily* does not subscribe to these services and could not use the material in the same form) and second, to play up Mc-

Gill angles which had been buried in the mass of copy.

One *Daily* reporter caught Principal F. Cyril James unaware of the developments and had to read several pages of wire story to the principal before obtaining several paragraphs of useful comment.

At 10:45 the copy arrived at the printer's. Immediately all hell broke loose.

"Simon, as-tu vu la photo de James?"

"Le bonhomme avec les cheveux gris?"

"Non, Simon, le Principal. . ."

"Roger, where's the editorial?"

"I haven't written it yet."

"Ron, give me the proof of James' comments."

(After a frantic search a staffer was sent back to the *Daily* to retrieve the forgotten copy).

At 12:35 a.m. a bleary eyed editor-in-chief handed the last page of a

Roger Phillips, B.Sc. '60, is a system analyst with Aluminum Company of Canada, Kingston, Ont. He was editor-in-chief 1959-60.

hurriedly prepared editorial to the linotype operator.

At 1:35 the first copy came off the presses.

Next morning the *Daily*, in a three line, 96 point tempo bold head blared "SAUVE UPS OUR GRANT BY \$3 MILLION AS DIF AGREES TO NEW AID PLAN." The drought had ended. The successor to Maurice Duplessis, Paul Sauve, had kept his word. To boot, the Quebec Government had come to terms with Ottawa after a long-standing dispute on federal grants to universities.

The icing on the cake was the fact that *The Daily* had scooped the *Gazette*. While the *Gazette* carried the complete news it was fairly well buried in a mass of copy on the Quebec Government budget brought down the night before (the extra grants to McGill were a part of this budget. And *The Daily* had an exclusive interview with Dr. James).

## Daily Down To Tabloid Size Reflecting Financial Pinch

By ROGER W. F. PHILLIPS

For Dailyites of bygone years, the most significant — and to many the most disappointing — change in the *Daily* was the abolition of its "broadsheet" format in favour of a tabloid size page.

At the time the sole reason for change was financial; for several years the *Daily* had run into the red. The situation came to a head in 1954 when the printing cost rose to double its 1945 level. The Students' Executive Council established a committee to look into the *Daily's* plight and the upshot was the tabloid format which first appeared in 1954-55 under editor-in-chief John M. Fraser.

The change in format of the *Daily* immediately caused problems. Layout and style needed a revamping, but it was the printer who caused the most consternation to the editors. The new size *Daily* coincided with a switch from the Montreal *Gazette*, long time printers of the *Daily*, to a small, poorly equipped printshop. Staffers of the years 1954-56 recall that on large size papers the printer had to cast some pages early in order to free his limited supply of hand set head type for the balance of the paper. But the fondest recollection is of the owner who bribed the staff; a free case of beer if the paper was finished by

9 p.m. In short, the printer was cheap, and had interesting ways of controlling costs.

1956 saw a bold, tabloid *Daily*, tabloid in size, tabloid in style. Rarely a week went by without several three line, 96 point tempo heads. When the Hungarian revolt broke out in coincidence with a university student riot in front of the Premier's office in Quebec City the paper blared:

**The New Third Force  
STUDENTS OF THE  
WORLD ARISE IN  
PROTEST**

Daily editors are well known for their disagreements — or more politely differences of opinion — with their downstairs staff. 1956-57 was no exception. When the News Editor that year, Neville Linton, became Editor-in-Chief in 1957-58, he switched printers and began turning out a *Christian Science Monitor*-looking journal, following the most conservative of type styles. Balanced pages were the vogue and the quality of the printing job was undoubtedly the best in the *Daily's* history. While financial reasons again dictated a change of printers, the *Daily* remained conservative in style in 1958-59.

1959-60 heralded the *Daily's* pre-

sent style, essentially a toned-down return to the tabloid of 1956-57, now maintained without deviation on the majority of routine and special news

stories. This particular anniversary issue, employing a different printer, is a noteworthy exception.

As for the *Daily* of 1961-62, only time, financial circumstances and personal preferences will tell.

## CUP Still Alive After 20 Years Of Service

The Canadian University Press, came into being on New Year's Day, 1938, when the editors of 12 Canadian university newspapers, including *The McGill Daily*, met in Winnipeg to discuss ambitions which would have the effect of consolidating student opinion and abolishing sectionalism.

For the first two years of its operation CUP was under the sponsorship of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, from which it received financial grants.

The early enthusiasts recognized in the CUP a vast panorama of possibilities. Institution of a wire service came early, following this came attempts for the establishment of a photo service, standardization of style and the circulation

**A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CUP**  
By DOUGLAS PARKINSON,  
National President, Canadian  
University Press.

of feature materials and editorials. CUP struggled through the war years, often on budgets as low as \$90 for administrative expenses. This history in the forties is hazy with a few cancelled cheques and occasional financial statements as the only records. However, by 1947 the war-time slump seemed to have worn off as the membership increased to 20 full member papers.

By 1953-54, CUP had 22 member papers: *Athenaeum*, *Gateway*, *Ubysses*, *Carleton*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Le Carabin*, *McGill Daily*, *Silhouette*, *Manitoba*, *Le Quartier Latin*, *Argosy Weekly*, *Brunswickian*, *On-*

*tario*, *Fulcrum*, *La Rotonde*, *Queen's Journal*, *Sheaf*, *Varsity*, *Western Gazette*, *Georgian*, *Xaverian Weekly*, and *Muse*. The CUP at this time still operated as a wire service, with a national president who was a full-time student and a secretary-treasurer, who for some years had been Mr. H. J. Hamilton of Queen's University.

The 1953 conference of the CUP which was by this time working on such projects as a CUP Handbook, Trophy Competitions, and expanded wire service and paper exchange, became most concerned with the problem of continuity in the CUP, of permanent files and of the possibility of a national office.

The 1954 conference was that of a CUP increasing in strength — inde-

Continued on Page 32



# You Meet Dailyites In Many Strange Places

H. B. (Horky) Graves, *Daily* sports editor around 1940, quiet, easy-going and efficient as he loped about, fedora almost vertical on the back of his head, running the Sports Department, covering major games and bashfully listing assignments for freshette reporters, or even more characteristically, with same hat at increased angle, writing up an evening hockey match against that 12.30 deadline with a diminishing quart of Molson's costing 18 cents and holding down a growing pile of copy . . . These days, I see him quite often, without the fedora or the beer, but still his same affable self, quietly and efficiently running one of this continent's largest and best known organizations of its kind, as Chief of Anaesthesiology at the Vancouver General Hospital.

Katherine H. (Kitty) Haverfield, frequently on page one, column one, as mumbling minnie, who kept a pet turtle on her window sill and who was the first female to become managing editor of the *Daily* was well known for her anecdotes and her doggerel, both of which were often combined, was probably the most frequently used source of filler for campus papers across the country. Her cheery inquisitiveness into campus social and political intrigue, her genuine interest in her housemates at RVC were as well known as the cokes at little-Ben's for the exchange of unofficial information or for launching a bow out of Cupid's quiver. . . . Now, as Mrs. Victor Wilson, she's living at Paradise Ranch with her community-leader husband and their six children. I see Kitty every couple of years when the Wilsons come to Vancouver on some errand, such as to take delivery of a new school bus which Kitty drives along the cliff edge roads and over the hairpin turns, when she's not picking fruit, milking cows, playing in the local drama group, writing her column of household hints or siphoning out the best part of the Wilson plumman-apple brew to tranquilize the hired hand.

"Mr. Lash? This is Mr. Pike calling. It's now 4 a.m. and none of the *Daily* stuff has arrived yet. First copy should have been here early last evening and your last deadline is three hours past. I can throw in several columns of type that we set up for this

morning's *Gazette*, or do you want the *Daily* to come out with a couple of blank pages and the ads? I guess your copy-boy is silling in a snowdrift somewhere on St. Antoine St." The noise of the linotype machines in the background nearly drowned out the conversation. Little did Harry Lash suspect, in the half-light of his bedroom upstairs in the Union, that the impersonated Mr. Pike was really Students' Society President Glenn Cowan who was phoning from his room above and producing the sound effects by swishing a pile of galley sheets around the inside of his tin waste-basket. Harry didn't like even the routine interruptions of his sleep. He needed all he could get. He put in a full day as the youngest teenager ever to become editor-in-chief of the *Daily* and probably one of the most prodigious of *Daily* prodigies . . . He interrupted his course to enlist in the ranks and hit the news later on scoring the highest marks ever recorded in the M-test. Except for a relaxed afternoon when I buried his knobby knees in the sand at Bournemouth in 1944, the next time I saw him was under a miserable pelting rain in a wood near Appeldoorn. If his face was dripping, none of the wetness was behind his ears, as was evident from the self-assuredness with which he stopped to talk old times with his ex-Dailyite colleague while getting himself and his platoon ready to take them across an unbridged river. In 1950, I drove west with him after he had become a geographer and just before he became director of Urban Planning for the Province of Alberta. Again a couple of years ago, by then a seasoned authority in his field, he paid us a visit with his wife and family, en route to a more important job back east: an impressive brochure on metro planning that came out of Toronto a few months ago shows the creative hand of Lash and the genius that was always with it.

R. A. (Bob) Spencer was an effervescent, boyish character. With it all, he was more scholarly than most of us and apparently better oriented towards the responsibilities of a citizen. As reporter, associate editor, military editor (circa 1940), he turned out his share of words and, on occasion, gave an energetic demonstration of the bumps-a-daisy . . . I saw him

By SYD SEGAL

again in Holland or Germany with his tin hat and again in London after he went there to write the official history of his unit, the 15 Field Regiment, RCA . . . Two years ago, I spent an evening at his home in Toronto where, in spite of his earlier effervescence and his preoccupation with packing so that he and his family could take off for Europe in the morning, he was now a steady, serene man with reserve, a professor of History at U. of T.

Anyone on the campus in the '37-'41 era will remember Ed. Joseph and Harriet Bloomfield, whose full participation in campus activities included their jobs on the *Daily*. These two former associate editors themselves with the perfect *Daily* romance, culminating their associations with matrimonial association . . . My next encounter with Dr. & Mrs. Edward Joseph was of the such-a-small-world type of meet-

Dr. Syd Segal, B.Sc. '41, is doing research and teaching in the Department of Pediatrics, University of British Columbia. He was news editor 1940-41.

ing on the Atlantic City boardwalk. There had been an intermission of the American Psychiatric Association's meeting and Ed had just given a paper about a pair of twins, both of whom had suffered from peptic ulcer. They bought me my lunch and told me about Ed's practice in New York as a psychiatrist and about their life in Westchester. Of all the ex-Dailyites I have met, Ed and Harriet are the closest to being unchanged by time and circumstance.

Ronnie Stephen was managing editor around 1938-39. I remember Ron as one of the few students on the campus who smoked cigars . . . I saw him again in Seattle in 1952 and again in Boston in 1955, both times at meetings of the American Society of Anesthesiologists, and both times still smoking a stogie. Ron is a university professor in one of the Southern states and has authored text books and many scientific papers about anaesthesia.

Three who went on to greater

things in journalism will be making their influence felt more directly in this issue. Their many by-lines in the professional press makes mention here superfluous. They are Jerry Clark, Elie Abel and Herb Steinhouse.

Jean Worley, a bashful associate editor of the 1940 era, put out a good page one regularly in her own unostentatious way . . . During the war years I saw her occasionally in England in the uniform of the Canadian Red Cross Corps. Just a few months ago, when I visited Norm and Jean Hill at their home in Montreal West, they both looked just as young and fit as ever, as they would have to be to go on their rounds of Hudson's Bay Co. outposts through the northern areas to the Arctic shore.

Sports writers of 1940 vintage will

remember Glenn Keith Cowan, himself a miler and a frequent contributor to the *Daily* . . . Saw him at several places in wartime, then again long after his discharge from the Navy, I stopped in to see him while passing through Windsor. Here, his old energetic hyperactivity persisting, I found he was chief of public relations for Chrysler of Canada, and incidentally very much preoccupied extracurricularly with the MRA movement.

No reminiscence of the *Daily* could be complete without a tribute to G. H. Fletcher whose steadfastness was constant from one decade to the next and who was the one person an old Dailyite always came home to. The finest homecoming possible would have been to have had Finnie live to see the day of this fiftieth reunion.

## daily poetaster invokes olden times in pedestrian elegaics

A. J. M. Smith

*It's thirty-five years since I worked on the DAILY  
With the men who were boys in the twenties.  
Now the DAILY itself's half a century old,  
And we — are older.*

*I was green as my cap when a freshman reporter;  
When a sophomore, knowing and wise; keen and  
Assured as a third-year night-editor; as a senior,  
— A roystering poet,*

*Who felt when bright sallies of wit shook the glasses.  
Brimming over with Molson's, Black Horse, and Dow  
That they gang in the bar at the old Prince of Wales  
Caroused at the Mermaid.*

*Where is the staff that got out the DAILY then? —  
Rushed to the office with a hot lead at midnight,  
Put the paper to bed at two a.m. sharp, and never  
Missed a nine o'clock?*

*Let me recall here some friends who are gone:  
Hulking Dunc MacDonald, good-natured monarch  
Of sports writers, and waspish irreplaceable  
Theodore Harris (Ted);*

*Then first of my literary heroes, Felix Walter,  
Elegant stylist and columnist of the DILETTANTE,  
Anarchist and dandy, wearing mourning*

*For the martyred King Charles.  
My editors next — still hale and hearty — makers  
Of policy all, fearless editorialists,  
Wielders of sword-sharp pens, assertors of freedom,  
Scholastic crusaders: —*

*Judicious Jack O'Brien, blue-eyed Howard O'Hagan,  
Affable burly Theodore Newton, later  
Ambassador, Stanley Read from Sherbrooke, and Miles  
Gordon, Sarnia's son.*

*Those were men of my time; but Bill Gentleman  
Was of all time. So was his diminutive assistant,  
Harry Barker, poet among the brooms and brushes  
Reciting Shakespeare.*

*So too were 'Phinny' Fletcher, wise friend  
And kindly helper to countless generations  
Of DAILY boards, and his gracious secretary,  
Dear Miss Heasley.*

*Do you remember the dominies then extant? —  
Genial Stevie Leacock and sardonic angular Gilson,  
Impish Prof. Woodhead and wonderful George Latham,  
Known to the few;*

*Cyrus Macmillan, red as a turkey cock, Bobby  
Ruttan and A. S. Eve; portly Sir Arthur, and good  
Colonel Bovey — 'the giant race before the Flood' —  
Where are they gone,*

*Where are they gone, the old familiar faces —  
To what Valhalla of the Mind or Grove of Academe  
Where in good time we ourselves shall follow, who  
Remember them today?*

Arthur J. M. Smith, B.Sc. (Arts) '25, M.A. '26, D.Litt. '58, is Professor of English at Michigan State College, East Lansing, and a well-known Canadian poet.

## The Short, Happy Life Of The Daily's Western Bureau

By MARY BECKER

Once upon a happy time, *The Daily* went West. To Western, that is.

The circumstances of this remarkable event, unparalleled in *The Daily's* history, had their beginning when two veteran Dailyites, Arthur Guttman and this writer, both arrived at the University of Western Ontario in the fall of 1953, to pursue the prickly path of graduate studies. Within twenty-four hours they arrived, independently but simultaneously, at the door of the local college rag, the *UWO Gazette*.

Now seasoned *Daily* staffers would consider this weekly wonder, *The Gazette*, somewhat beneath notice. However, this accidental organ was, apparently, editorless. Someone had resigned, flunked or otherwise disappeared from the scene. Our dauntless Dailyites, with supreme audacity, forthwith applied

for the job (having been on the *UWO* campus all of two days and therefore knowing it thoroughly).

Within the week, *The Daily's* masthead bore the following legend — "*Daily's* Western Bureau Chiefs . . . Art Guttman and Mary Draper" and the *Western Gazette* carried those same names as Editor and Managing Editor respectively. The reaction to this at Western is better left unsaid.

For a full, enlightened year, the *Western Gazette* carried almost as

Mary (Draper) Becker, B.A. '53, is raising a family in Port Perry, Ont. She was assistant executive editor 1952-53.

much Montreal news as *The Daily*. At Winter carnival time, several hundred red-linked *Dailys* appeared like magic on the *UWO* campus.

In Montreal, *The Daily* staff felt sort of family pride when the Southam Trophy went to Western that year.

Unfortunately, the expatriate Dailyites were never able to break Johnny Metras' football code, so couldn't pass along to McGill the key to winning championships. Many moons, in fact seven years' worth, were to pass before the Yates Cup reached Montreal.

Soon (or perhaps later) our scribes completed their studies and their sojourn as Western writers. To many happy memories of four years on *The Daily* had been added a small extra chuckle — the short, happy life of *The Daily's* Western Bureau.



# The Distaff Side Comments:—

## Are Freshmen Really Younger Every Year?

In which the suggestion is advanced, and more or less proved, that the reason the undergraduates at McGill look so much younger these days is that THE FRESHMEN HAVE BEEN GETTING YOUNGER EVERY YEAR!

It's hard to be nostalgic about the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning if one continues to work for it after graduation. Yet those of us who remain sheltered under the sloping eaves (where snow and ice fall from the roof) become aware of certain phenomena that the casually visiting graduate will misinterpret. Returning to the campus, many former class-mates have looked at the passing students and said: "But they look so much younger than we were;" then giving a shrug they add "I guess I'm getting old." This is not the case. Well, you probably are a few years older, but to one who has remained around the University the fact becomes apparent that the Freshmen get younger every year.

Of course, once-upon-a-time, when

Althea (McCoy) Douglas, B.Sc. '47, M.A. '58, until last year was on the staff of McGill University's English Department. She was features editor 1946-47.

the twenties roared with the music of the Charleston, everyone was young. With the advent of the thirties, however, there was a change; college students became older. This becomes apparent if you watch old movies of this era on TV. These give ample documentation that throughout the 1930's the Freshman class of almost every North American university included Bing Crosby, Dick Powell, or Don Ameche, while the upper years were led by either Rudy Vallee or Fred Astaire. They've aged since then, but a little mental arithmetic will show that they were well over 21, even in the early years of the decade.

### 'Mature' Frosh

With the outbreak of war, any student who was allowed to remain at University was expected to be mature and responsible, regardless of actual age. Freshmen were old beyond their years—or tried to look as if they were. At the end of the war the influx of Vets raised to an all-time high the average age of Freshmen. Those were the years when, instead of the upper-class men looking over the new crop of Freshettes at Registration, the third and fourth year women speculated on the available "older men" coming into first year. The big question was how many were married and already raising a family?

With the Vets taking up almost all available class-room space it followed that the youngsters graduating from High School frequently had to postpone University, and when they were at last accepted, after holding a job for a year or two, they came to McGill older and wiser.

The Korean war brought a few more veterans; and European students, delayed by a language barrier, also helped to raise the average age. But the decline had begun.

About three years ago, while presiding over a desk at Freshman Registration, I became aware that the High Schools must be letting their students out a year or so earlier. The incoming class looked exceptionally dewy-eyed, innocent, and beardless; they didn't belong to our generation. Of course, with

By ALTHEA MCCOY DOUGLAS

time, these students have become mature and sophisticated members of the senior class, but I find that each year the first-year class looks less and less as if they had graduated from High School. Indeed this past fall there were many who hardly looked old enough to have graduated from grade school.

My own suspicion is that it is a conspiracy by the elementary and

secondary schools. Faced with the population explosion, teacher shortages, too few class-rooms, and caught between irate parents and reluctant rate-payers, the schools are simply slipping the larger and brighter students through and into University as quickly as possible.

Of course it won't work. Sooner or later they will become over confident—and I have consulted several professors. They absolutely refuse to change diapers.

## Not About Men

By HARRIET BLOOMFIELD JOSEPH

For the most part we go our merry way through life without a constant awareness of the passage of time. Old friends always look like old friends; our children, though perhaps parents themselves, are still our children; and our spouse still the youthful figure we long ago pledged ourselves to. The psychiatrist tells us this is necessary, otherwise life would be too painful. To see the sands of time running through the hourglass would cut to the core, and turn life into a raw open wound.

Instead we live, and rightly too, for the present and for what the future brings. The past though has become the foundation on which life grows.

But at certain key times in our lives, the past becomes a little more vivid for us, and our minds become flooded with memories, bitter and sweet. The elusiveness of time is there to present its strange dichotomy. On the one hand, the winter of 1941 seems a full 20 years ago; on the other hand, but yesterday. No winter of discontent that, but a happy, rich year full of good companionship and youthful dreams.

### Column Revisited

Twenty years later, as mother of three, freelance writer and researcher, and wife to a McGill-graduated psychoanalyst, we recently reread one of our "Not About Men" columns of 1941. We found, by so doing, the whole wonderful McGill year parade before our eyes. We remember well

Harriet (Bloomfield) Joseph, B.A. '41, lives in Scarsdale, N.Y., and prepares research and articles for "MD" publications. She was first Women's Editor, 1941.

even the strange choice of title for our column. MUB, still an active McGill figure, asked what we planned to write about. We answered, with the disdain of femininity, we'll write about anything, but not about men. Hence "Not About Men" was born. Jack Greenwood, with a tolerant eye, accepted the suffragette idea, feature editor Elie Abel found space for it, and CUP editor Ed Joseph promised to send it across the wires. Bless 'em all.

To write a feminist column alone is a pretty lonely task, and so we needed spies to help line up good female copy. We knew we could always count on a valuable lead from Kitty Haverfield or Katherine Aiken. Cheers to both. However there was no real problem of securing adequate copy. The war was on, the cause of education challenged, and the times were stirring. RVG was busy with St. John Ambulance courses, coeds in general were concerned with what their role in the world fight would be, and ideas and principles were being tested on every side.

And so, as we pause in the 1960s, to look back on that year of 1941, we feel a renewed sense of closeness to our Alma Mater, its sterling newspaper, and the camaraderie it represented, and always will. Long life to it!

## Central Plumbing



A view from the campus of the relatively new (seen in the wider perspective of the past 50 years) McConnell Engineering Building. For those unacquainted with the pride of the campus, be it known that it has elevators.

## Some Observations On Circles

By RHODA H. SWAN

The coin of the realm, the sun from which we draw our sustenance, the moon at which we point our missiles invite a graduate of some 20 years, to speculate, for a moment, on how a circle, variously described as a ring, hoop, wheel, cycle, orb, disk, girdle, crown and even noose, can affect the life of a man.

To follow the curve of a circle, whatever kind it may be, our hero may start at any given point and journey, with luck, around the full trip till he has reached, in a sense, the original point of departure.

For example, let us assume that he started in the year 1939, well behind the ears, as a graduate with a sheepskin, bearing the circular seal of the University, as his passport for the journey.

Still somewhat damp behind the aural passage, he did, no doubt,

become entangled in the interlocking and unfathomable puzzle of the betrothal and nuptial bands. Then, following the clarion cry which emerged from the circular mouths of a thousand bugles, he covered the circumference of the globe in the next six years, perhaps with the help of the wheels of an aircraft, the rumbling tires of an army transport or even the radar screen of a man o' war.

### Life's Transactions

He may have been temporarily diverted by the curve of a calf, the turn of an ankle or the curl of an eyelash, but on the whole he maintained his favoured position on the inner arc of the track.

The fiery circles glowing over the islands of Japan and spelling doom

oeuvre the wheels of a pram and fit the curve of his arm to a small bit of humanity. His life from then on has been dominated by the wheels of a suburban train or the tubeless tires of a chariot powered by 250 horses. For diversion the

Rhoda (Henderson) Swan, B.A. '39, is a Latin teacher, grades 8 to 12, John Rennie High School, Pointe Claire. She was women's editor 1938-39.

gliding puck, the perverse golf ball and the witless curling stone mark his hours of relaxation, and such everyday commonplaces as cups, saucers and plates, which he may even have to wash occasionally in for thousands, may have, by con-

water which pours in a spiral from a circular tap and is sudsy with detergent from a cylindrical container.

Moreover every moment of his adventures have been dominated by and have been subject to the scrutiny of, the faces of a thousand clocks and the dials of innumerable watches, until as the minutes, and days and years have ticked away, he is starting on his second trip around in the person of a son or daughter.

It is interesting for our hero to consider (for he is undoubtedly an old Daily man) whether there is still someone who rises at Daily Banquets to thump the table and state with conviction that The Daily is still the best g—d—fraternity on the Campus. And if there is our hero will know that the circle is indeed complete!



# Former Staffers Edit McGill News

By ALBERT A. TUNIS

For McGill graduates all over the world, a major contact with the University is through *The McGill News*, the quarterly publication of the Graduates' Society of McGill University. While not quite as old in years as its sister publication, *The McGill Daily*, the University's alumni magazine has found it a fertile ground for training and recruitment of its editors.

*The McGill News* first saw the light of day in December, 1919. This was the year that Sir William Peterson retired as Principal of McGill, after 24 years of service. This was

Albert A. Tunis, B.A. '48, is Director of Public Relations for The Graduates' Society and Editor of *The McGill News*. He was editor-in-chief, 1947-48.

also the year that His Royal Highness Prince Edward of Wales received the honorary LL.D degree at Fall Convocation and the Percival Molson Stadium was officially opened and dedicated.

## First Editors

The editorial committee of Vol. 1, No. 1 contained some well-known McGill Daily names. Stephen Leacock was chairman and Eric A. Leslie, BSc' 16, was editor and A.K. Hugessen, BA'12, BCL'14, LLD'60, later a Canadian Senator and until recently a senior member of the Board of Governors, served on the committee.

Down through the years, a steady

procession of McGill Daily men assumed the editorship of *The News* for varying terms. Among them were: T.W.L. MacDermot, BA'17, LLD'57, Allison A.M. Walsh, BA'33, BCL'36, K.N. Cameron, BA'31, David M. Legate, BA'27, the late D.A.L. (Dunc) MacDonald, Arts'27, and Monty Berger, BA'39.

## Objectives

The avowed objective of the infant *McGill News*, as expressed in its first editorial, remains the same today as it was then, and we should like to quote a portion of it here:

"*The News* will not be a magazine in the ordinary sense of the term. Its mission is other and its aim is higher than that. It will be primarily a record for circulation among the graduates of the college of what is being done at McGill and of what is happening in the world outside that concerns the welfare of the University. It is hoped that on such terms and with this expectation, this wonderful publication will find a warm welcome and a ready appreciation in the hearts of those to whom it directs its appeal."

## Higher Education



A Daily photograph of Tyndall Hall in Redpath Library. Three seconds later the photographer fell from his precarious perch and broke his flash bulb.

Then, as now, *The McGill News* was published by the Graduates' Society, and through the years, its importance as the main link between the University and McGill graduates scattered throughout the world has increased. Each issue of the magazine has special sections devoted to clearly defined aspects of the University's life and development: The Principal's Page, a special regular article written by

Dr. F. Cyril James; The Campus, containing short items of academic and extra-curricular activities of the students; What the Martlet Hears, a department devoted to news about and of interest to graduates; The Faculty, listing appointments, awards, and promotions of faculty members.

Vital statistics, as we call them, News devoted generous space to the graduates in their careers through life, by virtue of the standing feat-

ures Where They Are and What They're Doing, Marriages, Births and Deaths. All this information provides the backbone of the magazine, and is supplemented in each issue by special articles and photographs illustrating particular important developments in faculties, schools or institutes of the University.

Members of the University staff and graduates are among the contributors to its pages.

## YOUR GUIDE TO CURRENT EVENTS

News of foreign affairs and battle fronts: national issues and the ever-changing local scene unfold before your eyes in your daily newspaper. It is a constant reading companion and your unfailing guide to current events. To keep alert, informed and up-to-date on the news and the people in the news, make your newspaper your daily reading habit.



# The Montreal Star

"If it's News — it's in the Star"



# FIFTY YEARS OF SPORT

## McGill Redmen — Champions In 1960



# 'We Beat Queen's'

In Biblical times, during the era of Joseph, the Pharaoh of Egypt was forewarned of the impending seven years of famine.

In our case, the athletics department at McGill had no Joseph, no Cassandra to predict the long and barren famine in Intercollegiate Football. Twenty-two years, from 1938 to 1960, elapsed before the McGill Redmen could hold their heads high and look with pride upon a job well done.

The intervening years brought with them disappointment and despondency. On several occasions the Redmen ended up in the league cellar, sometimes not even winning a single game throughout the course of the entire season. At other times, they were only a single game away from the championship but fell short of the goal.

Support for the college team slowly but gradually crumbled. Not too many years ago, Molson Stadium rocked and resounded to the frenzied yells of McGill students and numerous Montrealers.

But recently row upon row of empty seats faced the Red and White as they trotted out on the field. The word "apathy" was whispered and sometimes shouted.

But 1960 was our year. Despondency and apathy were swept away and quickly disappeared from the McGill vocabulary. Students began flocking to the games and Molson Stadium once again reverberated with college cheers. Yes, in 1960 the Yates Trophy returned to McGill University.

It was a long, hard road back for the Redmen and the man holding the reins of the winning chargers was Head Coach Bruce Coulter. Coulter came to McGill in 1958 as head coach after ten years' playing experience with the Montreal Alouettes. In his first two seasons, Coulter met with the same fate that had befallen many of his predecessors. The Redmen won only two games in '58 and lost six games without even one winning tally in 1959.

At the beginning of this year, the Redmen again opened up their pre-season training camp. The word from Harry Griffiths, Director of Athletics, was hopeful but cautious. Toronto was the team to beat.

As the early days of September flipped by on the calendar, more and more old faces turned out at the training sessions and a few new talented personnel registered at Mc-

Gill and turned out for practice. But the one name that sent hopes soaring was Tom Skypeck.

By LENNY FLANZ  
Sports Editor

### Ivy League Star

Skypeck, a second-year dentistry student, was at McGill the previous year but was ineligible for intercollegiate football. A 6'2" product of Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, Skypeck was an Ivy League all-star, an exceptionally fine passer and a power runner.

Fearful of pre-season injury, the Redmen exhibition schedule was kept down to only one game. In that exhibition game against the Queen's Golden Gaels, Coulter's charges racked up 31 points, 7 short of the total amassed by Frank Tyndall's boys. But despite the loss, the significant feature of the game was that the offense had rolled up 31 points, almost as much as last year's squad had managed in an entire season.

The following week, the regular season opened at Molson Stadium and the visitors were the same Golden Gaels. In a thrilling contest the Kingston crew eked out a one-point victory, 27-26.

A pass interference penalty against McGill led to a major for the Gaels who went into the lead by a single point; with about one minute remaining in the game, McGill was faced with a three and two situation on the Queen's 27-yard line. The Redmen elected to try for the extra yardage along the ground but failed, and Queen's took over.

On October 8th at London, Ontario, the Redmen lost their third in a row, this time to the Western Mustangs, 17-3. The Redmen started out in the game like a house on fire but fizzled out in a wisp of smoke.

The Red and White received the kickoff and marched 68 yards in 12 plays for a touchdown. At the end of the first half the two teams were deadlocked at 7-7 and although the Red and White had a wide edge on the play they bogged down inside their opponents' 25-yard line.

A series of desperate third-down calls backfired and spelled disaster for McGill in the second half and resulted in a narrow victory for Johnny Metras' Mustangs.

Looking back at the dressing-room scene in London after that game, we can still see the dejection and disappointment etched on the faces

of the Redmen. Each and every player felt that McGill should be contender for top honours. All the ingredients were there for a championship but nothing seemed to be clicking.

### Famine Broken

A two-year, eleven-game famine was broken on October 14 when the Redmen defeated the Toronto Blues 9-7 in Toronto. Once again a pass interference call was instrumental in deciding the outcome. The penalty, incurred this time by Varsity, paved the way for the Red and White's only major and this spelled the difference.

Exceptionally fine line play was the key to the Redmen victory as time and again the Blues penetrated deep into McGill territory on the strong passing arm of Turner but the big Red line dug in and stopped them cold.

With the Redmen out in front with two points late in the game, Turner completed three consecutive passes to bring Toronto to the McGill 8-yard line. With first down and goal to go the Redmen line dug in and, on three successive plays, stopped the powerful Blues.

The chemistry of teamwork finally

Continued on Page 36



# After 22 Years Of Waiting

(Continued from Page 35)

ally reacted the following weekend when Redmen quarterback Tom Skypeck threw three touchdown passes and scored one himself as McGill thrashed the University of Toronto 37-17. With a powerful offense and watertight defense, McGill was unbeatable.

The next victims to fall under the Redmen axe were the Western Mustangs. The Red and White annihilated the hapless Mustangs to the merry tune of 57-6. The 57 points scored by the Redmen set an all-time high in senior intercollegiate scoring. Once again the accurate passing of Skypeck was complemented by a devastating running attack. The statistics bear out the pattern of the slaughter. The Redmen offense piled up a total of 539 yards, 350 by the aerial route. Tom Skypeck had another great afternoon, completing 17 of 23 passes. Don Taylor and Johnny Moore were the favorite targets for that afternoon as each caught four passes, Moore for 95 yards, and Taylor for 100.

Along the ground, fullbacks Carl Hansen and Bob Milligan gained 95 yards in 10 carries and 62 yards in 12 carries respectively.

At this point in the season, McGill had a 3-2 record, but the Golden Gaels had not been idle. In their five games they had a 4-1 record and now the Redmen were travelling to Kingston to play the powerful Gaels.

To force a playoff, the Redmen had to win; a tie was not sufficient. More than 1,200 faithful students made the trip to Kingston to watch their team in action and they were not disappointed. The Redmen made it four in a row, as they defeated the Gaels 15-9.

The Gaels grabbed an early 6-0 lead, but a touchdown pass from Skypeck to Willie Lambert and a

convert by Harry Haukkala gave the Redmen a 7-6 lead.

Lineman Paul Harasimowicz was credited with a point for McGill when he kicked a loose ball into the Gaels' end zone.

Late in the third quarter, the injured Skypeck was replaced by John Roberts. At this point, line coach Vaughn McVey sent in the play that broke the backs of the Kingston boys. The Redmen lined up in field goal formation but instead of attempting the three-pointer, Willie Lambert, who was holding the ball for the kicker, passed to Don Taylor, who brought the pigskin to the three-yard line. From there Carl Hansen plunged over for the score and the convert by Haukkala made it 15-6. A field goal by Queen's brought the Gaels closer but not close enough and the game ended 15-9 in favor of the Redmen.

## Force Playoff

The victory placed McGill in a first place tie with Queen's and forced a sudden death playoff. The choice of the playoff location was decided by the flip of a coin with Frank Tyndall of Queen's choosing the right side.

So, once again, the McGill fans were forced to make the long trek up to Kingston and the response was tremendous. Two thousand five hundred students made the journey and were amply rewarded. Meanwhile, the Redmen were hard-hit by injuries; earlier in the week it had been revealed that Tom Skypeck had in fact broken his thumb on his right hand (his passing arm) and, although the quarterback was prepared to start, it was not known how long he could last; but last he did!

## Yates Trophy

The rampaging Redmen blanked Queen's 21-0 to win the Senior Intercollegiate Football Championship for the first time in 22 years. The

decisive shutout was the climax of a five-game surge which galvanized the Redmen from a twice beaten team eking out a 9-7 victory over aarsity to a finely-balanced powerhouse.

The offensive and defensive units worked beautifully in an exhibition of football that left spectators groping for suitable adjectives. Individual players blended into a harmonious unit as a result of the fine coaching of Bruce Coulter, Vaughn McVey and John Taylor. Together these three men constructed and guided one of the most awesome football machines ever to participate in the intercollegiate league.

Despite a broken thumb, swathed in burdensome bandages, Tom Skypeck passed for all three of the touchdowns. In the first of these majors, Skypeck faded back from the line of scrimmage on the Gaels' 47-yard line and hit Johnny Moore on the 15; Moore romped the rest of the way for the T.D.

Don Taylor intercepted a pass of Cal Conner, the Queen's quarterback, and two plays later two consecutive perfect passes to Lambert resulted in a major. McGill's third major came off a pass to Don Taylor from the Queen's 10-yard line. Skypeck completed 11 of 18 passes for 165 yards. Taking all regular season games into consideration, Skypeck completed the grand total of 15 touchdown passes.

Contrasted with the last time McGill won a championship back in 1933, all of McGill's touchdowns came on passes off the arm of Tom Skypeck. However, in 1933, when the score was 9-0 for McGill over Western, all of McGill's points came on singles off the educated toe of Herbie Westman.

After winning the Yates Trophy the Redmen took on the University of Alberta's Golden Gaels to win the Churchill Trophy, emblematic of Senior Intercollegiate Canadian foot-

ball supremacy. The score was a convincing 40-7 triumph.

## Ten All-Stars

As a climax to a magnificent season, ten Redmen gained berths on the all-star team. Tom Stefl and Paul Harasimowicz nailed down the offensive tackle posts. Both of these linemen held these slots the previous year also.

Chuck Wood and Al Braekvelt were voted to the guard positions, while Don Taylor was the choice at end. At quarterback, needless to say, Tom Skypeck received the honours and Willie Lambert and

Johnny Moore were selected as flankers. On defense, Al MacKenzie as an end and Harasimowicz wound up in the tackle position while John Roberts captured one of the defensive half slots. In addition, Skypeck was awarded the Omega Trophy for the most valuable player to his team.

The Daily headline, "We Dood It," marks the climax of McGill's long quest for a football championship. It took 22 years to recapture the Yates Trophy; it was a long time in coming and we hope it's a long time before we have to relinquish it.

## Absent Architect Remembers Crests

By EDGAR MARROTTE

I was much interested in your announcement of *The McGill Daily's* fiftieth birthday. I was never actually on the staff of *The Daily* but I think that I can safely claim that my work has appeared in more issues than has that of any other person, living or dead, for it was I who designed the heading that has been used for nearly all of the 50 years of our paper's life.

It was in my sophomore year, either 1913 or 1914, that I was asked to design a new heading for our college paper and my design has been used, as far as I know, ever since.

The last copy that I have is one that I got on a visit to McGill in 1953. Here, I noted, the coat of arms had been changed from the original that I had drawn. I was told that some heraldic purist had popped up with the contention that the former coat of arms was imperfectly used.

Perhaps he was right, but I still



BEFORE . . .



AND AFTER

like my own better. I am enclosing copies of the two for comparison (see cuts). Best wishes for a happy reunion. I wish I could be with you.



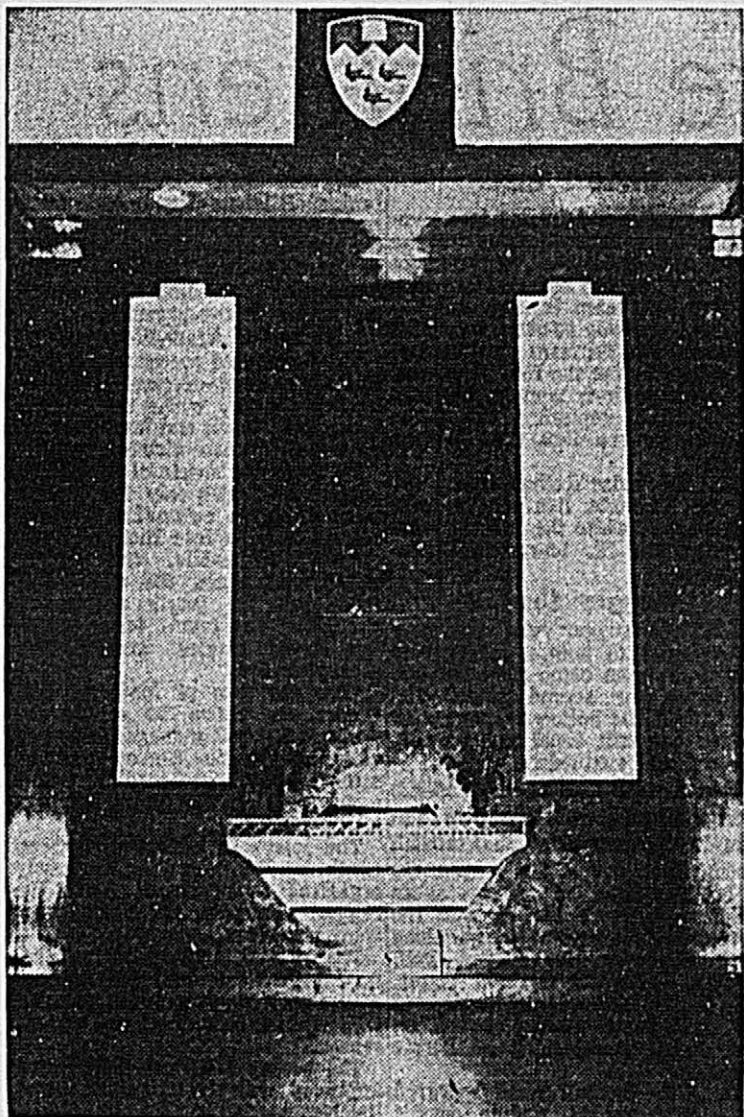
Life can be pleasant...



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## Lest We Forget



The War Memorial inside the main entrance of the Sir Arthur Currie Memorial Gymnasium and Armoury.

## the teens:

## War Curtails Athletics

By OLAV NIILEND

In *The Daily's* inaugural years of publication, its written word told of the many intercollegiate laurels brought to the Alma Mater by our athletes. Before the Great War beckoned the young stalwarts of McGill away from the cinder track and gridiron onto the battlefields of Europe, the Red and White chalked up an enviable record of victories in sports that helped prepare McGillians for the battle that was soon to ensue.

The decade started off with a surge of enthusiasm which was shown by the record crowds at sporting functions and the unanimous decision by the Faculty of Applied Sciences numbering 700 to begin lectures to allow the athletes extra practice time. In 1911, the McGill aquanauts took the swimming, diving, and water polo championships.

## Hodgson

Led by George Hodgson, any of the world's speediest swimmers, our team made several trips to compete against American universities. In New York, Hodgson chopped three whole seconds off the pool record for the 220 yard free style while the relay team lowered the U.S.A. intercollegiate record.

On returning from the Olympic Games in Oslo, where Hodgson easily won the 1500 metres, he set new American records for the 100 and 220 yards races. The relay team continued to be victorious in the states, and at the 1914 intercollegiate meet at Toronto, they were successful in securing the championship by a wide margin.

The Red and White sharpshooters maintained their supremacy in the Canadian Intercollegiate circuit with such record scores as 759 out of a possible 840 points. In 1914 when the war made it impossible to obtain

ammunition and guns, McGill retained the cup because of its past record.

McGill was the team to beat on the tennis courts, but no-one succeeded as witness the case in 1914 when we made a perfect score. On the cinder track, we took the track championship in 1912 with a well balanced squad. The hard consistent training of the harrier runners resulted in the capture of the Little Trophy for two consecutive years, 1911-1912.

## Football

During this decade, our football squad was unable to break the superiority of the Varsity team, except in 1912, when Frank Shaughnessy lead the Redmen to a Championship in a play-off decision. After returning from a fabulously successful tour in the States, for which the New York press styled the Redmen as the "Amateur Hockey Champions of America," they won the Canadian Intercollegiate title, which they unfortunately had to give up to the

U. of T. squad the following season.

In the fall of 1914 the war cloud was already casting a shadow over the intercollegiate sports scene. The Royal Military College withdrew from competition because of the war effort. It was decided to curtail all inter-university sports for the duration of the war. At McGill a program of intramural sports was instituted to replace those activities that ceased activity. On October 22, 1916 the McGill Stadium was opened with a minimum of ceremony before a crowd of 4000. The new facilities attracted many of the students who practiced track. The Red and White entered City leagues with admirable success while compulsory gym classes brought many students into active participation. The battle on the "European Gridiron" caused the loss of many prime athletes. The war as well as a local flu epidemic, which closed down the university in 1919, prevented the return of organized intercollegiate sports until the turn of the decade.

## the thirties:

## Era Of Champions

By MAX BERNARD

McGill started the 1930's rather badly taking only two victories on the rugby scene, dropping the Tait-Mackenzie Trophy to Toronto, and the Intercollegiate meet in track and field; and being defeated in a crucial basketball game by Queen's to miss out on the Intercollegiate Trophy. Hockey had a more successful season taking one game, losing none, and tying one.

In 1932 the Basketball squad became the Intercollegiate Champions taking all of a total of six games, and seven out of fifteen in Inter-city competition. Gymnastics team took the Caron cup for the fifth consecutive year; and the Hockey Club saw defeat in Intercollegiate and Quebec Provincial competition. The McGill swimmers saw one of their better years coping all but one out of eight events to take the Title.

1933 was our year for championships, seven trophies gracing the shelves of our Alma Mater. In the major sports Basketball and Hockey were captured by McGill along with Tennis and track for the third straight year, while Football, Rowing, Golf, and Soccer had other victors.

## More Successful

1934 was an even more successful year than the previous one, as eight Intercollegiate Titles were obtained by McGill—Tennis, Golf, Track, Harrier, Hockey, Water-polo, and Swimming being the events. Basketball was our most glorious victory, the team being undefeated in all their starts and beating out Queen's, Western, and Toronto for the Intercollegiate Laurels. Rowing, Soccer, and Football were the only dampers to this great season. In

the Basketball field this, coupled with the following season was one of the oddest years, since the 1934 games were such fabulous victories and were to be off-set with the massacre to ensue.

And so we come to a year you have been warned about — 1935. As Intercollegiate Championships go, the Red and White did pretty well as they breezed to six crowns and six "Better luck next time's". Track, Tennis, Golf, Water-polo, and Hockey Trophies came to McGill; while Rowing, Rugby, Football, Swimming, Basketball, combined Boxing, Wrestling, and Fencing were awarded to other Universities.

1936 saw a continued lapse on the major sports scene as the Football, Hockey, and Basketball squads all failed to produce. In addition graduation took a considerable number of top stars from each team. However the scene was brightened by resounding Track and Golf victories.

## Four Titles

Harrier, Track, Water-polo, and Hockey titles were copped by our boys in '37 as the Rowing team, and the Soccer squad failed to materialize in time for Intercollegiate Competition. The Rugby men were

eliminated from play early in the season. Tennis, Boxing, Wrestling, and Fencing teams all lost, while the Skiers dropped a close meet to Dartmouth.

Track proved to be a defeat in 1938, while Harrier, Water-polo, and Hockey competitors kept well-earned titles for another season. Soccer play in Intercollegiate action was once again resumed, but with little success, due to the superiority of an R.M.C. squad. Both the Intercollegiate crown and the Alexis-Thompson Trophy were gained by the pucksters, the Water-poloists downed Toronto for a victory, and the Basketball hoopsters provided McGill awards shelf with the Dodds Cup and the City Championship Trophy.

1939 did not prove to be quite as good for the hoopsters as they ended in a three-way tie for first place with no chance of a play-off due to the late date. Fencers took second place along with the Ski team, the Rugby squad and the Trackmen. Harrier and water-polo players came up with victories, and the footballers captured the Intercollegiate title after a ten year lapse, and followed this up with a twenty-one year losing streak which was finally broken by the "Our Year" boys of the victorious 1960 team.

## the twenties:

## Sports Program Expands

By BOB COHEN

The roaring twenties didn't roar from the very start. At the beginning of the decade, the shadow of war which had hung ominously over the world for the five preceeding years was just beginning to lift.

Many McGill men didn't come home from the battlefields of Europe but those who did stepped into biggest and most exciting period of expansion in the history of McGill Athletics.

The 1920 edition of *Old McGill* records the prescence of nine major sports on campus. The coverage of athletics merited eight pages in the year book. A scant nine years later, the athletics department had 17 sports and 25 teams under its wing. The 1929 edition of *Old McGill* devoted a full 29 pages to athletics including a two page football team picture.

## Suspension

In 1920, scheduled competition in fall sports was suspended. Football, waterpolo and track were shelved because of an influenza epidemic. Gymnastics, boxing, wrestling and fencing were sponsored with an eye on physical fitness. The basketball team fared well as the intermediates made it all the way to the city finals.

1921 saw the return of Harrier, riflery, snowshoeing, skiing, and tennis to the athletic front. Competitively the year was not too successful but the university was pleased with the increase in participation.

The elusive football and hockey trophies found homes remote from McGill once again in 1924 (records of 1922-23 are lost). The football team boasted quite a gathering of luminaries including coach Frank Shaughnessy, Dink Carroll, Flin Flannagan and Doug Ambridge.

Light shone upon the track team as they won their fourth consecutive

championship. George Vernot, an olympic swimmer to be, hit the headlines as he smashed a couple of Canadian records. The skiing and snowshoeing teams accounted well for themselves as they placed second to Dartmouth in the latter's winter carnival.

Once again in 1925, the "two most important trophies" made no entrance into our hallowed halls as the football and hockey teams had little success in their quest for glory. The year was a big one for minor sports however as the track and tennis teams retained their championships. The swimming team won the intercollegiate crown and the ski team again grabbed the runner up spot at Dartmouth.

## Close To Cup

The 1926 football squad came as close to copping the Yates Trophy as any team in the twenties. At the end of the regular season they found themselves in a tie with Toronto and Queens for the league lead. Although they got knocked off in the playoffs, the Redman were considered as fine a team as the "famous 1919 championship squad." The rugby, track and basketball teams also compiled impressive records.

The football team in 1927 had a "fairly successful season" although they didn't bring home all the bacon. They beat RMC and the eventual champions-Ottawa. They also beat Toronto in Toronto at the end of the season. The track team had its victory string broken but tennis team remained on top. The rowing club had its troubles due to climate and the swim club had a "successful season".

Nothing earth-shattering happened toward the end of the decade. The tennis and track teams, McGill's most consistent winners continued to shine.



## the forties:

## Sports Decline

By BOB STALL

The forties were ushered in with unprecedented optimism in the minds of athletically-inclined McGillians due to the official opening of Sir Arthur Currie Memorial Gymnasium early in 1940. This milestone marked the beginning of active indoor athletic activity among the students.

At the time, it was considered a good omen that the first intercollegiate event held in the new building resulted in an outstanding McGill victory, as they swept to the Eastern Canadian fencing championship. This trend was briefly extended by intercollegiate championships in track and harrier.

However, due to the intervention of the war, these brief moments were the only lights in an otherwise dark five year period. That same year, McGill lost the water polo title

when they suffered their first loss after an undefeated six-year streak. The Redmen football team trudged through a dreary '39-'40 season to finish in the cellar — This was the year after their memorable '38 championship and the beginning of a 22 years famine.

## Curtailing

The planned inauguration of the new gymnasium, with a full slate of intercollegiate competition set for the 1940-41 season, had to be abandoned because of a wartime university ruling curtailing all intercollegiate activity. However, this stipulation proved invaluable throughout the following five years.

Inter-company games and meets of the McGill Reserve Training Battalion flourished as a record number of students enrolled in all facets of the athletic program.

"Sports for all" was the motto in 1941 as athletics was considered the means of reaching the high standard of physical fitness so necessary in time of war an essential part of the basic military training program. Aside from this intra-mural system, 1600 students voluntarily attended regular gymnastic sessions in an enthusiastic conditioning drive.

This zealous approach to physical training continued for the duration of international turmoil. In 1942 the "athletic prohibition" was partially eased as exhibition contests were allowed. McGill formed "all-star" teams in the major sports of football, hockey, and basketball, from players competing in the house-league system. However, less than half a dozen games in each sport were played from 1942-44.

The '44-'45 season saw the exhibition city league reformed although the ban on intercollegiate athletics was not yet lifted. The Redmen all-star teams, with very few practice sessions, finished commendably as the football and basketball squads gained second place in the Montreal leagues.

## Resumed

Late in 1945, all intercollegiate competition was resumed. The ruling was repealed too late for football activity but the McGill student body fervently prepared for the winter season. The basketball team placed second as the Redmen pucksters copped the title. This 1945-46 campaign marked the most successful season on record for the ski team. McGill methodically overcame all intercollegiate rivals in winning over a dozen meets.

The athletic prowess of the Red and White slowly dimmed from '47

## the fifties:

## Picture Brightens

By LEW MOSS

1950 was a year marked by heart-break, last place finishes, and a scarcity of championships, as Redmen football team opened the athletic year by tying the Western Mustangs for first place, only to lose the play-off tilt by the narrowest of margins, 12-9.

Coach Abramowitz's basketball squad; although finishing third in league play, showed promise for the '51 season. The Inters won the Ottawa-St. Lawrence Hockey Championship while the Seniors were going nowhere. The riflery team captured McGill's only other intercollegiate championship of the year.

Once again in '51 the Redmen football squad tied Western in regular season play only to lose again in the play-off match, 24-2, while the Indians were completing their second defeated season in a row.

At this time McGill was in the upper 5% of university teams on the entire continent as consistently drawing over 20,000 fans per game. In hockey Dave Campbell's boys just missed out on tying for the Provincial Championship when they lost to U. of M. 10-6 on Carnival night.

## Close To Title

Although 12 veterans graduated from the '51 team, McGill's football team still came within inches of winning the championship in '52 until they lost their final game to an undefeated Toronto team, 11-7.

The rugby team, under the astute guidance of Coach H. R. Ryan had an undefeated season while a well-balanced soccer team gained an Intercollegiate championship as well.

New head basketball Coach Joe Anderson from Tulane was greeted with a winless season while former hockey and football great Rocky Robillard's hockey squad managed only one victory in 12 starts.

The '53 season saw minor sports lead the parade of championship teams, while the football and basketball teams were having mediocre years.

to '49. The closest that any major team came to a semblance of success was the sudden-death play-off loss of the hockey squad in 1947. The '48 football squad won one and lost nine games. The '49 cagers won two and lost twelve. This was indicative of McGill's athletic endeavours in the latter years of the decade. With a championship famine in basketball dating back to 1934 and a dry spell in football since 1933, it was a hungry McGill that entered the fifties.

The rugby and fencing teams retained their championships for the third successive year, golf for its fourth, while the squash team won singles and team honors, and the soccer team was co-champions with Toronto. The Ski team won the Red Bird Trophy for the first time, and yet another first; namely, the hockey team's capturing the Birks Trophy for the first time in four years.

The '54 Senior football squad was in the limelight this season, with a .500 record, while the Indians were copping the St. Lawrence Championship.

## Rugger Crown

Although rugby was the only other sport to gain a league title the track team came close but had to settle for second place. The basketball and hockey teams looked better but still could not be considered real contenders.

New football Coach Larry Sullivan was welcomed with a winless season in '55 and cries that McGill

should drop out of the league. On a brighter note, boxing was at an all-time high as McGill won the Intercollegiate crown, to go along with titles by the rugby, golf, squash, waterpolo and ski teams. The hockey season was highlighted by an 8-game winning streak on the stellar goal-tending of Bernie Wong.

In '56 the football squad improved to a 2-1-3 record, mainly on the strong arm of quarterback Carr.

The intermediates in basketball led their league while Don Wright was the only bright spot on the senior team. While the hockey team was finishing a strong second, the ski team won the Ontario-Quebec Conference Championship.

'57 saw both the football and basketball teams display losing seasons, while the hockey rink helped the Redmen compile the best record in Intercollegiate play in half-a-dozen years, enabling them to win top honors in the province.

## Tennis And Soccer

The tennis and soccer teams each had their most successful seasons of the decade, while the rugby, water polo, track and boxing teams all won their respective league titles.

In '58 major sports at McGill hit another low, with only the football team being in contention by mid-season, only to lose their last two games. Meanwhile, the rugby squad won again, the water polo team won for fourth consecutive year, and the tennis team gained the team, singles, and doubles championships.

With the loss of halfback Carl Hanson for entire '59 season the Redmen football managed only two victories. Goalie Herron put on some top-notch goal-tending, facing nearly 70 shots per game, but in a losing cause.

The Inters in basketball had an admirable 7-1 record in the newly organized Junior circuit. Again the rugby, waterpolo, and track teams were victorious.

The '60 season witnessed the Redmen football squad hit rock bottom, with Coach Coulter being plagued with injuries throughout the winless season.

The hockey and basketball teams improved, with the basketball squad finishing second in City play. While the squash, ski, and track teams were victorious again, the rugby team's nine year supremacy ended.

The top sport's highlight of the last decade was without a doubt the Intercollegiate football championship, won for the first time by McGill in 22 years this past fall.

## Wish I Were There

Sir:

I hope that the reunion goes off well. I would certainly love to be with you all but it looks as if I will have to be content with reading the special issue.

I would, however, like to make one suggestion. I have always been particularly annoyed by the lack of incentive to young Canadians to go on to journalism school. This is a Canadian problem and one which I felt very acutely at McGill. I have seen many members of *The Daily* with terrific potential for journalism but without the financial means to go on to journalism school and who are rather discouraged at the difficulty of getting a first job.

I would like, therefore, to suggest that we take this opportunity to set up a fund to provide one scholarship a year to any McGill student or graduate (to cover those who are out working and then would like to go on to journalism school).

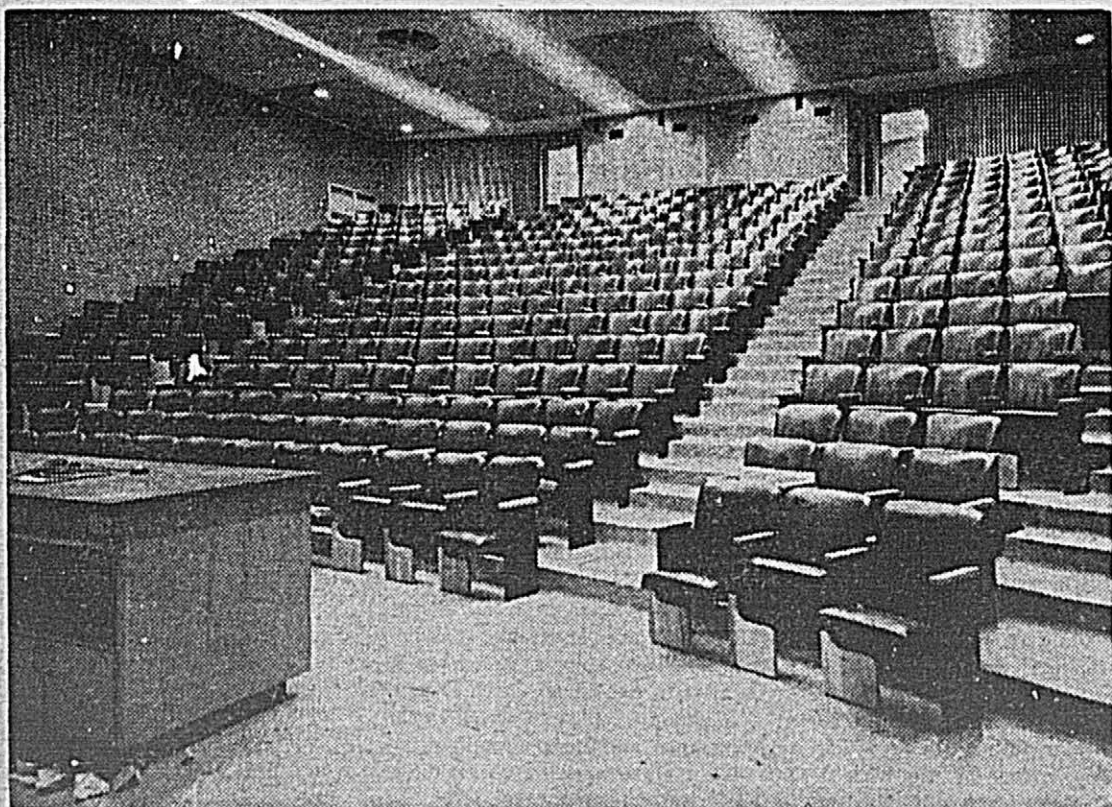
I certainly would be willing to set the ball rolling with a contribution of about \$25 and feel that there are many others who would be as interested as I am. This scholarship would be a fitting way to commemorate the 50th Anniversary (suggested title: *The McGill Daily 50th Anniversary Scholarship*). Or perhaps it could be named after a *Daily* great of the past. This would be a real contribution to McGill, to journalism and to Canada. I am very keen on this idea.

Best wishes.

GORDON WASSERMAN

New College,  
Oxford, England.

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# Jubilee Review Of Women's Sports

Thirty-six years ago Frances Secord, an athletic femme, was installed as the first president of the McGill Women Students' Athletic Association, and represented her organization on the McGill Women's Student Society Council. More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the inauguration of a women's athletic association, an era that has witnessed women's floor hockey, badminton in the Union Ballroom, and javelin-tossing track meets.

Perhaps, we can never reconstruct the genuine atmosphere and flavour surrounding women's sports during the past thirty odd years when the organizing committee grew, developed, and differentiated into a highly complex association of clubs, committees, and executives. But, we can from the anatomy of newspaper clippings inject life into the developmental growth of the WAA by placing it into the context of the changing role of women in the university, the emergence of the Women's Union, and the "emancipation" of women on the campus.

## The Early Years

As long as the number of women students remained small on the campus, there was no need for in-

tense organization and specialization in women's athletics. Before 1925 the key administrative body for women was the Royal Victoria College Undergraduate Society, consisting of RVC undergraduates in Arts. With an increasing number of women enrolled each year, in an ever-broadening number of faculties and schools, a McGill Women Students' Society emerged to bring all women together. Along with it was formed the McGill Women Students' Athletic Association.

The year 1925 was a year of women's hockey, gymnastics, and basketball, with intramural teams from every faculty and year represented in the latter. Students were then divided up into two groups — those taking Physical Education and those not. Intercollegiate action appeared to be at a minimum, with the Royal Victoria College "Convocation Hall", now the RVC gym, the focal point of athletics.

## First Constitution

The first official constitution was not adopted until 1931, and since then has been amended on eleven different occasions to meet the pressing demands of the students. The Athletic Association maintained

close ties with the RVC Undergraduate Society until its abolition in 1932. A vestigial remnant of this alliance remains in an RVC intramural representatives committee to the WAA.

By 1935 the backbone sports of the WAA had well permeated women's activities at McGill. Basketball remained the top participant sport, while the Union Ballroom now became the setting for shuttlecockers. Hockey, a sport thought by many to be too masculine for the local co-eds, was played in the old Mount Royal Arena, now a bakery shop. Track meets, gymnastics and an "athletics preview"

were part of the year's programming.

Individual sports, especially skiing, archery, and tennis surged forward in the late thirties, and the Bronze Baby, emblematic of intercollegiate basketball supremacy was put up for grabs.

The war years scarred athletic competition; whole-hearted support was given to the Red Cross, first aid and home nursing, and a compulsory war training programme for women. With the termination of the war, intercollegiate competition reached a new pitch, and many athletics were relocated in the Currie gym from the inadequate RVC facilities.

By 1950 the structure of the WAA had well emerged with its corresponding activities. Recreational sports administration, still embryonic in its development after the war, emerged as an independent council of the Athletic Association in 1950, highlighting the final organizational balance between the competitive and recreational sports on the campus.

Finally, the recent streamlining of the name — McGill Women Students' Athletic Association — to Women's Athletic Association, is symbolic of the many processes at work in providing a more efficient and effective organization for sports-minded women at McGill.

## An Interview With Gladstone Murray

W. E. Gladstone Murray, founder and first editor of *The Daily*, was interviewed Friday on CBC television by another famous ex-Daily staffer — D. G. Amaron. Following is the text of the interview:

Amaron: Mr. Murray, I don't know whether anyone has ever referred to you as a founding father, but certainly a look at the record would support that title. You joined the British Broadcasting Company not long after the first world war, and were in at the birth and the early days of the British Broadcasting Corporation. You founded the *Listener*, *World Radio* and a number of other BBC publications. You came back to Canada at the request of the Canadian government to help re-organize the old Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission, and in 1936 you became the first general manager of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

I hope we'll have time to get around to your early days with those two world renowned Corporations, but of immediate concern is an even earlier creation of yours. I am referring, of course, to the *McGill Daily*, the Commonwealth's oldest daily college newspaper that you founded just fifty years ago when you were a student at McGill University. How did this ever come about?

Murray: Well, sir, when I came to McGill in 1910 from far west British Columbia, I discovered a good deal of unrest among undergraduates who were revolting against what they called the idea of academic seclusion. This was probably the decisive reason for transforming the weekly *Marlet* into the *McGill Daily*. For the *Daily* was a token of the new initiative in creating and shaping policies, not only for the University, but also for the community at large. It represented a revolt against the old idea that students should shelter in

academic solitude and disregard contemporary affairs. Stephen Leacock, the humourist, was then professor of Economics and Political Science at McGill and was an enthusiastic supporter of this dynamic new conception of undergraduate action. The basic idea was to provide fresh imaginative stimulus for adventurous long term policies in tune with an era of unparalleled development.

Amaron: Well, Mr. Murray, having had some knowledge of the *Daily* activities twenty-five years later, did you have financial backing from the college for this, or did you have to finance your own publication costs?

Murray: The college backed it. Amaron: Not too long after you left McGill, you went over to England on a Rhodes scholarship and I understand that you left Oxford before you completed your course, went into the army and then into the Royal Flying Corps, and then into radio in England after a period of time with a newspaper there. Could you tell us something about those early days in England, Mr. Murray?

Murray: Yes, indeed. After the first World War, in which I did two thousand hours of combat flying, I became the first air correspondent for Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* in London. After this I joined the Radio Communication Company to start a monthly paper called *Radio*. When the Radio Communication Company joined the group that formed the original BBC, it sent me to the BBC. It was clear the spoken word had to be supported by the printed word, so I started the *Radio Times*, *World Radio* and

the *Listener*, which soon became important auxiliaries of BBC radio. Incidentally, the *Radio Times* became a source of substantial revenue.

Murray: In the early days of the BBC its monopoly state control was always a cause of embarrassment to those connected with public relations. Today, of course, this monopoly has been replaced by reasonable competition.

Amaron: The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has become one of the giants of communication over the last quarter century. When you

became general manager in 1936, did you envisage this growth? Could you tell us something about what you had in mind in that period?

Murray: When I came to the CBC in 1936 as its first general manager, first of all I was glad to find that there was no monopoly. Private radio was encouraged both to co-operate and to compete. Conditions for progress were much better, and once the CBC was established I concentrated on developing constructive co-operation, first with private radio in Canada, and then with the main radio networks of the United States and Europe. This policy has been pursued ever since with the result which is obvious — Canadian listen-

ers are served with the best radio and TV produced in America and Europe. I think the CBC has really become a model in its field.

Amaron: Well, one final question, and you have already answered part of it. Do you think that these infants that you helped to foster: *The McGill Daily*, the BBC and the CBC, have grown up well? Have they fulfilled the ambitions of their creators?

Murray: Yes, indeed, they have. They've gone much farther than I ever imagined in the beginning, and I think they will all become great aids to the progress and development and the security of free civilization.

Amaron: Well, thank you very much, Mr. Murray.

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## The Daily Reviews:

*Bousille et les Justes*

**BOUSILLE AND THE JUST** — A play in four acts by Gratien Gélinas. Translated from the French by Kenneth Johnstone and Joffre Dechene in collaboration with the author. Directed and produced by Mr. Gélinas. Associate director, Norma Springford. Set by Jacques Pelletier. Costumes by Solange Legendre. And with the following cast:

Phil Vezina	Paul Berval
Henri Gravel	Yves Letourneau
Aurore Vezina	Beatrice Picard
Bousille	Gratien Gélinas
Mother	Juliette Huot
Noella Gravel	Helene Loiselle
Lawyer	Paul Hebert
Bro. Theophile	Gilles Latulippe
Colette Richard	Ginette Letondal

You must forgive me, I'm a little out of practice. My last drama review for McGill Daily was written in 1915. It was then that I suddenly realized that it was necessary for me to devote a little time to the study of medicine and I most reluctantly penned a letter to the Editor tendering my resignation as Dramatic Editor, a post which I had held since 1911, the year the Daily was founded. It gave as my reason for quitting the somewhat lame excuse of pressure of school work. My resignation was accepted with regret. The letter was published together with a charming and most flattering editorial which said in effect that my apt and able criticisms would be greatly missed by the Editorial Staff and, they were certain, by

the readers too. So much indeed were my "apt and able" criticisms missed that the Daily waited forty-six years before they could bring themselves to ask me to write another review. So, after filling in the intervening years with practicing medicine, and a few other such chores, here I am back again at the old job.

The task assigned me was to review the opening of the English translation of *Bousille and the Just*

Dr. Alton Goldbloom was the Daily's first drama critic in 1911-12.

at the Comedie Canadienne last evening. *Bousille*, written, acted and directed by Gratien Gélinas was first performed in French nearly two years ago and enjoyed a well deserved long run at the same theatre. It is now being offered in an excellent English translation by Kenneth Johnstone again with Mr. Gélinas in the title role and, save for three changes, the same cast that acted in the original play. Not enough is said about our French actors in Montreal who can do a play superbly in French and with little or no change in personnel — do an equally finish-

By ALTON GOLDBLOOM

ed job in English. Would it were it the other way around as well.

*Bousille* is high grade melodrama at its very best. No esoteric symbolism, no complex personalities, no recondite psychology; just plain good drama with a tense plot, villains, heroines, wronged women, uncritical doting mother and all real, human and believable.

*Bousille* is Canadian enough to be called a folk drama. Happily the somewhat maudlin and oversentimentalized ending of the French version has been effectively altered and the play does not end in a deathbed scene which was essentially unmotivated and which was almost a weakening distraction. The present ending has motive and lends to the drama a heightened poignancy which truly tugs at the heartstrings.

The story, now well known, is that of a simple minded, honest, deeply religious poor relation of a family involved in the murder trial of a black sheep brother. *Bousille* was the only witness to the deed and is in possession of the only incriminating evidence in the case. The story centers about the sanctity of *Bousille's* oath and the efforts of two men in the family to force him to falsify the evidence. About this simple matrix is built a story of love and hate and passion and hypocrisy all dominated by and never truly conquering the simple dignity and profound religious principles of the waiflike *Bousille* who could not survive the breaking of his oath.

All this, of course, speaks for the genius of Gratien Gélinas. He is a great actor, a superb master of underplaying. As the simple *Bousille* who could not survive the perjury which was forced upon him he held the stage as much by his eloquent silences as by his restrained acting. He is at all times a pleasure to watch. Ginette Letondal as a wronged woman gave a polished portrayal in her one scene which demonstrated her great versatility as an actress. It was difficult to recall that this same actress was Joan of Arc not so long ago on this same stage. Pity we do not see more of her. The rest of the cast set the same high standard.

Gilles Latulippe repeated his charming vignette of Brother Theophile, the seventeen year old unworldly boy who had entered a religious order at the age of eleven, and Juliette Huot, as effective in English as she was in French as the doting and uncritical mother of the accused. Phil Vezina and Henri Gravel were the villainous brother and brother-in-law of the accused and Aurore Vezina and Helene Loiselle were their wives. Paul Hebert ably completed the cast as the lawyer for the defence.

A realistic set by Jacques Pelletier effectively expressed the mood of the play. It was directed by Mr. Gélinas himself, this time with the able assistance of Norma Springford.

Let us hope that our English population will not neglect this exquisitely produced and superbly acted bit of Canadiana. It fully deserves as long and successful a run in English as it had in French.



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MARTLET

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The Shawinigan Water and Power Company congratulates the McGill Daily on the occasion of its 50th Anniversary and has great pleasure in extending its best wishes for the years ahead.



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## To All Grads

All graduates of McGill University, numbering more than 30,000, will receive a copy of The McGill Daily's Fiftieth Anniversary issue.

In addition to its campus circulation, this special issue of The Daily is being mailed out to McGill men and women in many parts of the world by the Graduates' Society of McGill University.

Officers of the Society have undertaken this project because of the vital role The Daily has played in campus life over the past 50 years. Graduates of all years and all faculties, whether or not they had personal association with The Daily, will enjoy the panorama afforded by this golden jubilee edition of The McGill Daily.

## Erratummy

By Ron Fleischman

Erratummy. Erratummy.  
Unsteady beat.  
This new generation  
Hates to get on its feet.  
Sure, be a critic  
Of the daily paper,  
Go on a caper,  
Write poems so solemn  
To the editor's column  
To wax crass,  
Castigate.  
Tread on the grass  
Of the fourth estate.  
Lend a hand? Never  
Ever  
What does he know  
Of lead and zinc  
And printer's ink?  
The printshop's heat,  
Deadlines to beat,  
And little to eat?  
Of copy and proofs  
And printer's goofs,  
The fast running clock,  
Steel forms to lock;  
The misplaced type,  
The compositor's gripe,

Appointments to keep,  
And little sleep.  
Late hours so ruddy  
Yet still must study  
Or make conjectures  
At morning lectures  
And end up hams  
On final exams  
To please our critics  
Of slanted news,  
Sheltered views  
Reflect the readers  
And their leaders  
Through a glass  
Darkly.  
'tis lots of fun  
To be the one  
To throw mud in darkness.  
Better the lights  
Remain out;  
Juveniles aim at them  
When they're lit  
And easily hit.  
Erratummy. Erratummy.  
Inconsistent beat  
Antiperistaltic —  
Generation.

## What The Daily Means To Me

Oooo! it's all so . . . so . . . JOURNALISTIC! . . . all these real important men with sun shades (they look like the casino dealers on TV) . . . everybody says they're "on desk" but they haven't been near a desk all night . . . gee, I wonder if they always drink so much when they make a newspaper . . . it's so important . . . they even cleaned up the office . . . I hardly recognized it when I came in . . . gosh, I never knew the floor was brown . . . but somebody put a bottle in my hand and it all seems so nice now . . . all these important men like you see in the big newspapers like The Star and The Gazette . . . and they're all smoking and drinking and looking so important . . . but nobody's doing anything like writing . . . maybe this is what they call reminiscing . . . and they're all so handsome . . . and they're also married . . . but there are still those cute staffers working for the regular issues . . .

DOREEN FLAM, '64

I recall my first experience as a cub reporter on The McGill Daily of some thirty years ago. I was very green at this stage, and as my first assignment, I was given "The Green Light" by Dr. Lloyd Douglas at the St. James United Church and a week later I was sent down to the old Gaiety Theatre to cover Lili

St. Cyr, Queen of Burlesque at that time.

At a later date I ventured into the Sports Department, and really got my feet wet under the able instructions of the late "Dunc" MacDonald, Lionel Shapiro and Ted Harris.

The 50 Year Reunion brings back many of the old days. It is indeed a pleasure to revisit the old Daily office, and enjoy meeting old friends for discussions of the various changes that have taken place during the years. Many of the old faces have disappeared from the scene, but the Daily lives on in the capable hands of the newer generation.

S. NORMAN SCHACTER

Fifty succinct words on what The Daily has meant to me . . . prepared under duress upon the command of a formidable, terrifying, co-existing city editor.

Have you tried The McGill Daily? Contrary to the implications of poet A. J. M. Smith's masterpiece, infrequent applications have little effect: its meaning comes only to those who are willing to subject themselves to constant treatment. Nor can mere words transmit its psychosomatic effects. If you haven't tried The McGill Daily, may you pass away, Weekly.

AL TUNIS

From Page One

## Old Grads

Norman Cardon's face also belied his ripe old age. Norman, of course, has been well conditioned as a Sports Editor and still keeps in trim running a Montreal advertising agency — just as George Brown keeps in fettle running for political office. In came the others, arthritic, quivering, wheeled-in in bath chairs, escorted by their nurses and nannies — a motley lot, bankers some of them, or engineers, teachers, retired insurance men, aged doctors.

I barely recognized Jim MacLeod, who had left The Daily to teach Paul Bunyan how to handle an axe — and has lived on to see the birth of a pulp and paper industry in Canada. Young Alan Portugal (Science '48), barely 78 today, entered behind the confused look of a Department of Labour statistician.

Which leads naturally to the subject of figures. The girls, amazingly enough, had hardly changed. And I'm not being gallant. Apart from an extra inch here and there, an occasional transformation of remembered-brunette to interesting blonde, or the built-in frown of the mother of a brood, they really were as I had left them. May Ebbitt Cutler still sparkles, Kina Mitchell Buchanan still sparkles, Dusty Vineberg still — sparkles and Judy Jaffe Pollock, now the lady from Altoona, might still have been blue-pencilling The Daily's front-page (Was I her News Editor, then, or had she been mine — I couldn't recall.)

### A Fine Broth

I couldn't recall a lot of things. (Eyesight's no longer too good, either.) I need a program. Without a program you couldn't tell a Venerable from an Obsolescent. Young Al Tunis, a fine broth of a boy, provided one. The list helped me pick out Charlie Lazarus as he signed up at the desk — poor, old Charlie — once, long ago, he could even manage his own typing; today he has to luxuriate around the Montreal Star. They pointed out Jerry Clark — so senior now, so limp with the batterings of the centuries and trans-oceanic flights that they had to make him an Associate Editor at The Star. Or John Maffre, now a rather older looking Bernard Shaw, still being kept on charitably on a paper that has no provision for automatic retirement, still anachronistic editorials with the same sharpened quill he used in these very offices, back in James McGill's time.

# Daily Celebrates 100th Anniversary

— 2,011 A.D.

By CHARLES LAZARUS III

McGill Union, Montreal, Feb. 24, 2011 — Former members of The McGill Daily staff gathered at the offices of the McGill Daily here this weekend, in the crumbling McGill Union building located at McTavish street.

Mr. Justice Morris Fish, The Daily editor at the time controversy raged on the campus as to where the "new" union building should be located, commented on this, the 100th anniversary of the oldest college daily in the still-shrinking British Commonwealth on which the sun, apparently, still has considerable trouble setting.

It was exactly 50 years ago, Judge Fish recalled today as he drew on his pipe and his memories, that the last Daily reunion was held in the "old" McGill Union building at University and Sherbrooke streets, where an extension of the T. Eaton Ltd., basement store is now located.

"As I recall," said the Judge, as he recalled, "I had every intention at that time of really acting as the editor-in-chief of The Daily, which was my legal and proper status, in supervising our special 50th anniversary editor."

"However, despite the fact that my road to the editorship was paved with the best of intentions, I found my position that night usurped by two editors associated with The Montreal Star, whose names I do not recall at this time, since we had best let matters rest."

Judge Fish added: "Requiescat in Pace, is the only phrase I can think of, in asking one and all to let matters rest as they are."

His Honor was asked to comment on his view of the old Daily quarters and what he remembered about the last McGill Daily reunion in 1961.

"You can certainly quote me," said Judge Fish who never avoids a quote, unless he can speak off the record, which he rarely does while sitting in camera expecting something to develop, "that I think it was a helluva night."

Why?

"Oh," he said, "just because it was a helluva night!"

Judge Fish said, "For one thing we had a parking problem despite the assurances of the mayor of that time — I forget what his name was — that as soon as he was elected all such mundane problems as parking would be solved."

He also asserted that it was no fault of anyone's at that time that the beer situation "caused a rather frothy atmosphere to develop, at which time everyone lost his or her head, or both."

At this time the aged judge exploded with a few ho-ho-ho's at his own precious joke, and he continued: "It was certainly a night that will long stand in memory."

### Star-Monitor-Guardian

"Actually, I wasn't too upset that these downstarts from the Montreal Star — which has long since merged with the NDG Monitor and Verdun Guardian — arrogated unto themselves power that was not rightfully theirs."

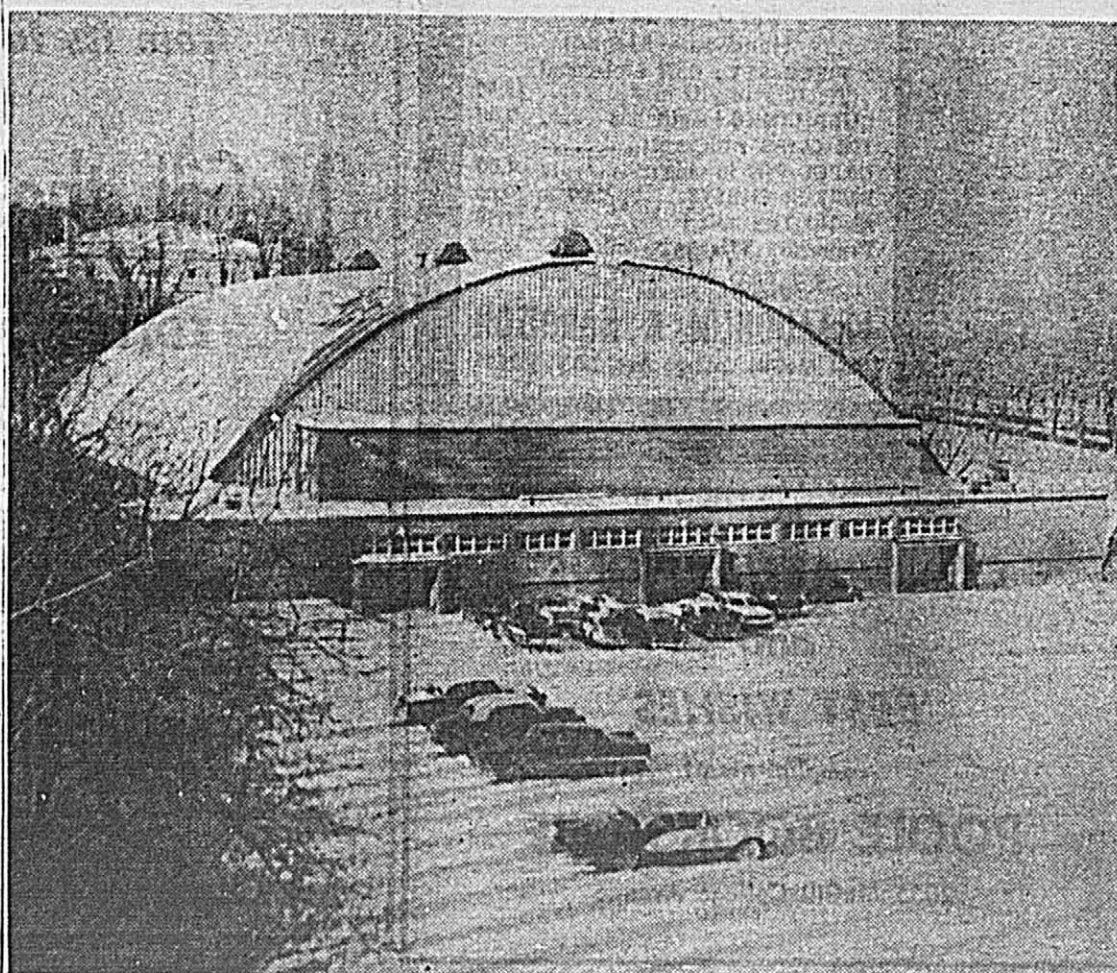
"The joke of the whole thing was, as I discovered later, that these so-called editors who were running the 50th anniversary of The Daily that night, had rarely been permitted to step near a makeup sheet or copy desk at The Star in years."

"I finally realized that I had been had, but to this day, I bear no resentment."

The guest speaker at last night's banquet held atop the 102-storey octagonal-shaped building at Ville St. Henri, in the heart of St. Henri Ward which had long since seceded from the rest of Quebec under the leadership of the late, great Frank Hanley — a favorite after-dinner, lunch and breakfast speaker at McGill a half-century ago, was Gladstone Legate, who is best remembered for the turning of his back on the Fourth Estate, and joining up with the enemy forces of the CBC.

Judge Fish's comment on Guest speaker Legate: "Requiescat in Pace!"

## McGill Winter Stadium





## From The Archives:

# Man's Soul Put In Beer Carton

"Bring in a soul if you find one," the box as much as we like, but we was the invitation Professor Tait made. Yesterday a student accepted his dare and brought a soul to the class of Psychology 7... in a carton beer box.

The student announced last week that he would bring a soul "next Tuesday." The class wondered.

"Analysis of the living organism shows that it has the same composition as inorganic matter," the professor had said. But was it possible someone had found a soul at last?

Therefore there was much surprise in the classroom yesterday at 11 a.m. when a carton beer box was found standing on the professorial bench.

Professor Tait came in. He saw it. He opened the box. It was empty.

The student who manufactures souls was waiting for this. "Now you've done it," he said. "When the box was opened the soul immediately escaped. Now we can analyze

the box as much as we like, but we won't find any vestige of a soul."

Upon this there followed a long argument on whether a living organism can be analyzed.

The student said that only a dead body, which has no soul, can be chemically analyzed. To this Professor Tait answered that living organisms can be watched under a microscope. The student answered that this showed the organism to be more than just inanimate matter.

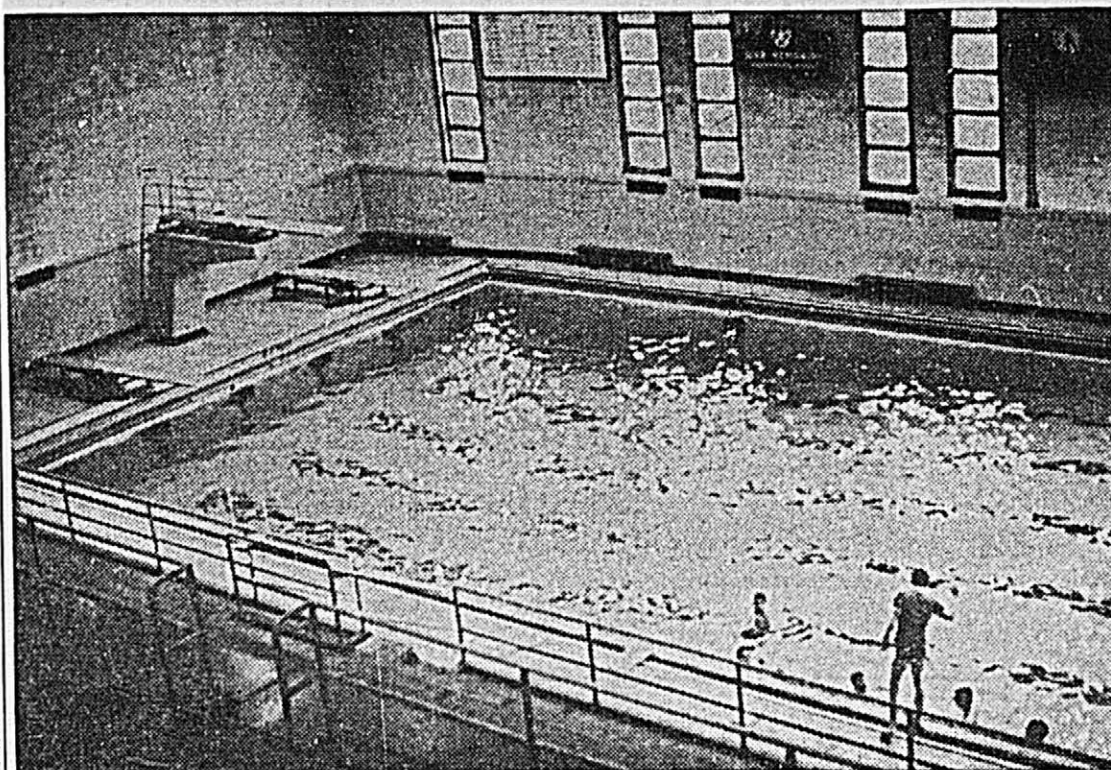
"What is living and what inanimate?" was the next question.

Thus the argument continued, Professor Tait holding that there may be no difference, the student holding that there may be a difference of a soul.

This showed that the two were really in agreement, except that the professor tended to the realistic point of view and the student to the psychical.

As for the box, it was left for the janitor.

## Da Swimmin' Hole



## From The Daily Files:

## Extract Of 1911 Editorial Pleads For Football Title

McGill men who were at the Toronto game on Saturday either as players or onlookers were impressed particularly by the Varsity rooting. It was a revelation to them to see such effective and thorough organization and they have returned eager to duplicate this at McGill. Let us give them every chance and assist our team very materially.

In recent years there has been a great deal of talk about rooters clubs at McGill and a great many

half-hearted meetings held for the purpose of "starting something" but we are not much farther ahead today than three years ago. There was a time when conditions were reversed — when our rooting and singing was the envy of both Varsity and Queen's.

Consider, you men of McGill, what effective rooting will mean to the team at the present stage! Do you realize that the championship hangs in the balance and that encouragement in the form of enthusiastic

organized and well-directed rooting may quite possibly be the deciding element? At all events there is one sure thing and that is CHAMPIONSHIP CHANCES ARE INCREASED 25 PER CENT WITH EFFECTIVE ROOTING.

ALL UP TONIGHT AT THE HALL. This is a matter of supreme importance to McGill men individually and... deserves every possible support. Just imagine what a real live football championship would mean to McGill?

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# Longevity And Profundity Guaranteed Dailyites

If you want your children to live forever, don't send them to Switzerland to eat sheep's innards. Send them to McGill and get them to work on *The Daily*.

And if you needed proof that *Dailyites* not only never die but don't even fade, you should have been at the opening luncheon of this 50th Anniversary Reunion.

There was a most romantic and handsome couple, Mr. and Mrs. Lytleton Cassels of Ottawa, who both worked on the first *Dailies*. Mr. Cassels, who was *The Daily's* second editor-in-chief, is still practising as a consultant engineer and surveyor, and his wit and charm are matched only by those of his wife, the former Kate Lawrence.

She was one of the six co-eds who contributed copy to the 1911-1912 editions of *The Daily* from behind the guarded walls of R.V.C. Later she served as a volunteer worker in England during World War I and accompanied her husband on some of his mining explorations when Noranda was as far away as the North Pole. Mrs. Cassels is not only young-looking; she's beautiful.

"To my latest knowledge," she reports, "all six of us co-eds who worked for *The Daily* during its first year are still living. Two of them are still actively at work."

One is Miss Louise Manny, who runs Lord Beaverbrook's library in Newcastle, New Brunswick; another is Mrs. O. P. Smith (the former Ethel Longworth and she is a newspaper columnist in Connecticut.

## Up in the Air

Alton Goldbloom, M.D., also represented the first decades of *Dailyites* who were present. But work on *The Daily* may not be the exclusive answer to his unchanging youthfulness. Perhaps he picked up a secret or two from his "small patients."

## Thank You

We, the undersigned, want to thank every former *Daily* writer who has taken the trouble to reminisce for this special and cherished issue of *The McGill Daily*. These pages are the sum total of your support. We knew we could count on you, and you have come through handsomely.

For our part, we of the editorial committee of the 50th Anniversary Reunion have this brief statement to make:

Never in the field of journalism have men so thoroughly enjoyed being overworked.

David Angus  
Gerald Clark  
Morris Fish  
David Legate  
John McDonald  
John Maffre  
Charles Peters  
Allan Tunis

## Terse Verse

From future reunions I'll flee  
They're far too depressing, you see.  
The friends I keep meetin'  
Are fat and moth-eaten.  
They've all grown old . . . except me.

IVAN ARON,  
M.Sc. '49

By MAY EBBITT CUTLER

Murray Robertson, a civil engineer who was on *The Daily* in 1915 reports that he is now back at McGill as a student. He's taking courses in aerial photography and urban planning, because they weren't on the curriculum when he was an undergrad.

"Most of the students assume I'm on the staff," Mr. Robertson reports with amusement. "That doesn't bother me though. It's only when

they think I've retired from it that I feel a little badly."

Evidence of the close ties that have always existed between the staffs of *The Daily* and of the McGill Annual was the presence of Thomas M. Morrow, a construction engineer, who was the editor of Old McGill in 1913.

Work on *The Daily* is thus quite obviously the secret that Ponce de Leon was searching for.

Or is it that if you survive life on *The Daily*, the rest is easy.

## Janitor — Sophist At The Broomhead

By A. J. M. SMITH

Like Cambridge University, McGill is traditionally thought of as a nest of singing birds — John McCrae, Frank Scott, Leo Kennedy and A. M. Klein are generally regarded as among the greatest Canadian poets who were nourished by McGill. One of the finest of them all, however, has not received such general acclaim: He is Harry Barker, who was Bill Gentleman's ubiquitous and efficient assistant with pails and brushes and brooms in the old Arts Building.

Harry was a student of Shakespeare who knew more about the Bard of Avon than most of the Honour English students who took Cyrus MacMillan's rigorous academic course in Elizabethan drama. He would stand for an hour leaning on his broom and reciting some of the more high-flown passages from *Hamlet* or *The Merchant of Venice*, while open-mouthed undergraduates stood and stared wondering that one (rather large) head could hold all he knew.

Harry was also a poet "in his own right" and celebrated in many a lively ballad some of the heroic episodes of the early twenties — particularly the occasion when the ceiling in the Faculty room fell with a crash when the Faculty was in plenipotentiary session, and a half-ton hunk of ornamental plaster fell on the seat that had been vacated a moment before by Polly Lafleur or Stephen Leacock. It was a certain sign that the Lord appreciated the great men who in those days thundered from Olympus. And Harry was a kind of McGillian Homer who wrote them with enthusiasm and love.

Some of his poems are still preserved in the files of *The Daily* and the Literary Supplement. Back in 1925 and 1926, Someone should do a Ph.D. thesis on it. It would make better reading than some we have read. But since we have begun to editorialise in a news story we had best quit.

## Two Blank Pages—Horrors!

By SNOOKIE LIEFF BESSNER and IRWIN SANKOFF

The editor's heart completely sank  
When he found he had two pages blank;  
To extricate him from his plight  
He said, "Come on, gosh darn you write!"

"Two pages with no copy at all —  
"Silence everyone, get on the ball."

"Copy, copy," yelled the man in the slot,  
"Don't take another bottle or even a shot."

"But down the beer, I know it's free  
"After the paper's out, we'll spree."

Old staffers looking so helpless and tired  
(Cheer up, the weekend's only half expired).

"Look at the talent going to waste,  
"Hence the dilemma with which we're faced,"

Said the editor in green eye shade;  
"I wish to Fish I was getting paid."

This old office ain't seen so much hustle  
Since the women's editor lost her bustle.

Cameras snapping, recall old times  
(And we have to worry if this thing rhymes).

"Cakes and ale," the brochure said,  
Tomorrow many will stay in bed,

Unless they get held up at the Shrine  
Where beer don't no longer cost a dime.

We've come to the end of this, we fear —  
Let's go out without a tear

And meet fifty years hence, filled with cheer  
And beer, and beer, and beer, and beer . . .

## Goren: Not On Bridge

By CHARLES GOREN

At the time of this wonderful McGill Daily 50th Anniversary Reunion, it gives me a great pleasure to recall the days when I studied law in Montreal.

These recollections are especially pleasing in view of the fact that it was while at McGill that I was first introduced to the game which has since become my life's vocation.

It was some 40 years ago that I first learned of the fascination of the game of bridge. My original exposure was at the hands of Sydney Pierce, our current Ambassador to Belgium, and the laboratory was the rumble seat of his Studebaker Roadster which was a landmark of the McGill campus in those days. My initiation was accomplished orally without even the aid of a deck of cards.

Some years later, after a prolonged separation from my classmates, I ran across Pierce in Washington, D.C. at a time when a bridge tournament was in progress. It was the Virginia State Men's

Charles Goren received an LL.B. in 1922 and covered sports for the *Daily* between 1919 and 1922. He currently writes a syndicated column on bridge for the *Chicago Tribune*, with a combined circulation of 33 million per day. He is a world-renowned expert on Bridge.

Pairs Championship and the management had tapped me to fill out the movement for the tournament that evening.

Syd tried to beg off on the reasonable grounds that he had not touched a card in six years. However, in view of the urgency of the situation, he agreed to participate in the tournament and four hours later he emerged as the Pairs Champion of the State of Virginia. The win resulted when Syd daringly contracted for a grand slam on the very last hand of the evening.

It is indeed a pleasure, to again have Montreal in my field of action through the medium of my current television bridge show on the A.B.C. network. It is my sincere hope that I will be able to have some McGill men participate in my program during the current season.

## From Page One

### Progress?

BA '36, who sent a telegram of regret — from a refuge in Mexico.

Those who participated, in addition to Chairman Legate, included honorary chairman Charles H. Peters, BA '28, and committee members Monty Berger, BA '39, Gerald Clark, B.Sc., '39, John Maffre, BA '49, reunion secretary Albert Tunis, BA '48, and undergraduates Morris Fish, current editor-in-chief and Dave Angus, chairman of the editorial board.

Among the returned prodigals, it was discovered, were slightly more than a dozen who were sufficiently unabashed by *Daily* life to continue in journalism.

Two of them, Gerald Clark and John Maffre, both currently employed by one of *The Daily's* local rival, The Montreal Star, presided over the city desk of *The Daily*, Friday night to get out this issue.

The editors were distinguished by green eyeshades, worn by editors around the turn of the century and procured with great difficulty at one of the city's stationery stores. Their reporters, headline writers and other helpers who could not be classified were distinguished by the general hubbub they set up, creating a smoke-filled atmosphere that could be compared (easily) to that in the Kennedy house in Hyannisport on election night.

"How could you teach English? I taught you all I knew!" screamed former night editor Hanoch Bordan, now of the New York Herald Tribune, when one of his former reporters Rosemary Eakins, confessed she was teaching English.

And loud were the cries as other long lost friends shrieked recognition, compared notes, began the recount of the missing.

Hecklers and cakes and ale notwithstanding, the paper was put to bed — finally — at midnight and the staff somewhat later.

## Letter To Editor

Dear Sir:

As a *Daily* "has-been" of considerable repute, I was astounded to learn that my "think-piece" recounting early *Daily* life had been flatly rejected by the so-called "editorial board" of the anniversary issue. I wonder why these modern press lords were so censorious-minded as to paperbasket file my hard-thought priceless proseletizing. Assuredly, my spelling was a bit outre. But feelings for printers was never a noted *Daily* prerequisite. Times surely have pushed (i.e., changed).

My ages crossfertilized several here assembled. Only Peter Hall outclassed mine own sojournity.

Wasn't commerce an issue then? High hung the wreath as the goose-hunting goat sought to buribottle the sotted-voice voice.

Back in the greatfrat's den (the "Lower depths"), tis noble the thoughtful impulses which riseflash in my idego. Pleasurable be the love memories of those glory days youth spent in miasmatic confusion.

I told of the days when Ayoub bespat MacLeod who bequeathed a year to Richter, the haremsecarem politburochief. Then came Wassermann, the jackaoll who BMOced multitudinously. In hurried words: came Knight, Tunis, Cleman Kennedy and Scott, the last of whom doomed *The Daily* to tabloidism, a form now sungpraised loudloriously.

I say psysschonitz! Tis half past time to haltcall, to leavebide, give-over to less exurberant, less subtle zcecx and balalances. Those protubernancies are fun enough!

Down say I with those cowconservervatives who damdrastically slicensor every untrammelled pristine proseformula. Joyce would bythem bedammned.

I protoforto 'n' cest say cease and deacease.

Yours truly,  
T. E. (Tim) BUCK,  
Eng. 49 (Daily 42-48).



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 1953-54: Elchim Raman (July - December)  
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# The New Campus Department Summarizes Its First Year

This year, *The McGill Daily* incorporated a new department into its ranks. The Campus Department was created to fill an obvious void in the coverage of campus events.

The Department functioned according to the principle that underlying every campus activity and event there was something of deeper significance than mere acknowledgment of its existence. The newspaper was lacking a personal rapport with the student body; their opinions were seldom polled and news stories necessarily lacked a detailed description of happenings on campus. As a result, last year's Editors deemed it necessary to form a new department this year, and the Campus Department resulted.

In one of our first issues, the Campus Department revealed how "Students Select Their Courses Blindly." This was attested to by the statistics showing the large number of students who found it necessary to switch courses once the school year had begun. We attributed this to the lack of adequate information in the Curriculum Announcement Book as well as to the absence of personal guidance. It was suggested that perhaps noon-hour lectures should be given by professors outlining their courses. Our point was well taken, and on January 16th, the Arts and Science Undergraduate Society instituted a noon-hour series of talks by professors outlining the Honours courses available in the various departments, which we may add, was received very well.

In early October we unsettled fraternities by exposing the questionable tactics they employed to get

unsuspecting freshmen to join their ranks. We did not criticize the values of their organizations, but merely suggested that postponing bidding until students were in their second year might be a worthwhile change. This would give freshmen an opportunity to get settled on campus, examine fraternities more thoroughly, and give them more of a chance to break through the religious and racial barriers which fraternities invariably maintain.

Although this plan has not yet been put before the student body, it is common knowledge that such a proposal is being seriously considered by the Inter-Fraternity-Council, who are well aware that no one will rest easy until such a plan is instituted.

An activity which has been going on at McGill probably as long as the *Daily* has been publishing was finally terminated last month. Although card-playing is enjoyable and relaxing, the McGill Union and the ASUS, in their wisdom, have seen fit to ban any card-playing on campus. In an expose, "Card-Playing Gets Out Of Hand; Lectures Cut—Studies Ignored," the Campus Department interviewed two students personally involved in card-playing, who informed us that this activity at McGill was no longer a recreation but a business where up to \$40 could change hands in a single game. They admitted that at least 80% of the card fanatics had consequently failed their years, as they skipped lectures in order to keep their games going. When the story broke, there was much agitation for action which eventually came on January 12th, when the Union announced that card-playing was banned in the

By EDDIE ARONOFF  
Campus Editor

Union, to be closely followed by a similar announcement by the ASUS.

Perhaps one of the most time-consuming as well as rewarding undertakings of the Campus Department was the two page story on "Means Suggested To Break Barriers Between Canadian-Foreign Students."

In the course of two weeks, numerous foreign and Canadian students were interviewed and polled for their opinions concerning the existing difficulty in bringing outsiders closer together with their Canadian hosts. Although no concrete solutions were arrived at, the article

was enlightening in its very approach to a touchy problem. To much amazement, our endeavour somehow reached the hands of the editors of the National Jesuit Magazine, America, who devoted an entire editorial page to praise our attitude and commend us on taking the initial steps in the dissolving of an obvious barrier.

At the beginning of November, our Department conducted a mock poll on the American Presidential Elections which was seriously received by two thousand students and a handful of professors, who chose to elect Kennedy as their Presidential choice.

These are only a few of the

articles created by the Campus Department. We use the term 'created' emphatically, as we did not obtain our material from news stories that were headlining the campus activities. The success of our department was based on our ability to delve into established clubs and activities and focus the attention of the student body on regulations and institutions which needed revision. The success of The Campus Department does not reflect the ability of its editors, but restresses the need for the *McGill Daily* to further the functions of a department which will reflect more accurately the problems and needs of the McGill Campus.

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# Leacock Examines Xmas Xams

With every revolving year,—and the poets and the physicists agree that they do revolve,—I am struck with the strange inconsistency of the words "Christmas Examination." Here on the one hand is Christmas, good, glad, old season with its holly berries and its lighted candles and its little children dancing in a world of magic round a glittering tree; Christmas with its fabled Santa Claus defying our modern civilization by squeezing his way down the galvanized iron pipe of a gas grate; Christmas with the sleigh-bells all a-jingle, with bright snow in the streets, with the church-bells ringing on a week day and such a crisp gladness in the air that even the angular faces of university professors are softened out into something approaching human kindness.

Here, I say, on the one hand is Christmas.

## On Other Hand

And here on the other hand are Examinations with their sleepless nights and their fevered days, with crazy questions and crooked answers, set with the calculating cruelty of the inquisitor, answered with the patient resignation of the martyr, or with the fanatical frenzy of the devotee who has swallowed his instructor's textbook and gone crazy over it; Examinations with their hideous percentages, their insulting distinctions of rank, and paid for, in cold fees, with money enough to spread a Christmas banquet for the whole university.

Here is Christmas and here are the Examinations. And the two won't go together.

We can't alter Christmas. We've had it nearly, two thousand years now. In a changing world it lights glimmer through the falling snow as a quiet beacon on things that alter not. It stands there fixed as a very saturnalia of good deeds, a reckless outbreak of licensed benevolence, with its loosened pocket-books and smiling faces, just to show us on one day of the year what we might be on the other three hundred and sixty-four,—stands a moment and then passes, leaving us to button about us again out little suit of protective selfishness with nothing but a memory to keep us warm inside.

Christmas we cannot alter. But the examinations, we can. Why not? Why will not some theorist in education tell us how we can infuse into the Christmas examinations something of the spirit of the season that gives them birth? Can we not break down something of these rigid regulations that every candidate reads shuddering in the printed instructions on his examination book? Can we not so estimate our percentages and frame our questions?

And when I had written thus far the whole idea of the thing broke upon me with the flood light of discovery. Of course, nothing simpler, I reached out my hand and drew to me the hideous code of the examination regulations. I read it over with a shudder. Is it possible that for fifty years this university of every rule of Christmas behaviour? I saw at once how, not only the regulations, but the very examination papers themselves ought to be so altered that the old malicious spirit might be driven to its own again even in an examination hall. Here is the way it is done:

## Regulations

1. Candidates are permitted, nay they are encouraged, to enter the examination hall half an hour after the examination has begun, and to leave it, re-enter it, walk across it, jump across it, roll round in it, lie down in it, tear their clothes, mutilate their books and, generally, to make themselves thoroughly and completely at home at the expense of the University.

2. Candidates are not only permitted to ask questions of the presiding examiner, but they may, if they like, talk to him, sing to him, hum grand opera to him in whole or in part, use his fountain pen, borrow his money, and, if need be, for the sake of order, request him to leave the hall. But remember that the presiding examiner is like yourself — a very human being and, if you had the advantage of knowing him outside the classroom you would find him at this time of year one of the jolliest creatures conceivable.

## Silly Dignity

If you could see him presiding over the little candidates around

## By STEPHEN LEACOCK

the Christmas tree in his own house you would almost forgive him that silly dignity which he assumes to cover his natural humanity.

3. Speaking or communicating with every other candidate, male or female is of course the privilege of every student and the use of the megaphone and gramophone shall in no way be curtailed or abridged.

4. Students may either make use of the books, papers and memoranda provided by the examiner or may bring in their own memorandums, vade-mecums and conundrums together with such dictographs, gramophones, linotypes, stethoscopes or any other aids to memory that they may see fit to use.

6. The plea of accident or forgetfulness will of course be immediately received, in the same spirit as given.

7. Five per cent will be accepted as a satisfactory standard, but all students failing to obtain it may be, and most certainly will be, specially exempted from further effort by a vote of the Board of Governors.

So much for the regulations. But of course still more can be accomplished if the examiners will, only frame their questions to suit the gentle kindness of the season. I should not wish to show in any great detail how this is to be accomplished. That would be trespassing on the work of departments other than our own. But I may be allowed to point the pathway of reform by proposing a few specimen questions in representative subjects.

## Examination In Classics

1. Who was Themistocles. (Note in Italics. If you can't think it out for yourself, he was a great Roman general, or Greek, or something. The examiner doesn't know much about it himself but Lord bless you, at this time of year he doesn't care any more than you do.)

2. Translate the accompanying passages, or don't bother to, just as you happen to feel about it. After all you must remember that ability to translate a lot of Latin verses is a poor test of what you really are worth.

3. Pick out all the verbs in the above and parse them, or, if you don't feel like picking them out, leave them sticking where they are. Remember that they've been there for two thousand years already.

There! That's the way the Christmas examination in Classics is to be conducted. And in the same fashion one might try to soften down the mathematical examination into something like this:

## Examination In Mathematics

1. Solve the following equations, — but if you can't solve them, my dear boy, don't worry about it. Take them home to father as a Christmas present and tell him to solve them. It's his business anyway, not yours. He pays the fees and if he can't solve the equations, why your family must stand the loss of them. And anyway people ought not mind the loss of a few equations at Christmas time.

There! That's enough for the mathematical examination. And as for the rest, you can easily see how they ought to be framed.

But just wait a minute before we come to the end. There would remain one examination, just one, that

I think every student ought to pass at this season, though he may forget it if he will, as all the kind things of Xmas are forgotten all too soon. I should call it for want of another name, an Examination In Christmas Kindliness, and I warn you that nothing but a hundred per cent in it can be accepted for a pass. So here it is.

## Examination In Kindliness

1. Is the University such a bad place after all?

2. Don't you think that perhaps after all the professors and the faculty and the examiners and all the rest of the crabbed machinery of your daily toil is something striving for your good? Dip deep your pen in your Christmas ink, my boy, and overstate the truth for your soul's good.

3. Are you not going some day, when your college years are long since past, and when the poor fretful thing that is called practical life has caught you in its toils, and carries you onwards towards your last Christmas,—are you not going to look back at them through the soft haze of recollection, as to the memory of a shaded caravansary in a long and weary pilgrimage?

# A Letter Explaining Leacock's Explanation

When it was decided to publish a Christmas Edition of the McGill Daily in 1912, I approached Doctor Leacock and asked him if he would be kind enough to write something for us. I shall never forget the way he reacted to a request that meant loss of time, effort, and money. He smiled at me and said "My boy, I will be delighted to do it for you and you will have it promptly."

Whenever I have, since then, been asked to do something I knew I should do but would have preferred not to do, I have always tried to smile and say with extreme promptness "I shall be delighted to do it."

I thought this article by "Stevie" as he was affectionately known, will seem to you as suitable for republication in our Anniversary Issue, as it does to me.

W. L. CASSELS,  
Editor 1912-13.

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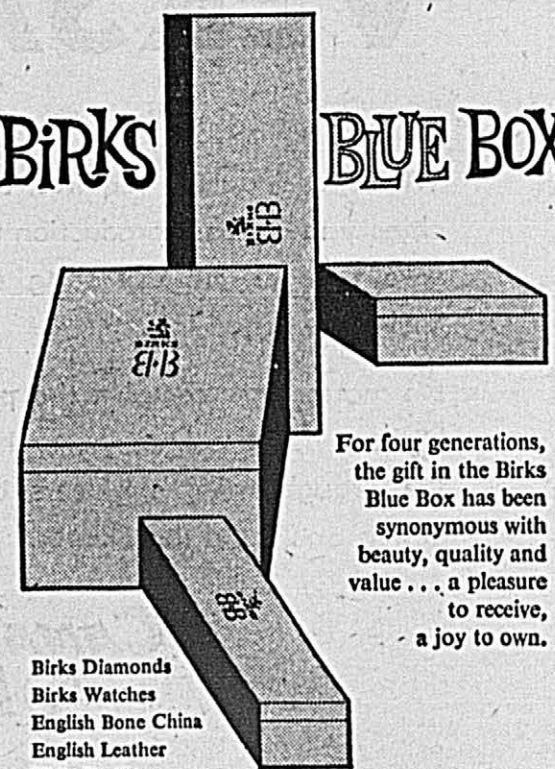
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# Coeds: Getting Their M.R.S.?

Some years ago I read an article by Phyllis Lee Peterson concerning the uselessness of a college education for the average girl who is merely marking time until she correlates an unwary male and becomes involved in the inevitable household routine. I would like to take issue with Mrs. Peterson. In my opinion, no mere high school graduate should be expected to cope with the modern appliances connected with the average home — the seven-speed washers, the drip-dry dryers, the flashing coloured lights of the electric stove. Why, even a husband has trouble finding the right burner and the right speed for the morning teakettle, let alone setting the minute-minder to tell him when to take it off before it boils dry.

Marna S. Tucker, B.Sc. '39, is a Montreal housewife.

Take the automatic oil furnace. Frequently ours automatically forgets to start itself, and when the house temperature gets down to 62°, someone (guess who!) has to descend to the control room, and after turning off and on all the handles which say 'off' and 'on', and punching the red button supplied for such emergencies in vain, that little metal box has to be pried off and another little lever worked to provide the necessary spark. An engineering course would be most useful here.

## Household Drudge

Then there is the family car which is at the disposal of many a wife as soon as she produces her license, so that she may take over those little family chores of taking the children to school, the shoes to the shoemaker, the children to dancing lessons, the dog to the vet, the children to parties, the toaster for repairs, and the car itself for its oil changes, winter tires etc. Mind you, the car is automatic enough as long

## Looking Back

### LEACOCKIANA

There are many amusing anecdotes about Stephen Leacock, who played a leading role in the founding of The McGill Daily. Here is one of them, recalled for the Anniversary Issue by Edgar Andrew Collard, Editor of The Gazette:

In Stephen Leacock's earlier days at McGill, he carried on a sort of perpetual quarrel with the professor of English, Paul Lafleur. Prof. Lafleur (always known as "Polly" Lafleur) was a precise, peppery man, with a neatly-trimmed and pointed beard: he was the brother of Dr. H. A. Lafleur, the physician, and Eugene Lafleur, K.C., the lawyer.

Stephen Leacock and "Polly" Lafleur greatly enjoyed this quarrel, for they were good friends. It was the battle of wits which roused and pleased them both, and kept the quarrel going, to their mutual satisfaction.

After one particularly fierce and enjoyable dispute, they happened to meet the next morning. Leacock had forgotten all about the quarrel of the night before. He greeted "Polly" and told him he was lunching at the University Club with a friend: would Polly join them?

Prof. Lafleur was not giving up the quarrel of the night before quite so easily as that. In reply to the invitation, he said, "Certainly not."

This, of course, roused Leacock. "Then you can go to hell," he said. Polly saw a delightful opening. As he turned away, he remarked: "I should infinitely prefer it."

as you press the right button. Although there was that Buick I drove for years (are there any McGill governors in General Motors?) which frequently refused to start unless the hood was raised and the automatic starter started. That sound easy enough except on a wet, dark night without a flashlight. And

By Mrs. L.A. TUCKER

that's where the college education comes in again — it provides a variety of one and two-syllable words with which to encourage the beast to start.

Of course, children who have grown up with such automation will not need a college education to

understand it, but they will need that education and that vocabulary for the machines they will be using — electronic ovens, jet-propelled cars, electrostatic dusters, vacuum-swept swimming pools and so on.

As yet we have not touched on that busy life of P.T.A. and fund drives, auxiliaries and clubs outside

the home. For these, public speaking and accountancy are the usual requirements, with sociology, psychology and general semantics useful in the higher echelons.

Finally, has anyone yet glanced through the new (and not nearly rare enough) edition of the 1960 Income Tax form?

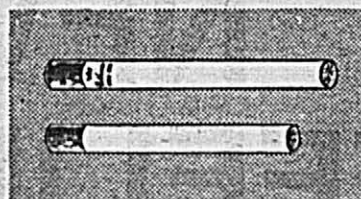
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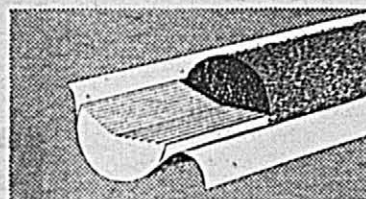
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